

# Esquire

NOVEMBER 1973  
PRICE \$1

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

## Trying to remember J.F.K.

What kids think about him now

What the history books say

What Nixon, Goldwater,  
Cronkite and others recall about  
November 22, 1963

Why Watergate happened—  
43 conclusive theories

Duke Ellington on jazz  
and high society

Airline food—  
why can't it be better?



100 mm. long, yet  
**LOWER IN 'TAR'**  
than the best-selling 70 mm.



**PALL MALL**  
**GOLD 100's**

The longer filter that's long on taste.

PALL MALL GOLD RIG	tar 1.20 mg - nicotine 0.14 mg
Best. yieldg 80 mm	tar 2.5 mg - nicotine 0.6 mg
Pl. all brands "heavy"	tar 1.1 mg - nicotine 0.1 mg

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110

## Why are so many successful men failures at personal financial planning?



Being successful isn't enough anymore. Making money is still mighty important. But what you do with it after you make it is more important than ever. And considerably more difficult.

Handling your own money in this complicated world is almost a full-time job; to do it properly, you need to be part lawyer, part accountant, part investment-counselor, and part insurance specialist.

And you're not this fortunate. You don't have the time, or all the specialized skills. You're successful in your business or profession, but maybe you're not so successful

when it comes to personal financial planning.

This is what we at Phoenix Mutual would like the chance to change. To help, we've developed a Personal Analysis Service, P.A.S. for short, designed to provide you with a complete, comprehensive analysis of your financial condition and future goals. Without charge.

You begin with a confidential interview, conducted by a Phoenix Mutual agent who also a Registered Representative of Phoenix Equity Planning Corporation. The information he collects is then forwarded to Hartford, where specialists, assisted by computers, prepare a 15-page personal financial analysis.

In it, we analyze your assets and liabilities; we consider your capital needs and aspirations; we outline tax advantages; and we recommend how much of your money should go into savings, how much into insurance, and how much, if any, into investments.

Our P.A.S. analysis is yours to keep. It's flexible and factual, with the possible risks and rewards clearly stated. When all the facts are in, when all the thinking's been done, the decision is clearly up to you.

It's an important decision, too. Especially when you stop to think that in the course of your career, you'll probably earn over half a million dollars. It's your money. And the way you handle it will affect you and your family for the rest of your lives.

Write: Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.,  
Dept. A, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115

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# 1974 MERCURY COUGAR XR-7

**In size, this new breed of Cougar is like Grand Prix and Monte Carlo.  
In every other way, it's like nobody else's car.**

You're looking at the all new Cougar for '74. It's more than a new car. It's moved up one whole class. In fact Cougar is the only new choice among the mid-size personal luxury cars.

There's new styling, inside and out. New dash with tachometer and hooded gauges mounted in deeply padded vinyl. Elegant new opera window. Distinctive new landau roof. Steel-belted radials. All standard. There's power steering. And front disc brakes, automatic floor shift and bucket seats, also

standard. Plus the same type suspension system as Lincoln-Mercury's most expensive luxury car. Other features shown are optional.

And along with Cougar's new size class comes a whole new class of comfort for you. Because we felt this much luxury deserved a little more room.

**MERCURY COUGAR**

LINCOLN-MERcury DIVISION 





Why should a guy who drives a sports car, golfs in the low 80's and has his name on the door, go to Arthur Murray's?



To get the girl to look at him.

Everything is wasted if you don't know how to hold a girl, how to move, or even how to approach her in the first place. A good dancer never hesitates. And a few lessons are more important than ever now that real dancing is back, social dancing—that exciting contact-to-music that brings out feelings of any kind of dancing ever did. Or will. So start your own holding action at Arthur Murray's. Get her to look at you. Not your car.

Check Yellow Pages for Studio nearest you. Our low 60th Anniversary rates will surprise you!

**Arthur Murray**  
FRANCHISED OWNERS  
—where you keep in touch with today

© 1975, Arthur Murray, Inc.

## PUBLISHER'S PAGE

### About the First Annual Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards

American capitalism, and, by extension, business, is in David Rockefeller's words "today, as frequently in the past, the object of virulent criticism. Inevitable wealth, pollution and consumer deceptions are the most common accusations."

One of several suggestions Mr. Rockefeller has made for a responsible answer to this criticism is that "social objectives can be formally incorporated into regular business planning" and thus "that social accountability can become an integral part of corporate conduct, rather than a philanthropic add-on."

Some criticism of this extension of corporate conduct, as reflected in their advertising, must by now have influenced a perceptible proportion of American business firms, to judge by the results of our first contest for Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards, as announced on page 544 and 547 of this issue.

The diversity of size and nature of the twenty companies cited for the winning programs, as well as the wide variety of activities represented in their advertising campaigns, lend heartening credence to our conviction that these Corporate Responsibility Awards, like our already well established Business in the Arts Awards, reflect the presence of a growing trend toward social and community involvement that is more than a momentary fad.

The fact that, the very first time around, the winners' circle could be circled by a local festival board, and not monopolized entirely by the major national corporations, is to us the best possible indication that "the zone is on the square" and that, as our announcement points out, minorities and minorities are major awards.

We felt the same gratification, early on in the annual Business in the Arts Awards competitions, when one of the major awards went to a little company in a tiny town—well, anyway, tiny for Texas. So we weren't surprised when, this past year, one award went to a Colorado company with a total payroll of thirteen.

True, looking over the list of winners of these new Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards, one could concede the admission that business would appear to be their greatest common denominator. From American Motors to Xerox, you really have to hunt and pick to find a

small company, and only two or three really qualify. But we're gratified to find that there are any.

Not that we could have done anything about it if there weren't, because, as the rules of the competition made clear from the outset, all entries went direct to the University of Michigan, Department of Journalism, at Ann Arbor, and all judging and investigating was done there. The criteria were broad but clear, for four areas of "outstanding print or broadcast advertising that have contributed most to the betterment of our lives and our environment."

Also, the fact that we had nothing to do with the judging conveniently shielded us from any suspicion of having weighed our figures with the pork chop, in view of the circumstance that fewer than half of the winning entries were either broadcast or multimedia advertisements.

But of course it's perfectly natural that, in any new departure from routine business procedure the big leaders are apt to be first up on the dance floor, so to speak, to be joined by the smaller concerns around the country as the band plays on.

We found that true with our Business in the Arts Awards, too, in which the percentage of winning entries by small companies has slowly but significantly increased, and we fully expect the same tendency to be manifested in this newer activity.

Whether the present slightly dominant proportion of great advertising will continue in as much outside its prominence as our control, but have no concern for the ultimate objective of doing the most good for the greatest number should compel the hope that this form of advertising will grow and flourish in all the minds.

In our original announcement of this competition, we said that the winners would be named in our October issue, but because of "technical difficulties" (the printer was out of room on the binding machine) that proved to be, well, impertinence. We now thus made up the lost time, however, because the presentations of the Awards, originally scheduled to be made in October at the University of Michigan, were actually made there on September 22. So in the exchange of puns, as it were, we picked up a little postage.

We hope that's the way the game continues, and meanwhile we feel that it's off to a roaring start—A. G.

# Introducing the best injector shave of your life!

Single blades are out.

The first twin blade for your injector razor is in!

## TRAC II™ Twin Injector Blades.

Gillette Introduces the biggest improvement in injector shaving since the invention of the injector razor.

These specially engineered twin blades actually fit right into your injector razor.

Because two blades shave better than one, the result is extra closeness with safety never before possible.



As the first edge shaves, it lifts the whiskers so the second edge can shave it again, closer.

© 1975 Gillette Co. See us often.



Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Lights 100's  
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1994 B&W T Co. All rights reserved. B&W T Co.

## TV that puts itself to sleep.



You don't have to get out of bed to turn off this Zenith portable TV. Just go set the timer for up to 3 hours. Then when you fall asleep during a late show, the TV will switch off—automatically. For listening privacy, there's an earphone with a 15-foot cord. Plus a dependable Zenith 50075 solid-state channel instant picture and sound. And a bright, sharp 19" diagonal black-and-white picture. All in a handsome Lustre White color cabinet. See The Odessa model E2070K, at your Zenith dealer.

### ZENITH

The quality you've before the name goes on.

## WITESTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

We cannot in perfect honesty refrain from speaking the truth at this time just because everybody else has spoken the same truth already, so here goes! Though John Kennedy has been dead for only two years, it seems more like a hundred. Presidential Reviews, creative initiative, pragmatic solutions, all those things people used to admire in Kennedy's Administration not only don't get admired very much when they show up these days, they aren't even retrospectively admired an awful lot in Dean Rusk and Maxwell Taylor and Robert McNamara. Even youth and sexiness, with both of which the Watergate cast was so miserably supplied, don't look so great anymore. All the same, the pictures on the cover of this month's Esquire has, we think, the power to dance as back the tribal moan and awaken the memory of what it was like to have that kind of man for President, a glamorous fellow who seemed to enjoy the work and liked to be seen to enjoy it. The cover picture, which has never before been published, was taken by Cecil Stoughton during the Summer of 1963 and is one of about a million, many of them very familiar, that Mr. Stoughton, then Captain Stoughton of the Royal Ocean, took during his assignment as White House photographer. The occasion for it, Mr. Stoughton told us, was "a typical weekend off the coast at Hyannis Port. The Saturday and Sunday afternoon routine was to go on a two- or three-hour boat ride. President Kennedy is sitting in his usual seat next to the telephone on the fantail of the *Henry Fisher*."

Esquire's historical-oddsmen section begins on page 138 with some more previously unpublished photographs from the inadvertent collection of Abraham Squelcher, together with the substantial untold story of the negotiations through which Time Inc. purchased the Squelcher film, and continues with *Where Were You?* (page 136), an anthology of responses to the only moment almost every adult remembers as well as a few of us remember Pearl Harbor. A number of the interviewees in *Where Were You?* were gathered by Larry King, who is a radio and television interviewer and writer based in Florida, and who extends eventually to include them in a book, at present unfinished, Mr. King's *The Questionnaire*, a book of interviews with sixteen professional quarterbacks, will be

published by Doubleday, probably the next winter. The remainder of eight two-photos on page 138 are followed by *A Look at the Record* (page 140), an examination by John Bernard of the history of the Kennedy Administration as told today are officially required to learn it in America's primary and secondary schools. Mr. Bernard is a former Associate Editor of this magazine and now returns to it as a Contributing Editor.

Every historical event leaves a few unresolved questions, but rarely in the course of anything have so many been so unsettled with so much as in the case of the investigation of J. Edgar Hoover. It is fitting therefore that Esquire's retrospective should conclude with a study of the state of the union (*A Legacy of Suspense*, page 141), and most fitting that the study should be performed by Bernard Fensterwald Jr., chairman of the Committee to Investigate Assassinations. Mr. Fensterwald is familiar to Watergate watchers as the lawyer who sat on the right of James McFall during his testimony before the Senate committee. A number of years ago Mr. Fensterwald was temporarily spun on the other side of the table at Senate inquiries, serving as counsel to some mid-level investigations into procuring, the drug industry and governmental wrongdoing; at the present time, in addition to his interest in detective to the obscurely attaching a political assassination in person, he is counsel of record to James Earl Ray, whose conviction is the death of Martin Luther King Jr. is still being contested.

Largely in this country are people particularly well-disposed to the examination of history because our legal system, its distinction to the systems of most other countries, put to be the way it is by being bumped and ground into shape by generations of presidents. Charles Remba, author of *The Great Incident* (page 120), is a distinguished literary lawyer not only by reason of his practice, which has included the representation of such clients as William F. Buckley Jr. and Norman Mailer, and such books as *Lord Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Passion Play*, but also because of his writings in *Amos*, *Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Life* and others. His own book *The End of Obscurity* (1968) received front-page reviews in *The New York Times*, *Sunday Book Review* and the *London*

## It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.



THERE was no strenuous rowing than the press of the Currier barge with its breathless promises of "a week of life as it should be lived!"

The 1920's. The Transatlantic Week. The Currier barge. Easterners across the Atlantic. New York to Southampton. 5 days.

Bon Voyage barges, streamers, the sound of the drawing room, the stewards' starched jackets, and everywhere the scent of gardenias and oranges and the sea.

It was a time when one never knew who would be on board. When everyone was a celebrity even the dogs. A dinner jacket was the most important piece of clothing in a gentleman's wardrobe. And every stout young thing stocked in a supply of floppy dresses.

Midnight on the Mauretania—3 days out. The 10th of the "Madonnas" sailing out from the lounge. People dozed in deck chairs bating to say goodnight.

Ballantine's was there. A scotch the color of old memories. Like the voyage, a scotch to be savored.

Taste the scotch that was there



Blended Scotch Whisky bottled in Scotland. 40 proof. Imported by J.I. Sweeney, Inc. N.Y.C.

## Experience. It shows.

Experience is what separates the men from the boys. Especially in automatic exposure cameras.

After all, it takes a lot of practice to make automatic reliable in something as small and sophisticated as a fine camera.

Well, nobody has more experience than Konica.

The Konica Auto-Srangefinder camera was introduced more than a decade ago. And immediately proved that automatic is what it was! The exclusive priority of the service.

The Konica Auto-Srangefinder camera was introduced more than a decade ago. And immediately proved that automatic is what it was! The exclusive priority of the service.

Now anyone can have automatic exposure 35mm photography. The new lens-aided auto-focus and optical picture take! With Konica's extensive experience in stock films. And water-tight. Hottest lenses up front. All it takes is that anyone can afford. So go to your Konica dealer and see the difference experience makes. Or write for detailed literature.

Konica Camera Co., Woodbridge, New York 11791  
In Canada: Gordon's Camera Ltd., Toronto

Konica  
Service

**KONICA**

EXPORT OF WORLD FAMOUS  
ELECTRONIC PHOTO FILMS



Konica. The world's most experienced automatic cameras.

## Discover its power.



Musk Oil for Men

The productive scent that  
attractively draws and yet arouses  
your best sensual desires.

And here

its powerful Stimulating

Unbelievable

And yet, legal

Just stretch this natural lotion on

your face, neck, chest

After shaving. Before anything

else

It may not put more women in

your life. But it will probably put

more life into your women

Because it's the message lotion

Get it all!

**Jovan Musk Oil**  
**Aftershave/Cologne for Men.**

At America's finest stores \$15 to \$30.00  
Jovan, Inc., 475 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Times Literary Supplement, and received the George Polk Memorial Award for that year. We asked Mr. Reicher why he chose to write so frequently for the lay audience, whereas most lawyers are content to do law, and he told us: "I have a sort of long-standing loss affinity with the law, but I feel most people—and this includes lawyers—don't really understand it. It's a lovely, marvelous institution, which gets abused and misused both from inside and outside, both by lawyers and by the public. A rule of law in our system is an abstraction from a multitude of individual cases, and the abstraction, unlike the abstractions that are the laws of science, don't work in every instance. In the law you plus two equal four most of the time. At a certain point the rule stops working, and that's hard for people, both intellectually and emotionally. But the real answer to your question is that there is for any writer an underlying urge to write, and you write about what you know, what I know about in the law. I don't think I set out to educate the world." Nevertheless, readers of *The Grand Inquest* will find up learning a lot more than they did about, say, the difficult legal matter of executive privilege, concerning which Mr. Reicher contends that Eisenhower was right as against McCarthy, but the Ervin committee is right as against Nixon, whether through the situations at first appear. Mr. Reicher's work for *Esquire* on the present article was facilitated through the kind office, by the way, of the Public Broadcasting System in New York, which made available to him videotapes of a number of Watergate sessions he had been unable to watch closely the first time around.

What Did Duke Ellington Know, and When Did He Know It? (pp. 126) is *Esquire's* second and final example from Duke Ellington's autobiography *Shout It Mr. Ellington*, to be published in November by Doubleday; and Bernard Baruch Was an Contender as the Northern Star . . . (pp. 126) is our third and closest thing to our final excerpt from the extensive autobiography of Helen Lawrence. Debra Rader (*Stop It Again, Jim!* Stop Misleading Bel- iev, pp. 126) is far too young to consider his autobiography, but in the author's autobiography of *Shout It*, published the 15th of October by Knopf, which deals with his own life and those of a lot of other people—Abba Hoffman, Norman Mailer, Gertrude Stein, Andy Warhol, and like that—there is a chapter upon the collapse of the New Left. ■

# Slacks. Not \$lacks.



The people who've been selling you slacks have been pulling your leg.

They would have you believe that a fine pair of slacks always carries a fine price tag.

"Fine slacks,"

they intone, "show meticulous—and, therefore, expensive—attention to detail. Pockets lie flat. Patterns match nicely at the seams. Proper stitches are in their proper places. And the rich fabric drapes comfortably, naturally, and handsomely on the human form."

We agree. And we don't agree.

You can certainly tell a fine pair of slacks by how well they're made. But not by how much they cost!

Levi's Panatela® Slacks are priced only a trifle above your average work-around-the-yard pants. Which puts their price six trifles below your average work-around-the-office pants.

Yet despite their sensible cost (around \$12 to \$22, instead of \$30 to heaven knows what), the economy of Levi's Panatela Slacks is noticeable only to your wallet.

Upon close examination, one sees that pockets lie flat; patterns match; stitches are perfect; and the fabric drapes comfortably, naturally, and handsomely on your human form.

Sometime soon, visit a men's store and try on a pair of Panatela Slacks. See if you can tell any difference between



our Slacks and their Slacks. Other than the \$.

We're all but certain that you'll walk out owning a pair of Panatela Slacks. Because legs were made to be fitted. Not pulled.

## Levi's Panatela Slacks





# If you can use any of these tools...



For free information,  
mail postage-free card today!

If you're handy with a set of tools, you may already have the skills that could help you build your own Bell & Howell color TV. It's an enjoyable way to learn new skills that could launch you on a rewarding career in electronics and best of all, you do it at home, in your spare time! Get free information now about this complete electronics program prepared for you by skilled instructors at Bell & Howell Schools.

## Discover a new way to spend your spare-time hours on evenings and weekends

You'll find electronics a fascinating world to explore! You'll enjoy spending your spare time tinkering with the equipment... reading up on electronics principles... finding out how they work in practice... learning something new that could lead to a new career!

...You could build your own Bell & Howell 25-inch diagonal solid-state color TV!

## Find out all about electronics equipment and how it works

You can apply your new skills to stereo systems, FM-AM radios... phonographs... tape recorders. You master the most up-to-date solid-state circuitry. In fact, you'll be able to work with almost any type of home entertainment electronic equipment—even some not on the market yet!

## Learn by doing... one step at a time

With this program you first learn basic principles in the text. Then you apply them to your "hands on" project so you fully understand how they work. You learn each principle by doing... one step at a time. You work before you run.

## Consider these important facts about the color TV set you build

This Bell & Howell Color TV has an ultra-rectangular tube and a 25 inch picture measured diagonally—a full 34.5 square inches of viewing area! The circuitry is modular solid state—individual diagonal circuit boards make servicing easier. And the built-in self-service com-

ponents are located on the back—where they're easier to get at!

## Talk to your instructors in person... get expert help and guidance when you need it

If you'd like some personal advice at any point in your program, you can arrange to attend a "help session" and talk over special problems with a qualified Bell & Howell Schools instructor.

## Find out how to earn extra income part-time—or start your own business!

We'd like to tell you how this fascinating program could lead to extra income part-time, a new career or a business of your own. Mail the card now so that our Bell & Howell Schools representative can bring you all the facts. No obligation.

## You build and keep the exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system

As part of your program you build a design catalog, oscilloscope, and transistorized meter. The Electro-Lab gives you practical experience with instruments used daily by professionals. You not only build these three precision instruments, you continue to use them throughout the balance of your program and in your career.

## Plus... you start out with your own Laboratory Starter Kit

With your very first lesson, you get a walk-around-meter (VOM) with design punch, modular connectors, replacement parts and battery power source. This Laboratory Starter Kit gives you immediate "hands on" experience right from the start!

If mail has been received, write to: Dept. 10, 1000 Bell Drive, Oakville, Ontario L4K 1V1.

**BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS**



assembled TV picture

## FICTION RUST HILLS

I hear Maier is finally getting down to writing his big novel—get the old leg out, but a new leg too. And I hear Tom Wolfe—foremost theoretician and practitioner of the New Journalism—is actually going to write a novel now. I know, you're been hearing that about both of them for years. So have I. But now I hear they're both really going to do it, and God knows I wish them well. I wish well to anybody who tries to write fiction these days, of course, but in the case of these two we can expect something extraordinary from them, so I wish them extraordinarily well. They're both really going to need it, too, I think—for several reasons. An author of nonfiction best sellers they are vulnerable to big offers from book publishers to do one more quick "easy" book for millions more. Ayrick adds a magazine articles editor from *Walter* to write fiction—he knows would be a smash if he could get Maier or Wolfe interested in doing it. Also, Maier hasn't been writing much fiction recently and Wolfe hasn't even written any at all so far as I know, thus they may find it difficult to fulfill the demands fiction makes in terms of sustained and complete invention, difficult to accommodate in magazine their narrative free-wheeling styles, and difficult to submit to all the other disciplines peculiar to the craft of fiction. Also, both have written prodigious amounts of words in the past ten or twenty years, peak creative years for both of them perhaps, so I should think it would be really a wrench to stop, turn around, and start off in a new direction. It would certainly just slow you up and block any desire I ever had to write a novel—which, fortunately, was never more compelling than Mark Twain's desire for someone to write it. Will Wolfe say, "Ayrick, the only way you just lie down and wait for it to go away."

The saddest words there are, as everyone knows, are "might have been", and of all the saddest connected with this word is "New Journalism" business—the bad misconceptions about its nature, the sad rationalizing and justifying, the sad way articles have driven short shrifts to the magazines, the sad way perfection demands publishers' help, the bad claims that something like a well-written fan magazine interview is high literary art, and so the sad and—of all the sad—half-assed

readiness in this area, the saddest thing of all is to think what might have been.

I keep thinking, for instance, now that Maier's *Myself* has been out awhile and everybody thinks it's a pretty steady job of work but it has an enormous success anyway, what might have been with that big novel he was going to do—not the one I hear he's working on now finally, but the other one, the one that appears now to have been abandoned. What a work it might have been!

They say there's a helpful folder describing this project at World Publishing Company in New that World's out of trade publishing, by the way, someone ought to scurry over and get it before the Los Angeles Times knows; does whatever they do with copies like of companies they buy; and undoubtedly there's other information elsewhere. I'm just going on



stuff Maier is *Adventures for Myself*, the novels. "The Man Who Blinded Yogi," which is one is the key to the whole thing, at least as the project was originally conceived. Maier's comments about that novel, also two sections of a projected novel, apparently not as originally conceived, but certainly related somehow, "The Time of Her Time" and "Adventures for Myself" and the *Way Out: Prelude to a Novel in Progress*, which appear at the end of *Adventures for Myself*, and Maier's comments on them.

"The Man Who Studied Yogi" was written in 1962, along with notes for the long project to which it relates, when Maier came suddenly and catastrophically out of a disengagement that followed the publication of *Beauty Slave*. It tells of one day in the life of Sam Steward, an ordinary disappointed man who has a new girl

down to it. He is a man not fond of himself, bored with his life. His wife, Eleanor, in turn feels Sam has kept her from making something of her own life. It is Sunday, he awakens hung over, and in the course of the day more often couples doing so and there is a lot of apparently random conversation, some of it indubitably keyed to the work that was to follow. One friend has a dirty nose, which they show on Sam's prospects. After the others leave, Sam and Eleanor make love in the living-room couch as they watch the movie again, but as with everything else about himself and his life, Sam feels it is not as good as it should be. Finally they go to bed, and the novel ends as Sam falls asleep. As the project was originally conceived, "The Man Who Studied Yogi" was to be the prologue to an eight-volume work of fiction. Sam was to have eight dreams that night, each one a novel. *The Deer Park* was Sam's first dream.

There is an "I" narrator to "The Man Who Studied Yogi" who is unnamed. I would introduce myself if it were not useless," he begins. "The name I had last night will not be the same as the name I have tonight." I don't think it's generally realized that this involves consciousness in actually *Serious O'Shannon*, the hero of Sam's dream life, that night at least, a name once provided from that of Sam's psychoanalyst, Dr. Serous, and two O'Shannons, Cosima and Jerry, whose names enter the couple's conversation during the day. Cosima is the subject of a very shaggy joke, the point being that he knew many famous people, did many interesting things, Jerry is someone Sam had actually known, a worker-hero, again with a varied and domestic life, now become a woman at the library. Other details about them and activity relate to Maier's plot at the time.

"The books would revolve around the adventures of a mythical hero, *Serous O'Shannon*," Maier explains in *Adventures*, "who would pass through many worlds, through pleasure, business, communism, church, work, class, crime, heterosexuality, and mysticism." *The Deer Park* is of course the "yogi" novel, and *Sam* is the hero-narrator of it.

When Maier finished the first draft of *The Deer Park*, he realized "that this first of the eight novels was going to be of obviously and a tortured style unless I gave way to



A new number on the world's most famous bottle  
Chanel 19

Chanel No. 19 Perfume 9.50 to 4.00, Spray Perfume 7.00, Eau de Toilette from 7.00 to 35.00, Eau de Toilette Spray 7.50, Eau de Toilette Atomizer 12.00, Bath Powder 6.95.



EXTRA CARE IN  
ENGINEERING MAKES A  
DIFFERENCE IN DODGE  
...DEPEND ON IT.

CHARGER COUPE

CHARGER HARDTOP

CHARGER SE

# Chargers Three.

For 1974, go Charger style with a choice of three great cars in one great shape. A tempting trio of Chargers, and one of them is probably priced just the way you want it. Pick any of the Chargers Three, and you get a lot for the price: interior room and comfort you'll feel at home with whether you're all alone or with a group.

And an array of standard engineering features such as the virtually maintenance-free Electronic Ignition System that cuts the frequency and cost of ignition tune-ups; eliminates the points and condenser, and sends up to 35 percent more starting voltage to the spark plugs. Other 74 Charger engineering features include the solid-

state electronic voltage regulator, adjustable torsion-bar suspension, and sturdy Unibody construction.

This year, when it comes to Charger the choice is yours.

• Charger coupe...a roomy, solid budget-minded

way to get Charger on your team.

• Charger hardtop...it offers more standard features plus distinctive hardtop styling.

• Charger SE...more luxurious, with special attention paid to making this car, in our opinion, one of the quietest Chargers ever built.

**This year, go Charger style. Dodge '74.**



## "What's happened to the price of life insurance in the last 20 years?"



### It's gone down.

One reason why the price of life insurance is lower is that people are living longer than they used to. Which means that companies can charge less.

Another thing that's helped reduce the price of life insurance is an improvement in the earnings from our investments. An improvement we've applied against the price of insurance.

And finally, we've done our level best to keep down the cost of doing business.

Because of these things, the price of life insurance is actually less today than it was 20 years ago. And these days that's something nice to know about.

We're bringing you these messages to answer your questions.

And here's what we're doing to help you know more.

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the simpler novel which was coming forward from my characters." Part of the trouble was a growing interest in Bergman, as Muller says in discussing the last draft of the novel. "Originally, *The Deer Park* had been about a movie director and a girl with whom he had a bad affair, and it was told by a sensitive but fastidious young man in charge of the movie room. I saved the book from being much, but put a disproportionate upon it because my narrative became too interesting, and not enough happened to him in the second half of the book. . . . Before I was finished, I saw a way to write another book altogether. For in *O'Shaughnessy* I had a character who was ambitious, yet in his own way, moral, and with such a character one could travel deep into the perdition of the time." (Owe again: "My narrative became too interesting." Here's another demonstration of what I was running on feverishly about last month: that the point-of-view figure in a piece of fiction will be the main character, or will become so. Muller abandoned the eight-dream idea, but he pleased to use Bergman again, and notably does, as the hero-narrator of the marvelous novel section, "The Time of Her Time," in which Bergman, now in New York running a night school, heroically brings off a girl who never should have made it.

It strikes me, though, that it was a wonderful conception. Muller, so originally had, that not just *Sagan*, but all the other complex characters—the movie director Ritz, Clara, the stork-like, the blundering counterpoint Marlon Payne—not to speak of all the intricate and momentous events in *The Deer Park* and in the other novels which were to follow—are all just products of the dream life of the "ordinary" man, Sam Slovoda. It is not a Walter White thing that's being done here. Sam fantasizing the romantic life he might have led, for Sagan is part of Sam's night dreams, not his daydreams. It is very curious, when you think of it, how Sagan has narrated of "The Man Who Shookled Yoga" knows Sam Slovoda; he knows both his conscious thoughts and the workings of his subconscious, it is a way no man has ever known another. As a product of Sam's subconsciousness, Sagan can pity Sam but not patronize him. It would have been part of Muller's purpose in this book work to celebrate the potential of modern man by showing that even the most ordinary of us is capable of heroic, even demonic actions, if he could let release himself from the drab traps of his actual existence and of his actual self, and Muller

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intended to release Sam from these traps, unfolding the potential of his subconscious by recasting his dream.

But it's clear that Sam himself will never write his novel. "He has wasted the day as he has wasted so many days of his life," Sergio tells him, "while that ham work with which he has cheated himself, holding it before him as a covenant of his worth, that anonymous novel which would lift him at a second from the impasse in which he strifes, whose dream of characters would develop a vision of life in beautiful complexity, lies feathered, rotting on a bench of purposeless effort." And Sergio tells us how sorry Sam is about it. "How angry and how helpless! It is the actions of men and not their sentiments which make history," he [Sam] thinks to himself, and smiles wryly. And Mader recalls this very sentiment of Sam's apprehensively at the end of *Adventments*, as we shall see.

As Sam Steward falls asleep, he wonders how he could organize his novel. "What form to give it? It is so complex. Ten books, thirty Sam, too scattered." Then Sergio, as narrator of the novella and as protagonist of the dreams to come, says: "I give an idea to Sam. Destiny time and chaos may be ordered!" And that was in fact Mader's plan for his book. "To thicken the scheme, I was going to twist and scatter time, having many of the characters reappear in different books, but with their ages altered. Rigel and Elena, for example, would be forty-five and twenty-five in *The Deer Park*, and Sergio would be twenty-three, but later in the working-class novel, Elena would be a girl of seventeen, leaving her first affair with Sergio when she must have come from twenty-three to forty. So the past for one would be the future for another." Thus it's clear that Mader was going to write helter-skelter, trapped Sam's book for him, as Sam's dream. The story, and it is tragic of course, is that Mader never wrote the book either.

What a book, though, it might have been! A huge great Babylonian Cuneiform Manuscript, the size at least of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, moving through all those different worlds, dozens and dozens of characters and places, states in Telugu, fusing with shifts of time and changing interrelationships, bearing with Mader's classicist ideas like a Dantesque novel, and using that great Mader language to a purpose that will never die.

"One of the purposes" of *Adventments* for Mader, Mader noted at the beginning of that book, "is

to class a ground for that need." And at the end of *Adventments*, he writes: "When I sit down, soon after this book is done, to pick up again on my novel, I do not know if I can do it, for if the first sixty pages are not at all bad, I may still have wasted too much of myself, and if I have—what a loss. How good to go to death with no more than the noise of good intention. It is the actions of men and not their sentiments which make history—the best sentence I've ever written—but I would hate to face eternity with that for my flag, since I am still at this formal middle of my life a creator of sentiments better than my work."

Surely that isn't the best sentence Mader ever wrote; God knows I wouldn't be worrying about him this way if it were. I suspect that its effectiveness for him lies more in its fearful possibility as a judgment than in its grace as a sentence. When Mader wrote the above, in 1960, he added that it was "likely to take ten years" for him to do the book. That was already seven years after "The Man Who Shook Yogi." Now it is nearly fifteen years later still, and Mader is what—fifty, fifty-one!—and now just beginning. As the man says: "What a loss. For whatever big novel Mader may do now, we still will never have that other big one, the one that got away."

So God knows I do wish Norman Mader well on what he's writing now. And I wish Tom Wolfe well on his next too. I wish we might have had some good ones from him already. The best reading Wolfe's explanations, in his long introduction to his anthology, *The New Journalism*, of how he and the others knocked off the novel as the art form of our time. Certainly there's fascinating and well-written stuff in this book, and I guess some of it is "important." We had great reports on Vietnam, for instance, and of course there's been no novel yet. But it does seem true about the New Journalism that it achieves its finest effects when it depicts a day in the life of a movie star. Rex Reed on Ava Gardner, for instance, leads off this anthology. Capote's conversation with Strindberg is supposed to be one of the first great works of the New Journalism. Then there's Gay Talese's celebrated account of how Frank Sinatra, when he has a cold, a landmark aside to Wolfe. Now we have Mader doing a whole book on Marilyn Monroe. I know we should be grateful to good writers for whatever they do write, but as he says, it is sad—in fact, perhaps, a good deal more than sad—to think what might have been. ☐

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by Sidney Freedberg

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How would you like an investment like this? For \$16,000 paid in before the end of 1973, you will receive a dividend check on April 15, 1974, for \$4,046; in 1974 you'll receive an additional \$12,394, and on April 15, 1975, you receive a second dividend check for \$23,722. Moreover, by the time your total investment is \$23,700, as in a little more than one year, you profit \$55,050, a little more than double your investment. Moreover, this is not just a paper profit; it is money actually in your pocket.

Therefore, things slow down a little, and the annual rate of return falls from about 900 percent to a mere 100 percent. You make two more investments—\$27,000 in 1975 and a like amount in 1976. The third dividend payment, on April 15, 1976, is \$27,672, and the fourth dividend payment, on April 15, 1977, is \$53,494. Total investment: \$83,100. Total profit: \$168,835 and counting after about three and a quarter years: \$85,835 or, roughly, 128 percent.

Of course, you still own your share of the business, and the profits don't stop there; they keep pouring in, although at a somewhat slower pace. After ten years, you can expect a total profit of \$227,543, and after twenty years you will have taken out \$304,567.

If you are among the half million taxpayers in the 50-percent bracket you would recover—in real, spendable, after-tax dollars—the first installment of your investment five months after you put it in. If you're a taxpayer in the 70-percent bracket, it takes only four months. The gap between the rich and the very rich widens as we go along. The 50-percent taxpayer is repaid his second installment in his sixth month, the 70-percent taxpayer in his. Little Mr. 50 percent must wait twenty-three long months to recoup 100-percent profit on his third installment, but big Mr. 70 percent is back free in nine months. For the fourth installment, the waiting period is thirty months and nine months for the 70-percent and 50-percent taxpayers respectively.

All of these wonderful profits are calculated on the assumption that the business just breaks even on a cash-flow basis. Actually, in the investment vehicle described above, cash distributions per \$50,100 investment are projected at \$20,440 in the

first ten years and \$30,000 in the second ten years.

Feasible? Not a lot of it. These projections are taken from a typical syndication of an apartment building financed with a 90-percent mortgage insured by the United States Government. The same building provides shelter for both rich and poor—physical shelter for the apartment occupants, and tax shelter for the wealthy owners.

This is what really happens in effort. But tax experts have succeeded in covering the whole subject with a thick blanket of obscurity. Using truly mind-boggling jargon, they have developed a code (the Internal Revenue Code is aptly named) in which words have very different—and sometimes completely opposite—connotations from their simple meanings in ordinary life. For example, would you be happy or sad if your accountant reported that one of your investments lost money last year? Wrong—you would rejoice. And if you are in the 20-percent tax bracket, you would rejoice twice as vigorously as the poor fellow whose leg hit a brick, in only 50 percent. Suppose a building you own is not making expenses and you decide to drop it. The mortgagee forecloses, and you lose every dime you put into it. Does this give you a loss which, under law, should make you happy? Wrong again. In the upside-down world of taxation, you will be told that the loss of your property through foreclosure generated a profit, on which you must pay a whopping income tax.

What I have described as "dividends" or "profits" in the typical syndication are called "issues" in an income-tax parlance. This is pure fiction—bad, it has been said, compared. Even though a property may generate handsome cash flow, and actual dollars are distributed periodically, the owners pay no tax on these dollars, and are denied to be losing money on the deal, thus sheltering income which they receive from other sources. This happy result is achieved through leverage and accelerated depreciation.

When you shelter taxable income, you transform it into tax-free income, and when you save money by not having to pay a tax which would otherwise be due, the saving is money in the bank. Assume that you're

in the 50-percent tax bracket. You make an investment in the stock of X Corporation and you receive \$1,000 in dividends. You pay \$500 in federal income tax, and you are left with \$500 after taxes. Now suppose, while keeping the X stock, you make another investment in Y Company, a limited partnership owning real estate. Your share of the annual loss, created by depreciation, is \$1,000. This paper loss shelters your income from X Corporation and you get to keep the whole \$1,000 instead of only \$500. Thus, you might say that the first \$500 was earned by X Corporation and the second \$500 by Y Company. The \$1,000 profit from X gave you the same after-tax dollars as the \$1,000 loss from Y. Therefore, the loss is the same as a profit!

So far, we have been describing the whipped cream on the sundae; now here's a cherry to top it off. If you are credit-worthy—and, being in a 50-percent tax bracket, you probably are—instead of investing your own money you can borrow it from a bank. The interest you will pay is a mere pittance compared to the benefits you will receive by way of tax losses and cash gains. Now with your eye to dig into your pocket to repay the bank loan, the tax savings will be more than ample to take care of the full amount in a very short time.

The notion that a loss is desirable—indeed something which a person would pay good money to acquire—seems like a flight of fancy straight out of Alice in Wonderland. But the purpose is a perfectly good one. It is a sad fact of life that the cost of building and maintaining decent homes is more than many families can afford to pay. Only the government can close this gap, by subsidies of one kind or another. Measured by ordinary criteria, the construction of housing for people who cannot pay market rents is not a particularly attractive investment. The risks are too great and the returns too small. Therefore, Congress was obliged to create special inducements in order to draw venture capital into what might otherwise be a dormant industry.

Congress has chosen to subsidize housing, and particularly housing for persons of low and moderate income, by the device of tax concessions. This approach has been criticized on the ground that it is slack, ineffec-

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tually dishonest, hypocritical. But, breaking aside issues of morality, the fact is that the tax incentive has worked. Private capital has been attracted by the tax shelter, housing has been, and is being, built.

In 1949, Congress proclaimed the goal of "a decent house and a suitable living environment for every American family." In 1968, Congress defined the goal in more precise terms—20,000,000 new or rehabilitated housing units, 6,000,000 of them for low- and moderate-income families, in the ensuing ten-year period.

On January 5, 1975, the Department of Housing and Urban Development announced a moratorium on further subsidies for low- and moderate-income housing, but commitments previously issued will be honored. The subsidizing units which were in the pipeline on January 5, together with conventionally financed production, should make 1975 a banner year.

The real-estate tax shelter rests on six pillars.

(1) *Expenses During Construction.* During construction certain expenses such as interest, taxes and fees for loan commitments (called "soft money") are incurred, in addition to the capital outlays for land, bricks and mortar ("hard money"). Since no income is received until the first tenant moves in, soft-money expenses usually become immediate tax deductions which may be offset against the taxpayer's other income.

(2) *Leverage.* The owner of a building may depreciate its full cost, even though he has borrowed most of it from the mortgage. The debt-to-equity ratio is a leverage factor which increases a taxpayer's effective depreciation rate, measured by his actual cash investment. In the conventionally financed apartment house, the mortgage may be only three or four times the cash equity, but so as F.R.A. project there is a 90-percent mortgage, giving the owner nine-to-one leverage. Thus, for each dollar invested in the building he may take depreciation on ten dollars.

(3) *Accelerated Depreciation.* The Tax Reform Act of 1969 eliminated certain forms of accelerated depreciation previously available for real estate, but left the door open for only one type—new residential structures. On such buildings the owner may still use the "double-declining-balance" or "sum-of-the-years-digits" method of depreciation. On a \$1,000,000 building with a forty-year useful life, the straight-line depreciation would be \$25,000 each year (two and a half percent of \$1,000,000). Under the double-declining-balance method,



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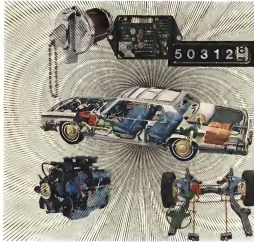
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the depreciation would be \$50,000 the first year (5 percent of \$1,000,000), \$47,500 the second year (4 percent of \$950,000) and so on.

On "previously owned" residential buildings and both new and used commercial structures, the permissible rate of depreciation was lowered by the 1968 Tax Reform Act. By closing as many other so-called loopholes, Congress forced the attention of tax-conscious investors on the contraction of housing, and especially rental housing, by government-insured 50-percent mortgages.

(4) **Eskah.** Another tax incentive created by the Tax Reform Act of 1969 is super-accelerated depreciation for the rehabilitation of substantially depreciated low- and moderate-income dwellings. Such costs may be written off entirely over five years at 20 percent per year.

(5) **Recapture.** This response provision of the Internal Revenue Code forces substantial housing. When a building is sold after it has been held for six months, any amount by which the net sales price exceeds the adjusted basis is taxed at capital-gain rates—except to the extent of recapture. The difference between the accelerated depreciation taken in prior years and the amount which would have been taken if the straight-line method had been used is recaptured (that is, taxed at ordinary income rates) in whole or in part. To escape recapture entirely, housing for low- and moderate-income tenants must be held for 120 months, but the owner of conventional housing is "locked in" for 200 months (nearly and two-thirds years).

(6) **Roll-over.** Finally, the "roll-over" provision of the Internal Revenue Code states that no taxable gain will be recognized on the sale of federally assisted housing to a tenant cooperative, provided the proceeds of the sale are reinvested in a similar project within one year.

The shelter is of little or no value to the overseas builder. The name of the game is build and sell. The developer who builds a conventional structure for income soon runs out of capital. Like any manufacturer, middleman, or merchant, he can stay in business only by turning over his product. Yet, since the distributable income from government-insured housing is limited by law to an annual 6 percent of the capital investment, there would be no market for such properties unless they generated some benefit other than cash flow. The tax shelter is not the frosting on the cake but the cake itself—the all-important "thing of value" which is salable. And salability is necessary to keep

the bubble building—which is what Congress intended in the first place.

There are two methods by which such equity investors, and the tax shelter that accompany them, are marketed. One method, the classic syndication approach, is to sell shares, usually in the form of limited partnership interests, in a particular project. The purchaser is offered a piece of a single, specific (although not yet constructed) building.

The other method is to assemble a large block of capital, ordinarily through a registered public offering, prior to the selection of specific projects. The purchaser relies on the reputation, track record, and investment policies of the general partner. In this respect, the public limited partnership which stockpiles capital prior to finding and purchasing real estate is no different from a mutual fund which decides what securities to buy with investor money.

These two techniques can be combined. Some recent prospectuses state that a portion of the net proceeds of the offering will be used to acquire specific projects, and the remainder will be loaned to less additional and presumably similar—properties in the future. Several states, in their "Blue Sky" regulations, limit the size of the "blind pool."

Let's look at the situation from the point of view of an investor who buys a limited partnership interest in a subsidized housing project. Having been assured a rise, and tax shelter which will increase his after-tax income without headaches. Beneath the tax shelter, however, there lies a time bomb—depreciation. As long as the limited partnership retains title to the property, the limited partners continue to derive the benefit of depreciation, which generates tax losses.

The tax law is full of traps. Just as an operating loss created by heavy depreciation reduces the owner's overall tax, the opposite side of the coin is that an investor who leases his property is deemed by tax law to have realized a gain which increases his tax. Foreclosure of a mortgage is treated for tax purposes as if the property were sold for the amount of the mortgage balance. Consequently, a tax is payable on the difference between that sum and the taxpayer's depreciated basis. Since the taxpayer has been depreciating his cost at a tiny rate, while amortizing the mortgage much more slowly, the "profit" on foreclosure is substantial.

If the property has been held long enough, this illusory "profit" will be taxed at capital-gain rates, which is

bad enough, but foreclosure at an earlier date means that a portion of the depreciation previously allowed against taxable income will be taxed at ordinary income rates, at the taxpayer's highest bracket.

The threat of foreclosure is heightened by three factors which have a synergistic effect in the first few years after completion of construction. During those early years: (a) the chance that the project will fail are greatest, (b) the investor has enjoyed the heaviest tax losses, and (c) the percentage of recapture is largest. Thus, more money is at stake at a time when the odds are longest. Therefore, the investor who is interested only in tax shelter should realize that he is, after all, buying real estate. And if the real estate is lost through foreclosure, the tax shelter will be swept away, to be replaced with a real-life cash loss.

That loss can be the ruin for the investment and they contribute the benefit when all goes well, but the risks are inherent in the real-estate business—which is a very risky business indeed.

It should be pointed out that there are certain defensive countermeasures which an owner may take before foreclosure closes in. If the project is losing money because expenses have overrun income, such can be raised—provided the F.I.L.A. gives its consent. Perhaps the rents are already too high, in that case the owner may apply to the F.I.L.A. for non-supplemental premises. If neither raising nor lowering the rents will solve the problem, the mortgagee, again subject to the approval of the F.I.L.A., may grant a deferment of amortization or waive mortgage into the reserve account for recapture. In addition, the F.I.L.A. is empowered, after two years of operating deficits, to reimburse the owner by increasing the mortgage. Finally, it is possible for the owner to reduce his property tax by obtaining tax abatement or a reduction of assessed valuation.

Another danger lies in possible new legislation. The laws which create the tax shelter can be changed. Congress grows, and sometimes Congress also takes away. In each session, bills are submitted by referendum (or special) projects, depending on your point of view, for (a) that tax shelterers are unconstitutional giveaways to the rich, (b) that tax concessions should not be used as hidden subsidies, however worthwhile the public purpose.

The Treasury Department has recently asked Congress to enact a limitation on original amortizing loans. This would really put a crimp in the tax-shelter business. If the

Treasury proposal becomes law, a taxpayer who owns real estate which generates the types of non-cash losses we have been discussing will be able to offset those losses only against taxable income derived from other real estate. It will no longer be possible for highly paid citizens to protect their hard-earned income from the grasp of the tax collector.

While on the subject of potential tragedies, it should be pointed out that, under the imputed and fictitious Internal Revenue Code, a project which causes foreclosure and earns a profit for its owners turns into a white elephant when it is about eighteen years old. By that time, the tax losses accrued because of accelerated depreciation have shrunk to the point where they are no longer sufficient to shelter such profits. The owners, therefore, will be faced with the hideous prospect of paying income taxes on the partnership's net earnings. There will even come a time, along about the twenty-second year, when annual depreciation will have fallen below annual mortgage amortization. Then you have what may be called a negative shelter, a tax loss as parable as profits which the partnership has earned but can't distribute to its partners because the money must be given to the mort-

gages in the form of non-tax-deductible amortization.

Why sell, one may ask, sell the building after all the tax-loss papers have been squeezed out of it? Answer: because a capital-gain tax will be payable on the profit—the difference between the total sale price (including the mortgage) and the depreciated cost of the building. At this juncture the jaws of accelerated depreciation boomerang. The faster the depreciation in the early years, the smaller will be the owner's losses, and hence the larger will be his taxable gain when the property is sold.

Well, then, why not sell it for \$1, or give it to the tenants, or to charity? Here again the Internal Revenue Code comes up with an answer which may modify the unmitigated. The powerful forces of accelerated depreciation, plus expenses during construction, reduce the owner's tax losses very quickly to a point where it is below the unpaid balance of the mortgage. When that happens, the owners will have reaped a profit, an Internal Revenue language, if they give the property away for nothing. This profit will be measured by the difference between the unpaid balance of the mortgage and the depreciated cost of the building.

Thus, if in the meantime should

not defer the sales (remember seeking tax shelter, do it if he starts to get a modest sum into a voluntary tax reserve fund beginning in 1988, he will have enough to pay the capital-gain tax when the property is eventually sold or otherwise disposed of).

Another solution is to defer the tax by taking advantage of the roll-over provisions.

Where does all this leave us? It leaves a good vehicle for tax-shelter investment? The short answer is that a sound single-project syndication or a sound investment pool, with proper respect for basic real-estate factors, is the best available investment for a high-bracket taxpayer, and the best incentive for solving the housing crisis which imposes so many families in decaying slums. Unlike the stock market, however, any real-estate investment is necessarily a long-haul project; scarce decisions cannot be speedily reversed. The investor's best protection is a general partner or investment-fund advisor who knows the real-estate business as well as the Internal Revenue Code, and who wants to retain the confidence of his customers. In the stock market, performance can be measured daily; the real-estate time bomb has a slow-burning fuse. ■

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With vodka

## HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Although I had not seen Bill Inge for nearly five years before his suicide on June 14, I felt, and still do, a little bit like, "Why? We weren't good friends, nor did we keep in touch. But he was an artist, and I believe that in the future people will read or see Inge plays and know the truth, the absolute truth, about me—because the past is now history. Yes, I believe that."

Bill Inge looked like a beleaguered bearded boondoggle, balding, a walking wound, he quivered a lot, was always poised for emergency take-off. You felt you gave him even a gentle poke in the nadsack he'd burst into a thousand pieces, like the shards of a curious character. Terrified himself of being hurt, he was, it seemed to me, incapable of offending, much less able of doing harm to others. I write that with the understanding that there may have been dark, extremely painful levels that existed only between Inge and his mother. Yet I was convinced, with no evidence, that even in the most personal relationships Inge behaved decently. I say with no evidence, because if my limited experience with him, and surely in his work, Bill carefully disguised his homosexuality. To a Midwestern boy forgetful by at the very least a terrible embarrassment.

It was nearly eleven years ago that I first became involved with Bill Inge, the year we'd been introduced on our earlier career occasion and had, on my part, a budding acquaintance. He was one of those you could meet a hundred times, say hello, and still refuse to acknowledge the part. You take that kind of thing either terribly personally as an affront or decide the other guy is unacceptably shy. Neither was the case with Inge who was the latter.

Had anyone asked me then I would have said, without remorse, that as Bill Inge's life I was a non-person; and so it was a total surprise on a July Saturday eleven years ago in East Hampton when one of my boys answered the phone and reported to me, obviously impressed, that William Inge was calling. Really? What could he possibly want? After quick bolshie, he was abrupt, almost rude. He said that Gore Vidal had told him I had a good opinion on plays, and I said yes, well, sometimes Gore used me as a sounding board, and then he said he'd be writing a new play, and he wanted me to read it. Now, would I read it, and not please; and so, just

as abruptly, I said fine, he could put it in the mail. No, no, he said, he was in Washington, and he'd drive over. With no other choice, I gave him directions. I remember thinking how I didn't need Bill Inge or to read his new play. Then I thought of all the time I'd asked at *Conat Mac*, *Leftie* *Shelton* and decided I would let him say.

Even then, as he was leaving, piloting a white convertible, top down, Inge was in my driveway, and as my kids and I peered out a kitchen window he just sat there. When finally I went out to see him, he was staring straight ahead. "I can't get out of the goddamn seat belt," he said. It took a lot of dual fumbling to release him, and given the circumstances a moment that should have been hilarious wasn't even funny.

In my living room he declared the offer of a drink, then held out a beaded typescript. I said I'd read it the next day, Sunday, and still had Monday. Teller said I had passed beyond my head, and with a set, stubborn look said that this was the only copy available, that he was reading it that very night to invited guests in Washington, and I had to read the play now. Thinking he was the most arrogant snobfucker I'd ever met I nonetheless took the play upstairs. Later my two sons told me Inge had settled in a rocker and had not said a word in the house—I was gone.

The play was *Neutral Affection*, and though seriously flawed there were three or four scenes as good as anything I'd ever read. Scenes of character conflict so true and revealing that they were chilling even in the reading and on the stage would rock a theatre. Finished, I sat awhile trying to decide how to deal with Inge, peeled by the extreme contrast in the writing. I mean, some of it was long!

Going downstairs I was determined to tell Inge that while much of the play was great, some was not so great, and I would freely give him my ideas to improve the trouble spots. For about five minutes I praised the good work. A pause. Then I said, "There are, however, areas where I think you have to . . .", at which point I was sprung in his face, not smiling, with my hands, and, muttering, "Oh, hell, I have to go, thanks for taking the time," literally fled from my house. That was funny, but what wasn't amusing, and what kept me from being funny, was the realization that this was, a Pulitzer Prize winner with four

Broadway seasons, his only failure being his last play, *A Loss of Innocence*, was nearly wiped out by terror.

Though I'd have settled for the odd situation of periodic recognition, this was not the end of Bill Inge and me, for about ten days later he called me in New York. Apologizing for his abrupt departure, he said he really wanted to hear my ideas, and would I have dinner with him? Like when? Like that very night.

We met at eight o'clock in his Sutton Place apartment, and what I remember most about where Bill Inge lived were the tasteful furnishings, the good paintings—and the silence. I could not conceive of voices ever having been raised in this place, nor the sound of joy, perhaps only laughter in the bed to underscore the calm, steady voice of one lonely man. From the quiet of the apartment we walked to Bill's choice of restaurants, the Palm, where the noise is in direct proportion to the quality of the steaks. Local? Trapped, I thought, trapped by a man who never wants to hear criticism of his play but feels decent payment for my effort is an expensive dinner. And so I turned surly, responding with curt nods to Bill's casual remarks, mostly drowned out anyway, until we'd finished with our steaks and I realized I'd missed something he'd said that demanded as answer. He was leaning across the table, his eyes fixed on me, his face—what?—yes, sort of unsmiling, and when I asked him to repeat he took a deep breath. "I asked if you would want to produce my play," he said loudly.

An extraordinary moment. Here was one of the theatre's most successful dramatists asking me, a man who'd never produced a play, to take on his latest work. And while producing a play was not something I wanted or needed to do, it was clear that Bill Inge right now had to have some kind of affirmation. Here then his play was involved, and without hesitation I said, "Absolutely."

Instantly Inge became another person, grinning, nodding sharply, saying, "We'll have coffee at my place." Without asking for the check he dropped some bills on the table, but me quickly out onto Post Avenue and started looking north.

Trotting alongside I reluctantly boded my commitment. So much of the play was bad, and could be fix it! I considered asking my old-time home player-director Marty Hitt has often said, "Breadwin' an artist like a

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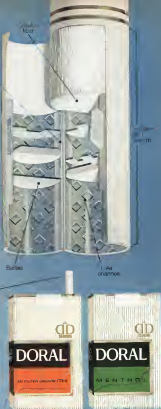
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harm, always at his best. If he's done it before, surely the conditions when he can do it again." Once, I'd produce the play and give him the kind of comfort and encouragement where he would do his best. If the whole play could be brought up to the quality of some of its parts... Oh, boy!

We never got to the coffee. Once inside the apartment Bill got a pen and pencil, sat on a couch, and said, "Now tell me the trouble places and how you think they can be fixed." I'd prepared some notes and talked for over an hour. He wrote down every point, never protesting, never defending. It was after eleven when I left, and we'd agreed our business deal could be quickly settled among agents and lawyers. Convinced that Bill wanted to do the necessary work, was capable of a thorough rewrite, I walked from his door to the elevator already fantasizing a grand future. William large was my playwright, and we would have a smash.

It didn't work out. A few days later, with my lawyer and friend Harold Stern, I met Luge's agent, a woman of considerable reputation. I had lunch in a quiet restaurant. Not a warm meeting, and the agent outlined terms which were hardly to my advantage. As Harold and I walked away he asked, "Is Bill Luge a nice guy?" and I said yes, he was, and I liked him a lot. "Well, they don't actually want you," Harold said, "so you'd better really want to do this play. And it better be a good one!" I said I'd think about it.

The following weekend I spent a day with Luge at his rented beach house, and not once did I remember him sitting, not once after he'd presented lunch. The purpose was to discuss royalties in greater detail, to plan a work schedule, but no money got to it. Late rarely stopped moving. He made a dozen tiny mysterious phone calls. Whenever I tried to talk about the work he veered to a discussion of casting. What theatre should we get? Should we go to Boston, Philadelphia, or both? And how, he asked my number of times, would he survive opening night? "Too much pressure on Broadway," he kept saying. "Just too much pressure." It was fear of failure, not the summer heat, that made him sweat.

I knew it was over late in the afternoon when Bill finally said, "About the rewrite. Not that I disagree with many of the things you've said, but a lot of my friends think the play is perfect as it is." He was smiling up and down, not looking at me. "Well, it's known it's not, don't you, Bill?" I asked. He looked quite disgruntled. "I don't know," he said. "I want to go into rehearsal as soon as

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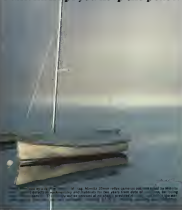
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possible, so I'm beginning to re-evaluate..."

That evening I called Harold Stern and told him to get me out of the deal. "No problem," he said, and I was out. Sometime later Bill wrote me, saying he was sorry it hadn't worked, and hoped I'd be his guest at some night. But I was already when *Natural Afternoon* opened and closed. I've never seen the play.

Three years later I met Lige again, both of us in California, both working in film and spending some of our evenings at the Actors Studio, West, where Bill was a member of the playwrights' unit. I'd written a play and was directing some actors as scenes to be presented in the group. Bill was kind and supportive, and after a season we often went out for coffee. His only reference to our experience as *Natural Afternoon* was to say he wished he could be as helpful to me as I had been to him, and of only he'd done more work. He'd had another failure since and had given up Broadway altogether. One night, very animated, he told me he was leaving on assignment the next day for the Midwest to research an original film idea and work on a treatment. He loved writing movies, he said; no poems and yes got paid, no matter what. Fade out.

Fade in: Three months later, eight a.m., Hollywood hotel room, close shot ringing telephone. Sleepy person, no, answers phone. Bill. Huge yawn. "Will I have lunch with him? Back from the Midwest? Yes, back from the Midwest."

We met at an unlikely place called Pop's on the Strip. Early 8's. Perpetual. Two overworked displaced persons wearing naturally hand clothes, sitting under awnings, shaking on gin fizzes, eating fruit salads. But not funny, because Bill Lige was in despair. The film he'd been working on was for a high-flying production team. Bill had to sell Bert and Ernie. Bill knew I'd had an unhappy experience with those two, and would I tell him about it? When I asked why, he slumped in his chair, averted his eyes, and told me they were screwing him. His deal was to be paid five thousand dollars for exposure while in the Midwest and another two when he delivered the treatment, plus more money on the come if and when the picture was made. Such pitiful numbers for William Lige. But the worst was that he'd delivered the treatment, and now Bert and Ernie refused to pay the ten thousand dollars.

Here is a man in terrible pain. A sensitive, gifted man who should not be bothered for what he has contributed, and he is telling us, a peo-



WHEN THEY ASKED ME TO WRITE THE article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They said me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry. I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor telling me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "We'll Tell the Sun Shines, Nellie." And when I started the verse to "Honeyuckle Rose," he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have frost to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle—See how naturally I mentioned

## I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS

that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I slip on them. And when I slip on them, I hit a high note. I find a very nervous life. On the morning I just up a him time, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little cup of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter—How about that?—another natural mention. If I keep writing like this, I'll win the Pulitzer Prize.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me read after all these years to discover that sometimes I've never done as well as I do best. There only be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a

crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and be on my back and paint my butterson ceiling. I may even make my own paint.

And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a mustache to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand—Another natural mention—and in ed, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes. I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep missing me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I was as good as I sang.



"Owning a Cadillac was one of my basic drives." John Williams, Golf Professional



John Williams, golf professional from Orchard Lake, Michigan, discusses his reasons for Cadillac ownership.

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money than many smaller cars. Second, the roadability of the car... especially if they're going to do a lot of traveling."

"I really feel that Cadillac is a prestige car. All through your early life you point towards certain things you'd like to attain. Owning a Cadillac was one of my basic drives."

"More people are looking at it the way I do. It doesn't cost that much to drive a Cadillac. A few years ago, a lot of people felt they couldn't afford to play golf. Now they know better. I think that's the way it's becoming with Cadillac ownership, too."



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son who by all rights should be in a lot more trouble than he is left isn't, that set only in his work totally reversed but he is also changed out of his spiritual pay. Yes, I told him, I knew Bert and Ernie, and in the history of Hollywood steamers this respectable pair was the worst. Cheats, liars, thieves Bill began to laugh. Yes, I had written a film for them, had worked on it over a year, and while I was still writing new drafts, Bert and Ernie secretly got writers behind me to rewrite my script. Now Bill was almost crying. And finally, I said, I'd been fired and was refused my last substantial payment. Inge was now gone, and when I got to where I stood Bert and Ernie and was a healthy settlement, though less than my due, he was a happy man. What's more, I said, Ernie's real problem was he was a repressed closet queen who sublimated by beating up women. "Right?" Bill laughed. "I always knew he was queer." First, I told him, he should go to the Writers Guild. Failing there, his lawyers should sue. After lunch, Bill's happy mood dissipated when he said, "But why did they hate my treatment?"

For the next two weeks I was party, mostly by early morning calls, to the course of Inge's case. He'd taken all my advice, he said in our last talk. The result? Bert and Ernie were conspiring for the expense money I said I was going home to New York, good-bye and good luck. "What am I going to do?" he asked. It was a rhetorical question.


More than a year later I was back in Hollywood, directing a film. I'd written for Sid Pottier. Working on a sound stage one morning, flustered with a shot, I turned to see Bill there standing near my chair. He smiled at me and said, "I came to see a writer working near a camera, a writer who controls his words. It's nice." Pleased to see him, I introduced him to the cast and was gratified when everyone showed deep respect. Bill did not look well, I wondered what he was on. We talked awhile, and I showed off a little, directing rather loudly, raising the camera, and giving orders to people up on grade who'd never heard from me before. Cast and crew understood, went with it. Bill was properly impressed. Sid Pottier asked if he'd have lunch with us, and Bill said no, he had another date. As I walked him to the exit door, he said, "Remember the deal with Bert and Ernie? Well, it didn't work out." We shook hands and he smiled slightly. "Nothing works out," he said, and then he went out into the blinding California sunshine, which, when you go from the darkness into the light, blinds everything. ☼

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## FILMS JOHN SIMON

It is interesting to note how much has been written about Jean-Luc Godard, the rock mother of the New Wave, and how very much less about François Truffaut, who has a good claim to being its patristic but healthier father. The image is fuzzy, however, because the New Wave stemmed not so much from a manifesto as from a *serenade à la fin*, with Alain Resnais as third partner. The readily influential films with which it all began were Truffaut's *The Two Boys*, *Resnais' Hiroshima*, *Godard's Breathless* (1960). In many ways, all three showed their makers at the top of their forms, and were scarcely, if at all, surpassed by later films from the same hands. All three contributed greatly to today's revolution, or at least reawakened, approaches to film making.

But Truffaut, from the very beginning, had something the other two lacked: resources. As we look back over his twelve feature films and two important shorts, we notice a basic quality of Truffaut's films that has remained invariable: the mixture of emotional tenderness stretched sensitively to the point of acuteness with a witty tenderness in matters of technique that underpins the emotionism. In Truffaut's best films—and even in the most parts of the others, e.g., *Mr. Heartbreak*, *Mais oui*—we are often conscious of a double rhythm produced inside us: the mental speed with which certain ideas, visual effects or other verbal overtones have to be absorbed, and the measured, deliberate pace with which we attach ourselves to the characters and linger over their joys and heartaches. The counterpart achieved by these two rhythms, the sense of the delicate balance between the savage and hallmark of Truffaut—a bit more quality than can be readily sold into dumb suffering as rose into delicious delight.

It is thus a little surprising that we remember about Truffaut rather than the technical similarities with which he stands his films, just as from Godard we carry away the technical tricks and the strengths of nihilism that inevitably invaded his work. Most of his early films, whereas Resnais' chief contribution remains the almost voluptuous scrambling of time and place.

After his initial achievement of his first three films, Truffaut became even: sometimes lost in the portentiousness of *The Soft Skin*, the airiness of

*Fahrenheit 451*, the valour and pomposities of *The Bride Wore Black*; at other times infusing the slight *Stolen Kisses* with considerable charm, and the constricted, somewhat thin *The Wild Child* with moments of ringing integrity and insight. Lastly, Truffaut has truly flourished, with *Two English Girls*, a forced, arch, sentimental attempt at a repeat of *Fates and Days*, and *Swiss Gorgonzola For Love Me*, a well-paced but crass and rather clumsy piece of slickness. Now, with *Day for Night*, his thirteenth feature, Truffaut is on to an important, if somewhat tedious, subject, but this rather better film makes us regret the excellence that it could have attained. If what Truffaut said in a 1968 interview is true, that a director, having made his biggest hits before then, becomes, at forty, more detached, more abstract, lost to the industry but most fascinating to film



students, *Day for Night*, made in Truffaut's fortieth year, should mark an important turning point. I doubt if it does.

The English title corresponds exactly to the French one, *La Nuit américaine*, the technical term for the method whereby special effects make a scene shot in daylight look like night. Thus the title cleverly suggests the resourceful artificiality of film making, and the film is, on one level, a record of a film being shot at La Victorine studios in Nice. This highlights the film, *Mr. Pencil*, concerns a young Frenchman, Alphonsine, who brings a new English bride, Pamela, to introduce to his parents on the Riviera. The girl and her father-in-law, Alexandre, fall in love and run off to Paris, where the youth follows them and kills his father. In showing the shooting of the key scenes of *Mr. Pencil*, *Day for*

*Night* concentrates on both the ingenious invention and modest ingenuities that accelerate or slow down the work, make for creative collaboration on the set or threaten to shut down production altogether. In this sense, the film is a combination guided tour and gossip column, documentary and exposé, intended to please both young people interested in making movies and older folk curious about the mysteries of the film studio.

Informative with this are the life stories of the people making *Mr. Pencil*: the producer, director, actors, technicians, as well as sundry spouses, reporters and hangers-on. Actually, though the film is fairly recent, about some lives and not all that explicit about others, it does convey the impression that the secrets of those fascinating, temperamental, violently neurotic but lovely film people are laid bare for us. We are introduced to the troubled relationship of the Isabelle, Alphonsine, with his mistress, the assistant script girl, to the double life of the leading man, Alexandre, as on-and-officer Don Juan of long standing, now revealed as the anxious lover of a young man he wishes to adopt, to the drinking problem of Béatrice, the aging Italian actress who plays the mother, and who, unhappy mariner and unfulfilled woman in real life, gets drunk on the job and binges scenes, and to Julie, the Hollywood-based British star who comes to play Pamela, and brings along her husband-new doctor husband who pulled her through a recent nervous collapse.

These people get involved with one another, or other cast and crew members, and some end happily, some not. In this respect, the film becomes the equivalent of a time saved for vicarious thrillseekers in the roller-coaster lives of movie stars. But *Day for Night* also seems to capture the fun of making films—the fun of making films—of making films. It is the self-referential mode that culminates in Polina's death scene 456, but Truffaut, looking Polina's near-death, certainly himself with playing the director. Ferret, but does not choose to make him the central and most fascinating character. Yet since art where subject in its own making is usually sterile stuff (think of the horrors of action painting!), Truffaut and his fellow screenwriters, Jean-Louis Richard

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and Suzanne Schiffman, try to wrangle toward a higher, truly speculative segment of the audience.

So the movie accounts that old but ever-absorbing subject with which serious art has often concerned itself: the relationship of art and life. What self-denial and sacrifices must the artist bring to his art? What toll does life exact from his work? Where does spontaneous living turn into guilty research? To what extent must the artist turn his loved ones into guinea pigs? To what degree must he himself become the victim of a materialistic society? Henry de Montherlant was that rare artist who claimed—through his fictional alter ego, the novelist and womanizer Pierre Costale—to be able to turn on as well the *Jeune Vie* or *Life*, though one might wonder if his recent attitude does not, after all, indicate that the *Hot* of life and the *Cold* of art emerge from, or dry up in, the same spot. Obviously Truffaut has felt the compulsion to mix a great deal of autobiography into his films—not only into the fairly obviously autobiographical *Antoine et Corine*, but even into such adaptations of novels as *Shoot the Piano Player*.

The question here, however, is to

what extent do the vicissitudes of personal life help or impede one's efficacy as a film actor or technician, and then somewhat shallow concept of the relation in terms of mere output, rather than in more searchingly psychological and existential terms, proves a limitation. Even such a climactic scene as the one where the director lectures his self-indulgent juveniles who has gone to pains over being jilted lacks both the wit and poignancy of a similar scene in Christian-Jaque's *Un Remorqueur* (A Lorry's Refusal, 1946), where, to be sure, the actors were the recognizable Louis Jouvet and the gifted François Périer, rather than the always slightly stiff François Truffaut and the profoundly embittered Jean-Pierre L  aud. In fact, the trouble with this aspect of *Day for Night* is that, just as the film-within-the-film is unqualified trash, so the film proper is trivial and hackneyed. What gets represented as art so much the relationship of life to art as of personal art to hackwork. Or, if you prefer, of trash to trash-within-trash.

Nevertheless, the film is far from a total waste. When it comes to conveying how movies are made, no one could raise the very arena of film making, its changing moods and

rhythms, more magnificently than Truffaut, whose specialities are sensitivity to human moods and captivating use of changing rhythms. There is, for instance, the episode in which Ferret-Truffaut is trying to shoot the big scene of the aging actress B  rtrine (splendidly portrayed by the excellent Val  ria Valente) who has created a bottle on the set—and for whom parts of dialogue have to be pieced up in secret places—and, out of drunkenness or nervousness, repeatedly falls either her head or her bust. Three things make this scene particularly gripping. First, we see the touching insistence that director, fellow actors, and some crew members have with B  rtrine—notably the gentleness toward actors for which Truffaut is famous, scarcely the impatience with which Truffaut manages to balance this scene between comedy and pathos; and, thirdly, the imaginative camera movements and editing through which even the tedious of restrained scenes is kept meaningfully vivid and suspenseful.

Jean-Pierre L  aud, whom Truffaut considers the most interesting actor of his generation, and whom I perceive as an extremely clever, evocative born, luckily has no big part here,

If Jay and Bea drop in...

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Lead in a screening room on the Warner lot at Burbank, I never once looked at my watch or noted the film would end. One is much less easily affected when viewing a film alone, but in that empty little room I repeatedly wept and recoiled; only upon finishing two of my favorite long novels, *The Mayor's Men* and *Remembrance of Things Past*, did I feel such a sense of loss as at my 35-minute take-taking from Moberg and Troell's *Nilsson*.

*The New Land* begins with Karl Oskar, Kristina and their two surviving children arriving at the miserable hotel on that glorious Midwestern land he has acquired for cultivation. There is a harmless quarrel between the devoted couple, so there are going to be other, heavier ones, often involving Karl Oskar's restless younger brother, Robert, who will leave them to seek gold in the West and come back only to die. But always there will be loving remembrances. We see the growth of this family through almost insurmountable poverty, their relations with other neighboring settlers and the Indians that come slowly peacefully but once in terrible wrath, their involvement with the soil and the hardships and hardships of the seasons, the births and deaths that lead to the final meeting with America: shocked, we realize that the language on screen has become English, that the original settlers having died, the *Nilssons* have irreversibly turned into non-Swedish-speaking Nilssons.

It is a monumental story, full of incidents that encompass the growth of our emotional repertoire. Faithfully, if slightly, it records several important though painful chapters of our history. But the greatness of the film lies not so much in the excellence of its plot or characterization, in the majestic sweep of human destiny across a necessarily lived to give birth to a society and new civilization; it is rather in the breathtaking sensitivity to detail in every single scene of this still long film, and in the extraordinary sense of rhythm with which they are joined together. Happy scenes follow sad ones, heart-breaking sequences blend upon tender ones, lively action yields to brooding scenes, words swirl in rapid succession, moreover, long williams settle upon speech. But none of this is schematic, deliberate juxtaposition of opposites; everything flows into everything else with appropriate clarity or reduction. Consider, for example, a montage of autumn, where the flight formations of wild geese are contrasted with the patterns of falling leaves, one such leaf seen falling in sequence. (Continued on page 48)



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THE TRAVELERS

I have long believed that the key to history is not progress, or fear that matter regresses, or even an ebb and flow between the two, but redaction of abundance. We are forced back to reality by being shown, in this most elaborate of texts, the ridiculous consequences of our predilection for fantasy. Thus, I increasingly find myself lagging pretty well everything that happens with that splendid Brechtian payoff line: "which is absurd." Still, for instance, could school parties for individual-suffrage democracy be made to appear more demerol than by the Watergate affair? In the field of contemporary novels, we have a similarly deflating progression in Mailer's luxuriously illustrated and much lauded book on Marilyn Monroe (*Marilyn*, Grosset & Dunlap, \$22.95). Indeed, the two themes are linked if it be accepted that, as Mailer says in his introduction, that both John F. and Robert Kennedy fixated and paid court to Marilyn. If only the pack had gone after them instead of the charismatic Nixon! Then the Rum Gums would have gone and what it has so surely lured—a sex angel.

Monroe is the first book of Mailer's that I have found tedious. Thus far the very reasonable reason that he has tried to separate out the truth about Marilyn Monroe from all the myth and fantasy that pervaded recent her, to—in theologians' jargon—find the real Marilyn, the Marilyn of history. It is, of course, an impossible task. There is no real Marilyn, when her name was invoked, she became a legend, and therefore all her life was legendary. The photographs, by expert hands, expressed either eye—the breast, eyes peering into the lens, fingers flexing it, to ensure that the colored Marilyn also faithfully convey the message. Mailer's words are too much to be believed.

In this sense, the text fights the pictures, and of course the pictures too. They have to Mailer should have stuck to what he feverishly wrote about, that is, facts which have no existence before appearing in a magazine or newspaper, as being the only truth. As he puts it himself:

"In a career like Monroe's, when so much can be taken, whether she was playing an old role, experimenting with a new one, or even being taken into the true self (which she had saved her life trying to discover), the establishing of facts dissolves into the deeper regions of

how reality may appear to a truly talented actor. Even if a few of the facts of Monroe's life can be verified, therefore, or, equally, if we learn the fact that Monroe remonstrated about her part of a given moment is not being accurate—to say the least!—how little is established. For an actor lives with the lie as if it were truth. A false truth can offer more reality than the truth that was altered."

Instead of observing this precept, Mailer picks up each fact—Ben Hecht's or another's—weighs it in his hand and finds it wanting. At the same time, as, in practice, there are no facts, Mailer has to construct some sort of a narrative out of them; as a man, having no other money, might pay a bill with bad notes. The result is a decidedly messy, meandering narrative, quite lack-



ing in his habitual expertise. He picks up from one bit to another and one man to another, the best of which relationship being the Miller-Monroe one simply because Mailer, in *After the Fall*, did all the work for him. Though Mailer in theory gives the central point—viz., that there is no Marilyn Monroe, only pictures—in practice he goes on persuading himself that the exotic, sensual and beautiful, to be slept with and enjoyed in the same sort of way, someone might write about *Beneath a Cruel Star*, an expert blight-fencer with a mighty punch. Instead of just a good old boy, Walt Whitman is sex power, or, please! Heide of Greece. Wars and the two of them, Monroe and Beneathway, self-sacrificial offerings to the twin deities of sex and violence? Poor Monroe! was destroyed by a class hierarchy, and then, by her own hand, dead. From celestial to hellish, she's dead, where

is the star? It sticks to the picture. How perfect, by the way, that her last assignment, unavoidably dropped, should have been to pose for Playboy. The expensive play was for her to be respectfully dressed in a white fur stole on the front cover, and, on the back cover, a shot unflinchingly taken from the rear, as which, with the exception of the far side passing only round the nape of her neck, she was to be wearing nothing at all. A lost *Madame Tenebris*!

There are certain figures about whom one can never hear enough. In my case, for instance, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Mark Twain, both the subjects of recently published biographies (*Jean-Jacques Rousseau, The Prophetic Voice 1758-1798*, by Leslie G. Clewer, Harvillan, \$19.95; and *Mark Twain, God's Fool*, by Harriet Dill, Harper & Row, \$16). Both observers related by no means explicit admiration; Rousseau has always seemed to me one of the most contemptible of human beings, whose life and mind falsified many of the fantasies which have had such devastating consequences in our times—among others, the notion of original virtue, with the consequent assumption that, left to themselves, men will be virtuous, reasonable and happy. Nor do his words particularly appeal to me apart from the Confessions, which I can peruse indefinitely without being in the least deterred by the knowledge that his account of himself is full of exaggeration and willful deceptions. Even the shabby story of his children he led by Thérèse LeVasseur and then left at the Sorbonne. Thérèse turns out to have been a fabrication. A diligent researcher went through the Roberts Trovare records and found no trace of any admissions which could possibly be taken as corroborating with Rousseau's alleged facts. In other words, Rousseau was a liar, as a poet-prophet he had taken precedence over his vanity as a constant devotee of radiant breast-feeding motherhood.

What fascinate me in Rousseau himself, this wayward Geneva man and whose designs and outages and groups kept all Europe aghast, and whose erratic thoughts turned the world upside down. The second volume of Professor Crocker's massive new study of him, covering the last twenty years of his life, when he was on the run and a victim of persecution much at its most extreme, is well close and packed with interesting information, though for my

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taste a little too psychoanalytical in its theme. For instance:

"We can mark off the major stems in Rosenman's life. His distant childhood, was traumatically ended by his father's flight and its sequel. After a time as a homeless wanderer, he sought to satisfy his need for security by dependency on a substitute mother. The guilt of Oedipal relations, and her rejection, sent him into the world resolved to find a place on its own terms, within the framework of its values and 'artificial' ways. Out of failure to win identity and self-respect by pursuing these course came his self-projection into the role of truthbearer and prophetic voice. This new identity completed his alienation from the world and bound the controls of reality over fantasy and narcissism. Thus persecution and the obsession of the 'conspiracy' led to acute psychic disintegration. Only in the last stage, near the end, did he find a measure of peace in narcissistic withdrawal."

As for Mark Twain, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were among my very favorite books as a child, especially the latter, which greatly endeared their author to me. This opinion was only enhanced when, as editor of *Poetry*, I heard that he was the first outsider to be invited to sit at the famous Table, where he had strongly fallen asleep. Professor Hamlin Hill deals with his last ten years—1900-1910—about which he has dredged up a lot of new information from Twain's own writings, as well as from the journals and letters of members of the family and intimates like Isabel Lyon, Twain's close associate and secretary. The picture that emerges is a good deal more sober than other biographers—Albert Bigsby Paine, for instance—have led us to understand. Twain, despite large earnings, was plagued by money troubles owing to his crazy investments; both daughters were wild; one of them an epileptic; his wife died, Miss Lyon drank, and Twain himself became irascible, moody, and at times portentious, besides developing a taste, rather in the manner of Lewis Carroll, for rarer girls.

I can't help feeling that Professor Hamlin Hill has made the picture rather darker than it really was to correct the previous hands which drove to make it lighter. No doubt the corrective needed to be made. The fact also has to be faced that Twain's writing went off very markedly, in quality though not in quantity, during this last decade of his life. Indeed, he never was able to recapture the zest and the sweetness



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of his first efforts; I should say the book is most valuable work in its production by an American writer. With all its incoherence and faults, be it, to me, an essentially lovable figure. Professor Harkin's revelations, such as they are, may darken a little the reputation I have of him, but get to the point of making it other than affectionate.

The absurdities of *Don* stand close, I suppose because they take themselves so very seriously. In this sense, they are more ridiculous even than schoolmasters, who at least have to endure the labels and torments of their young charges. A case in point is A. L. H. Harkin, of All Souls College, Oxford, that rich and dense pasture where many have browsed away their lives. Lately, he has taken to writing about Shakespeare, and, of course, has not been able to resist writing about the *Don*s, a quagmire for one and all, but especially for an opinionated don who imagines he knows everything there is to know, and more, about the *Don*s. He has an style in this field to me always recall a line from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*: "I am Sir Orsino, and when I love my lips, let no dog bark!"

With all the recklessness and insolence of a moment, Harkin announced in his *William Shakespeare* that without any possible question Henry Winklesley, Earl of Northampton, was the Fair Youth of the *Don*, and that W. U. was Sir William Hamlet, third husband of the *Don*'s mother. All other suppositions were ruled out; all doubts and hesitations must now be considered at an end, the matter was to be considered as settled, and for all, settled. In his latest volume on the same theme (*Shakespeare The Man, Harper & Row, \$10*), he turns to the *Don* Lady, and with a similar finality declares that she was none other than a certain Evelyn Bassano, or Bassano, daughter of a court musician, who became the mistress of the Lord Chamberlain, Henry Carey, first Earl of Hunsdon, and was married off to a musician named Winklesley, more likely, *Alfonso*—later, to become the *Don* Lady, sharing her favors between Shakespeare and Northampton, with an undeniable preference for the latter. Argued from the fact that she was exceptionally dark—even then only based on a questionable statement that "she was very brown in youth"—there would seem to be no other person of evidence whatever, which does not prevent *Don* from concluding: "It is in no way quite clear."

The book is without meaning to be as, actually very funny; I found

myself falling about over Harkin's such comments on the *Don*s. For instance, on "If the soul think that I come so near, *Don* is the blind soul that I was the Will; And Will, they soul knows, is admitted here." I am certain: "This very cleverly—well, we shall see, perfectly playful—plays upon the fact that there are two Wills: her husband and Will Shakespeare. How clever, and how nearly—what fun it was to have given the poet and the patron?"

My way aside, as Gibson did, over the driving of *Don* in ancient seats of learning, but of far more serious import is the lowering of standards and systematic destruction of evidence, which is taking place throughout North America and Western Europe. Here, an impressive witness is Professor L. G. Harkin, who watched the behavior of New York's City College for several months in 1969. In *The Death of the American University* (Arlington House, \$7.95) he describes the process, in particular and in general. It is a formidable indictment, not just of the relatively few schools who often dominate the campus scene, but of segment faculties, timid deans and presidents, and futile efforts at appeasement.

Professor Harkin's warnings, based on his own experience and observations, are unlikely to be heeded. The most sinister aspect of the whole situation, as he points out, is not what the militant minority get away with, as much as the total apathy of the rest of the student body and weak-mindedness of what purport to be the university authorities. How strange it will seem to future social historians that there are any—that what was to have been the great crinkling influence of higher education should in practice have proved to be the most effective single instrument making for a reversion to barbarism. I think of Germany in the early Thirties, and of the retarding influence of the university students, and of what came of it. But Harkin, like Professor Heller's was raised at that time, so that they were shocked down, equally from the left and from the right.

Dr. R. Bruck, who abominably comments being a rabbi, and an O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire), explores the question *How Did Sir Orsino?* (McKay, \$4.95). My own thoughts on the subject run rather in the direction of how it will end, which would seem to be little or nothing to say. Once Orsino O'Brien, rather surprisingly, has some very sensible things to say about the hereditary and peaceful process which has been going on in Northern Ireland

now for so long that it has come to be taken for granted on both sides of the Irish Sea as a permanent part of the contemporary scene (*Sister of Ireland*, Panther, \$3.95). Since producing his book I see that he has become a member of the Government of the Irish Republic. So perhaps now his ideas will produce some effect in action. I found Antonio Gramsci's *Letters from Prison* (Harper & Row, \$10) very touching and cogent. He was a Marxist, imprisoned by Mussolini in 1926, who managed to keep up a highly lively correspondence with his mother in Sardinia, his Roman wife and others, until he died in 1937. Evidently Antonio is a way, that he didn't like to see the idea he'd so sedulously proscribed and suffered so grievously for turned into yet another formula for servitude and aggression. ■

## FILMS

(Continued from page 74) position held in short modern and in modern speed, so as to make that strange compound of durability and transience that is the leaf's life and our own.

Or observe how *Treese* cuts the scene where Kristina, who becomes she must not have any more children, and her husband comforts her. From a two-shot of the sobbing woman bent over her bed and the husband leaning toward her from behind, we pick up their hands, reddened by toil, in extreme close-up. Kristina reaches back over her shoulder toward Karl Oskar's hand that has climbed up her neck. We focus on the hands awkwardly raised and, as Kristina is shaken by a final sob, a sudden tremor in those tightly fused hands. Then out. That stark, brief, shared perception of two hands that clasp and unclasp, and either cut to another scene, or, as in the episode with the desperately needed car, a patient, aerodynamic burst when Karl Oskar must kill in a heartrending scene to save his wife's life. But *Treese* can make poetry into the briefest shot: a nocturnal landscape where everything is in shadow and obscure, only in the foreground a single bench loses reflection with the heart of moonlight.

The sparing but evocative music, the minutely seen costumes, the tenderly resolved makeup, the precise yet lyrical color, and the simple, humane performances of Harkness, Rose, Ger Ulman and the others are to the heart of artistry and truth. No wonder Harkness told a colleague that her favorite role was not in one of several great Bergman films but in *Treese*'s two-part masterpiece. ■

# CAN A CAR IMPROVE WITH AGE?

Recently, Road Test Magazine had this to say about Volvo:

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A turning circle actually as small as the Volkswagen Beetle's.

Wait for a foggy freeway night and you'll gain a clearer understanding of why Volvo is surrounded by 3800 square inches of glass. With no so-called open windows to heighten the drama.

And you'll probably have to travel over some of the worst roads imaginable to completely respect the integrity of Volvo's body.

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If you'd like to know more about the way a Volvo ages, talk to a Volvo owner.

And if he tells you he possesses a vintage year, don't be impressed.

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These eight pages constitute a head-cramping course in the higher education of pro football. We begin with a selected reading list from the School of Hard Knocks. Six of the N.F.L.'s finest, experts in their fields, specialists all, explain the art of football's unique and fundamental science:

# HITTIN'

by Gerald Astor

**Ron Johnson,**  
running back, New York Giants

When I'm blocking on a pass play I have to contend with linebackers, bigger and stronger than I am. I get myself between them and the quarterback. The point is to attack the upper half of the linebacker's body. You keep hitting him high, trying to stay on your feet. We call it "chicken fighting." Some guys—linebackers of the Redskins, for instance—will attempt to fake and go around you. Here you have to keep them honest; you cut their legs, but you're right at the knees or a little below.

When I'm blocking on a running play, I usually have to hit a linebacker or end. The aim is to prevent penetration, to stop their attempt to turn the play inside. I then throw my body at the man's outside leg. If I'm lucky, he isn't agile enough to jump over me.

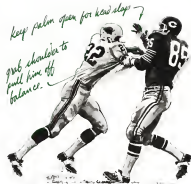


**Forrest Blue,**  
center, San Francisco 49ers

When a play starts I'm at a slight disadvantage: I lose a split second snapping the ball. A big defensive tackle will often step me on the head—whatever my head goes, the rest of my body will follow. A pull is thereby opened up to the quarterback. My best protection is to bring my hands up to ward off slaps or forearm shots. Often someone will grab my jersey and pull me aside. Under the rules, this is restricted, but not often enforced. They will do everything they can to tackle you. I try and stay on my feet when blocking. When I land on my back, someone often runs over my body.







Willie Hohmann,  
defensive end, Chicago Bears

My aim as a pass rush is to get the offensive tackle off balance for a second, long enough for me to get by him. One way is to throw my forearm into his body, hit him high on the chest and knock him off balance. I can hit him with either arm, depending on which way I want to go. I also use the head slap. I come off the line with my palms wide apart and smack him on one side of the helmet. A helmet slap is a terrible job, the sound is worse than the pain. You automatically close your eyes when you're slapped. I sometimes should do just a player. With my left hand I grab him below the right shoulder. With my right, I grab the near shoulder and pull him inside while I step around him. When I get a shot at the quarterback I'm not apt to accumulate him. I don't go for the head. I aim high, though, from the neck down. If you're moving with his legs, he may still have time to get out of the ball. I like to put my helmet right into his chest.

Dick Anderson,  
safety, Miami Dolphins

Once in a while you react to an opponent early by trying to strip the receiver. You grab his arms just below the shoulders and yank downward. You pull down through the elbows as he tries to hold onto the ball. If the receiver has already secured the ball, the best approach for me is to hit him as hard as I can. The classic tackle is to put your head right into his shoulders and wrap your arms around him. That way you destroy forward momentum and knock him backwards. On the other hand, if some big fullback can break through, I can't hope to stop him with my helmet in his chest. My best shot there is throwing my body across his knees. On a blitz I like to hit and slide the quarterback. Once a service I've gotten there soon enough to make a grab for the ball so he drives his arm back. Generally, though, I'm happy if I hit him anywhere from the legs to the chest, before he releases the ball.



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**Lem Barney,**  
cornerback, Detroit Lions

On a run to the outside it's up to me to break down the interference. The guard is my prime target. I shoot for the nearest line with my shoulder, though sometimes it's my head that makes contact. His like this make me groggy, even unconscious. To keep them guessing, I'll throw a forearm at a player's shoulder. If you land him he can duck; a good forearm knocks him aside and allows me to go after the ballcarrier. When tackling a receiver, my intent is to get him down, not make him suffer. I prefer to hit a man when he's in the air, off his feet. Usually, I drive my body through his and knock him over. This way there is less resistance and he goes down easier.



**Clyde Werner,** special teams, Kansas City Chiefs

On a kickoff my first responsibility is staying on my feet. Roaming to get the ballcarrier, you must keep your eyes open because everybody's trying to knock you down. The crunch comes when there's a four-man wall between you and the carrier. It's kind of scary; you can see their eyes focusing on you. I try to use a little foresight. I want to stay between 'em. Sometimes you

just have to crash through—If you hit one with a glancing blow, you might get through. But other times you lower your head and aim for the ankles. By throwing your body always you may get more than one of the foot. The goal is to make a pile of bodies. The whole thing is like sprinting forty yards and running into a wall. For five seconds, I have no idea where I am.



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# EARNIN'

by Robert Hardin

## DEFENSE

STARTING LINEUP		ALTERNATES
 End Willie Holman (Bears).	Admits making as much money in business as in football. Headed up Willie Holman Distribution Inc., Chicago, which handles popples, mentos, reids, salad dressing, etc.	Aaron Brown (Packers) glass and cookware company; Jack Youngblood (Rams) public relations man for the Bank of America.
 End Ben Davidson (Raiders).	Operates a bar and also buys, rents, and manages apartment houses. "I want to retire when I'm forty-five, not forty," he says.	Desha Jones (Chargers) public-affairs director, San Diego hospitals.
 Tackle Merlin Olsen (Rams).	Owns two auto dealerships; also talks with Consolidated Cigar.	Paul Miller (Redskins) was president of R. L. Pyle Associates, national handling equipment company, Baltimore, Maryland.
 Tackle Bob Lilly (Cowboys).	Partner in Professional Promotions Inc., which makes real-estate investments. Partner in economy motel chain. Also connected with Bob Lilly's Pro Agency, a football newsletter.	John Small (Lions) a store in sportswear stores now expanding throughout Georgia.
 Linebacker Andy Russell (Stolers).	C. Andrew Russell Company in Pittsburgh offers tax-sheltered real-estate packages to wealthy investors (annual investment: \$20,000).	Larry Stallings (Cardinals) president of a St. Louis steel company.
 Linebacker Nick Buoniconti (Dolphins).	Attorney; president of All Pro Graphics Inc., which has over 100 W.F.V. units under contract. Also well for off-the-field interests. "I've seen football referees forced to sell their homes. It can wreck a family."	Skip VanDerhaart (49ers) Sacramento landscape company.

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	<b>Liesbosker Willie Lanker (Chiefs).</b>	Partner in Schlitz beer distributorship.	
	<b>Cornerback Mike Bass (Redskins).</b>	President of MTD Enterprises, a firm which advises on institutional real-estate investments. Owns Comp-Set Inc., a typesetting company, and is a stockholder in three Washington-area restaurants. "My future is secure."	<b>Pat Fischer (Redskins) stockbroker in Washington, D.C.</b>
	<b>Cornerback Len Barry (Lions).</b>	Vice-president of Argot Distributing Company Inc., Michigan outlet for Warburton, a jukebox manufacturer.	<b>Jim Neffles (Rangers) landscape architect and tree planter.</b>
	<b>Safety Dick Anderson (Dolphins).</b>	President of Pro Financial Services Ltd., which last year did more than \$1,000,000 in group life insurance for banks, auto agencies, etc.	<b>Paul Krause (Vikings) real-estate development executive.</b>
	<b>Safety Carl Lockhart (Giants).</b>	International-sales department of Roche & Co., a bookkeeping firm.	<b>Jim Telford (Cleveland) football consultant and current tailor; Steve Tannen (Oak) Jacksonville, Florida, boutique owner.</b>

## OFFENSE

STARTING LINEUP	ALTERNATES
 <b>Tight end Pette Nassom (Chargers).</b>	Vice-president of the Grocery Bank of Dallas, Texas. <b>Tom Mitchell (Colts) operates an elaborate golf complex in Maryland; John Runley (Vikings) chairman of the board, Golden Chest Inc., gold-plating corporation.</b>
 <b>Wide receiver Rod Thomas (Broncos).</b>	President of Pro Techniques Inc., which runs football clinics in California and hopes to expand into nationwide athletic facilities.
 <b>Wide receiver Dee Maynard (Jets).</b>	Marketing executive for Parash stocks, El Paso, Texas. <b>Gary Gersso (Chargers) public-relations man for San Diego Federal Savings &amp; Loan, Gross Washington; (Wrens) acting corner.</b>

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	<b>Tackle</b> <b>Jim Tyner</b> (Clips).	President of Pro Forms Inc., a successful professional firm which, among other things, runs players' wives for endorsements.
	<b>Tackle</b> <b>Ralph Neely</b> (Cowboys).	Partner in the company that makes The Tackler best trader, a principal in gas and oil ventures. "People ask me if I want my boy to be a football player. I say, No, a rich kid."
	<b>Guard</b> <b>Bob Hyland</b> (Giants).	A director of Baron Export International Ltd., companies of liquor from Scotland and England, women's wear from the Orient. Hopes to export football board games to Japan.
	<b>Guard</b> <b>Tom Mack</b> (Rams).	Medical supervisor for the Bostell Corporation, where he works on nuclear power plants.
	<b>Center</b> <b>Forrest Blue</b> (49ers).	Vice-president of Ken Wilkison Properties in Sacramento, also part owner of small toy company whose gross hit \$100,000 in its first year.
	<b>Quarterback</b> <b>Pina Turkessan</b> (Vikings).	Donald, Chairman of Behavioral Systems Corp., industrial consulting firm in the South, has widespread real-estate projects.
	<b>Running back</b> <b>Ron Johnson</b> (Giants).	Financial analyst for Blumstein Development Co. (Hawthorne), New Jersey. His job is to obtain mortgages, bring in equity funds, analyze property.
	<b>Running back</b> <b>Ed Pedoluk</b> (Chiefs).	Vice-president of Peoples Bank of Kewanee City; president of Health and Welfare Plans Inc., group insurer. Also principal in Aspen, Colorado, real-estate ventures.
	<b>Kicker</b> <b>Gene Vigeland</b> (Dolphins).	The manufacturer.
		Fred Cox (Vikings) sporting goods store owner and former character; Charlie Gogelbeck (Patriots) attorney.

# ONLY A PRO QUARTERBACK WITH A PH.D IN MATHEMATICS COULD HAVE INVENTED NFL STRATEGY.

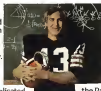
He quarterbacked the Cleveland Browns. Earned his doctorate in math from Rice University. And (on the side) helped create a game called NFL Strategy. His name is Frank Ryan.

NFL Strategy is a game for people who see football as a series of complicated, almost battle-like strategies. But it's also a game that never forgets that games should be fun.

Like any NFL contest, every game of NFL Strategy has a definite number of probabilities. 6,120 different ways a play can turn out. What happens is what would happen during an actual game. If a trap play is up against a blitz, you won't be thrown for a 25 yard loss.

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of play you called. So many seconds for a run. So many for a pass. Plus three different field positions. Including strong and weak sides. But what you really get with NFL Strategy is the opportunity to think. To use that defense that could stop

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Hard Knocks and Fort Knox are the finishing schools of the N.F.L. But what about the young men on the way up? On these two pages, five members of last year's freshman class, all likely to succeed, discuss what prepares a kid for higher studies in hittin' and earnin'. Here's what five students who did their homework got out of their N.F.L. experience in...

# LEARNIN'

by Robert Hardin



**John Reeves**, quarterback for the Eagles, was knocked hard and often last season—he was dumped by the opposition thirty-eight times. Nevertheless, he still completed forty-eight percent of his passes. Reeves's contract has been estimated at \$225,000 over four years, with option clauses that could double it. "In my contract I have incentives for playing time, for games we win, for leading the league in such statistics as completion, touchdowns, championships, etc. There is a long list that can add on more money. I have a fairly good idea of what I'd like to pursue in the off-season. I think real estate is the most secure kind of investment there is. I'm leaning toward that, possibly land development. I was planning to get my real-estate license last year, but I had no operation and was tied up for a while. In addition to that, I'm thinking about opening a sports camp, and I have some money in stocks. You can't play football forever and I want to be prepared. I plan to establish a house in Philadelphia, where I'd be in a better position to get some professional work established."

**Willie Buchanan** made the starting lineup in his first year with Green Bay. His performance as the Parker secondary won him the rookie award. Rookie of the Year award and helped his team to the divisional championship. "I've still the same Willie that was in college: same ideas, same ambition. Too many times a person changes when he comes into the pros and into money. I do things like I always did. I got into a little Outback—but with the price of gas, I may not be able to drive that. I haven't put my money into anything yet, but I will. Investments are something you gotta have. You gotta have a little security. I'm thinking about opening a bicycle shop—that's a trend. Hell, there are more bicycles sold than autos. Dick Gordon at the Bears also has a bike shop and he's really making money. Bicycles aren't like cars—if you don't sell 'em this year, you can sell 'em next year. If everything goes right, I'll have a shop open in my hometown of Oremville [California] by this coming December."



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- Automatic transmission •Variable ratio power steering
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4-wheel driving becomes a new experience in the '74 Jeep Wagoneer. Quadra-Trac... automatic 4-wheel drive, praised universally by the experts, offers the ultimate in traction plus greater stability and control regardless of road surface.

New options include a 401 lb V-8 engine and a special trailer towing package.

Comfort options include air conditioning, AM/FM radio, tilt steering column. This 4-wheeler offers exceptional luxury plus the rugged dependability that Jeep Wagoneer has come to stand for.

On road or trail, Jeep Wagoneer is the Ultimate in 4-wheel drive vehicles.

## Jeep Wagoneer

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Mike Stani of Oakland has just caught 38 passes for 494 yards and five touchdowns. A graduate of Villanova, he helped the Steelers to the A.F.C. Western division championship. "My pre-football career has enabled me to afford things that my family and I never had. Not long ago I bought a car, an Fordlimb, a replica of a 1937 Mercedes-Benz. It cost about \$14,000. I'm not really a flashy dresser but it's nice to be able to dress well. It's a good feeling to have a little security, money in the bank, to be able to afford nice things and give my family nice things, especially my mother. Right now I'm not sure about my plans, but I'm interested in journalism, maybe in motion films. What I'd like to do is get into public-relations work or headlining. I've talked to a few people about it and they say start out in a small radio station, say there and listen, then try to get with a major radio or television network. This year I'm asking for a raise but Al Davis, our general manager, is a tough negotiator. It'll be difficult—the Steelers told me they gave me the best contract they'd ever given a first-round choice."



Franco Harris of the Steelers won the A.F.C. Rookie of the Year. He tied Jim Brown's record by gaining more than 100 yards in six consecutive games. The son of a former Army sergeant, who is black, and an Italian mother, Harris gained publicity last year when Pittsburgh fans feared "Franco's Italian Army," with Frank Sinatra as one of its patrons. "Franco's Army has been a lot of fun. We're trying to move it in a direction where it can help charity, life, worthwhile programs. As far as my own football career, I have a very good lawyer here in Pittsburgh, who's trying to get me into a good financial base, good insurance, good tax situation. But right now my only job is pro football. Everyone knows, however, you're not going to be around this league forever. You get used to a standard of living and you've got to plan to maintain it. A lot of guys talk like that. Even though my economic position has changed, my life-style hasn't. Luckily I've done a few endorsements but nothing nationally. Sinatra's done things like that. One day I hope I'll get a few myself."



Mike Knudsen, a Notre Dame defensive tackle, was drafted and signed by the Miami Dolphins, the team that won the Super Bowl after an undefeated season. Knudsen spent the year doing what he had never done before—citing on the bench: "I come from a middle-class family and my way of life hasn't changed that much. My wife and I live in a one-bedroom apartment and have one car for the two of us. We have a television and a stereo but even my friends of mine own. We live in Columbus, Ohio, but haven't decided where to settle down. Coming from nothing to a big check of change, I let Bob Wood of Boston handle all my business. I wouldn't even know how to pay my income tax without help. I'm thinking of taking business courses eventually. My attorney wants to make sure I don't blow all my money like some athletes do. He gets all my checks, then sends me a certain amount weekly, or whenever I need for living expenses. The rest goes into my account. But right now, I just want to play."

## The many looks of Jack Nicklaus

Fall calls for classic colors. And Hart Schaffner & Marx has put them all together for Jack Nicklaus in British polyester/wool double-knits designed to go together any way you want them to. There are blazers, blazer suits, sport coats and slacks. In solids, checks, plaids and patterns. How many good looks can you come up with?



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# "I feel it."

# "So do I."

# "It's the Uniroyal Feel."

A photograph of three men in white racing suits standing next to three white race cars with orange and black graphics. The cars are parked on a track with flags and banners in the background. The man on the left is leaning against the first car, the man in the middle is leaning against the second car, and the man on the right is leaning against the third car. The cars have 'UNIROYAL' and 'ROY' written on them.

**Uni:** You can actually feel the difference between Uniroyal Steel Belted Radials and regular bias-ply tires. We feel it stopping, starting, turning, even in wet weather on bad roads.

**Roy:** These Uniroyals have flexible sidewalls, to help keep more tread on the road. They turn fast, they stop short, they can actually change the way your car behaves.

**Al:** When the engineers at Uniroyal said we'd feel the difference, we thought they were putting us on. But it's true. We feel it in our thrill show. You'll feel it on the road.

## TRAVEL NOTES

### RICHARD JOSEPH

It's a world where almost every country suffers from some degree of inflation and the dollar doesn't stand up in relation to so many currencies, the American traveler these days is finding travel bargains increasingly harder to come by. So it's good to be able to report at least one favorable development: the short winter packages now being offered by tour operators and the international airlines through their own offices and travel agents.

Purely coincidental? Very incidentally two years ago, they proved so successful last winter that they surprised even their sponsors. They're based on the fact that many European hotels, overcrowded during the summer vacation season, are as little as half filled in winter. Unable to cut their published rates drastically to the individual traveler for fear of losing financial faith with their regular clientele, hoteliers nevertheless are happy to drop their rates for travel wholesalers, knowing that the hotel prices will be hidden in the overall tour cost. At the same time, the airlines introduced new low off-season eight-day winter G.I.T. (Group Inclusive Tourist) fares at just about half the price of a regular off-season economy ticket. This off-season package, however, is a fairer example of the total being less than the sum of its parts—if they had been bought separately by the individual traveler.

And many of the tour offerings bear no resemblance to the orthodox economy packages. One of the most successful of last year's offerings was Air France's ten-week L'Aristocrate tour, which catered to the group traveler such hitherto unfamiliar luxury items as accommodations in the Palm Jumeirah, George V or Plaza-Athènes. Last year's price tag was \$420, and for the traveler who flew from New York to Paris and back, met at Orly and driven to his hotel in a chauffeured car, put up for seven nights with continental breakfast in one of the best available rooms at one of the above hotels, dined once at his hotel and once at each of the three others and at one of the better bistros, fed champagne and the tour show at the Judo, given a ticket to the Casino de Paris, taken on a full day of visiting fashion shows, the masses, the Flea Market or whatever else he preferred—in a private car with English-speaking escort—and another half day of more formal sight-

seeing in a private car with English-speaking driver. The cost of all this was only \$417 more than the traveler would have paid for a regular off-season, round-trip economy plane ticket alone! The traveler goes and comes independently, incidentally—the "Goway" is G.I.T. refers only to the fact that a maximum of ten passengers must travel on the same transatlantic flights, and it's up to the package or his agents to assemble the group.

This year's version costs more—as what doesn't?—but not considerably. The program is just about the same, and the price is \$349 for each of two people traveling together—\$139 additional for single accommodations. (All prices being quoted by the airlines at press time were based on the reasonable assumption that current air fares will be continued through March, 1974, and that the



dollar will undergo no further drastic devaluation.)

The success of last year's tour has inspired Air France to add three new versions: L'Aristocrate for Rome, The Aristocrat for London, and a special Christmas/New Year two-week package to either of those two cities and Paris. The London tour costs \$490—plus a \$50 supplement for singles—and provides seven nights with continental breakfast at the Savoy, dinner and dancing at the Rocco and dinner at Rocco's Chop House, lunch at Simpson's in the Strand, a ticket to the Savoy Theatre and private-car night-seeing.

Price tag for the Rome version is \$295, \$360, or \$480, depending on whether the visitor stays at the Hanser, Eden or Leonardo da Vinci, plus \$25 single supplement, and it includes dinner at each of the three hotels plus one at the Rostara del-

luxe and a top trattoria and chauffeured sight-seeing.

The Aristocrat program is distinctive in its way-branded history to the budget traveler (or introducing the luxury traveler to economy travel)—but the cheaper tour offerings represent even more startling bargains. Such items as ten-dollar-a-day double hotel rooms with bath, for instance. It must be fifteen years or so since they were last obtainable in decent hotels in the United States or abroad, yet that's the figure they're budgeted at on many tours; and on some really low-cost tours the entire program comes in at the ten-dollar figure, plus air fare.

Take Pan Am's London by Night or Air-India's Courtship Tour of London. Price of either is \$384—\$234 air fare and \$150 for the week's ground arrangements. Other airlines offer similar packages, differing only in detail, and the Air-India offering is typical. For your ten dollars a day you get room and breakfast at comfortable—but certainly not luxurious—hotels, breakfast to eat from London airport, four show tickets, a golf-scouted party, shop discount cards, admission to a casino and a half day's sight-seeing. Travelers on truly tight budgets can figure an another fifteen dollars a day for lunch, dinner and drinks, and really be able to do London on twenty-five dollars a day. Try that on your own for noon, meals and entertainment in any major American or European city and see how far you get!

One surprising sidelight of the short-term winter tour program has been the popularity of Scandinavia itineraries. Ordinarily, few people other than skiers would consider a midwinter holiday in Scandinavia, but SAS and three Scandinavian pre-arranged tourist offices have developed so many ancillary attractions that winter travel to Scandinavia as an SAS jaunted fifteen percent last year and probably will enjoy a comparable increase during the coming season. Precisely all visitors on this year's winter tour program will be able to take advantage of an expanded "Day on the Buzen" and a new "Day on the Norwegian" promotion set up by the respective national tourist offices. (KLM has a similar arrangement with the Free Day on the Ecuore program offered in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague.) They include free car and bicycle rentals, lunch and refreshment, sight-seeing and gifts.

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This gift has never left any giver speechless. And the message always comes across smooth and clear.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."

## A color photograph of a man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a red jacket with white and blue stripes on the sleeves and light-colored trousers. He is standing next to a white Cessna airplane with red and blue stripes. The word "cessna" is visible on the side of the fuselage. The aircraft is parked on a grassy field with trees in the background.

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EXPLANATION CONTINUED 151

The Scandinavien airline's winter tour schedule features 586 itineraries covering the principal cities of Scandinavia, major and minor cities in Germany, France, the Netherlands, Amsterdam, London, Paris and Zurich. Fly-drive packages are available, and rates start as low as \$159 for a round-trip ticket. The airline's trip air fare from New York City can be combined with the airline's special-interest itineraries including skiing, fishing, wine-tasting, and workshop tours, ecology tours, Holy Land tours, ice-hockey programs and, of course, a wide variety of tours for the family. The airline's winter tour program also includes visits to such well-known winter resorts as Yasn and Gstaad as well as new resort areas in the Alps. The airline's winter tours around Ljubanovity, Tyne and Gstaad in Norway and Rattinn and Gstaad. All-inclusive prices of the one-way air fare range from \$226 to \$250.

Dutch skiers preferring the Alps might be more interested in Luftbahn's one-week and two-week ski packages in Kristiania, Zell am See, and in Austria and Arco and Davos in Switzerland, using Munich and Zurich as gateways. One-week tour prices for land arrangements only range upward from \$1,000 for budget packages to \$2,500 for the conventional breakfast but without private bath. Price of the two-week tours begins at \$254. (The New York-Munich 7-14-day \$1,500 round-trip package includes a 14-day stay in Zell am See, the 14-21-day fare in \$2,500.) Luftbahn also offers a wide variety of fly-drive and rail travel packages based on these fares. The program is about as old as the Swiss Alps, but it's about as hot as the new ski season.

The same can be said for TWA's extensive winter tour program with eighteen one-week and two-week itineraries, seven holidays at European and North African resorts and three Spanish and Moroccan escorted motor-coach tours. Most are divided into medium, first-class and deluxe categories, with Hilton hotels used for luxury accommodations, not uncommonly, whereas they are available. (Not uncommonly, because TWA owns Hilton International.)

BOAC is featuring an interesting program of special-interest tours, including interior design and decoration and gardening, based on the one- and two-week G.I.T. fares. There's a Cypriot in Paris tour enabling you to study with a chef and help him prepare dishes and also learn the art of wine tasting. Prices of the one-week tour ranges from \$200 up, depending on accommodations.

times and season; or, if your feline can take it, you might try a two-week program for \$799 ap.

But if you're more interested in eating food than in preparing it, you might find Soben's one-week Tour Gastronomique more to your taste. It includes dinner with wine at six leading Brussels restaurants, seven nights at the Brussels Ritz, a dinner dance at the hotel's supper club, an evening at the theatre, ballet or a concert, a half day's sightseeing in Brussels, a half-day visit to Waterloo and a full-day excursion to Bruges. The price is \$897 (includes air fare from New York).

[illegible]

for Italian food, the abandoned shore  
has Italian neighborhoods as the free-  
dom it leads into the four programs.  
On one restaurant-price tour, for ex-  
ample, they include—take a deep  
breath—a Buon Giorno Italia phre-  
nos and guide book, an adventure pass to  
more than 250 museums, art gal-  
leries, etc., a Rome shopper discount  
booklet, the name of a Fiat 167 for a  
day (with the transfer paying for  
insurance and gas), a bottle of spar-  
kle sparkling wine, a local goodie,  
and a complimentary ticket to the  
Globe restaurant, spaghetti night  
with unlimited wine at El Padrino,  
vacations booked at the Tattler.

Upps, an spirited afternoon treat at the Café de Paris, a welcome cocktail at the bar of the St. Andrew restaurant, drink coffee Italian-style with music at the bar of Da Moe Palazzo restaurant, a welcome cocktail at the Blue Bar of the Elbow Room del'Orso, admission to the Pipe Club and wine tasting at the Bode del Papi restaurant. Take them all and it will be time to fly home. ☺

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AFTER DELIVERY  
WE'LL FIX  
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## SPORTS ROGER KAUN

In a single time, which to be sure is any time past, a forgotten outfielder named Gene Hermanski spent a summer banking his drives against the right-field wall of the Brooklyn Dodgers known as "Foul Hermanski" for a salary of \$12,500 a year. That winter he walked into a so-called contract negotiation, a brief fling of hope including his sturdy shout: "This year," he announced to a newspaperman named Bob Cooke, "this year's looking away from next fall. I really got a case for steak." Hermanski strutted into the office of Branch Rickey, a man with a Puritan's doubts for money in one person's hands, and then, while Cooke waited in an anteroom, a classic old-time sports negotiation began.

"Well," Cooke said, when Hermanski emerged, his face wrinkled into a wide grin. "I guess you got your time."

"Naps," Hermanski said, "but he didn't cut me."

In the quarter century since that day, playing professional sports has proceeded from a generally marginal livelihood to a ticket quite literally to hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. According to one of my favorite and most accurate sources, more than seventy professional baseball players will earn more than \$100,000 in 1983. In baseball, where Hermanski's old salary no longer buys an assistant trainer, the figure is thirty players over \$100,000. Even in professional football, the most tightly organized and in certain ways the most parsimonious of our major sports, the total approaches \$100,000.

You cannot explain such changes of circumstance by mere inflation. The very nature of American sport has been revolutionized from a pastime in which the winners got to make the money and the players got to sign the contracts. (Vince's pocket in 1971, changed from a glamorous pastime into something that resembles a wage and even disappearing was the old Hollywood star system.)

I've seen some of this developing and still more in the past year's pleasant hours with an attorney named Robert G. Woolf, who numbers 386 athletes among his clients. Bob Woolf is an intense, black-haired, widely built man who at forty-five has weathered the road, is remarkable of all legal tricks. He is a lawyer who does not talk like one.

Since 1965 when a strapping, headstrong pitcher named Earl Wilson

came calling at his office after an automobile accident, Woolf has built a consistently expanding, innovative practice. "Earl kind of reminded me of a case between Jim Brown and Larry Belandier," Woolf says, "and when we to find we discovered we had a lot of attitudes in common. One day we found ourselves discussing methods by which an athlete could defer income and that I guess is where the whole thing began."

In his most remarkable coup, Woolf represented Derek Sanderson, a good but surely not great center for the Boston Bruins at a time when both the Bruins and the Philadelphia Flyers were in the new World Hockey Association, created Sanderson's services "I sat in a room," Woolf recalls, and a kind of boyish wonder brightened his eyes, "and suddenly money seemed to lose all meaning. These people from Philadelphia simply had to have Derek."

Woolf arranged for a \$2,600,000 two-year contract and Sanderson proceeded to both in Philadelphia. Woolf arranged a million-dollar loan from the Bruins and Sanderson returned to the Bruins where he served. He now employs a chauffeur to drive his Rolls and it may be suitable at length to ask, When have you seen Gene Hermanski? A graying country mouse you. (Or maybe unsuitable. The matter is imperfect.)

I caught up with Woolf most recently after he had made some new trips to vacation cities in eleven days, and was reviewing early drafts of an intriguing memo which he plans to call *Behind Closed Doors* and arrange a weekend at the Ritz-Carlton Country Club for several guests and his soft-eyed wife Anne, whose charm glows on you as the theme of a good and faithful woman always does.

Woolf is in a chestnut hill, near Boston, and there, amid a clutter of children and television sets, he seemed more relaxed than I had seen him for some time. "The Matsnak thing is done," he announced, by way of celebration.

John Matsnak is a young lawyer out of the University of Tampa, whose hair flares wildly and whose remarks would give pause to King Kong. Height: 6 feet 8 inches. Weight: 350 pounds. Waist: 34 inches. Chest: 34 inches. Disposition: genial, except when dressed in a football uniform. There he is a tackle of such force demeanor that he was

chosen first in last winter's National Football League draft. As a sensible young behemoth, Matsnak reached a great awe toward a telephone and called Woolf.

Drafts are designed to equalize—that is, the last-place team picks first—and Matsnak was fated to play for the Houston Oilers on plastic grass, under the Lucite heaven of the Astrodome. But Gilman, a tough, old-time sports journalist, opened negotiations with a tough, old-time general manager's letter. He volunteered a sub-500,000 bonus to Matsnak, presumably the most valuable of all graduating college football players, and a starting salary of less than \$25,000. Gilman closed on a note that would have done Branch Rickey proud. This was the first, best and absolutely last offer.

Because he does his homework and equally because he has represented a damn fine football draft choice in the past, Woolf recognized that Gilman's offer was out of line. But because he possesses a sense of pragmatic psychology, he concluded that the charm of Gilman would be pointless. A stubborn, gifted man had taken a position. There was nothing to be gained by hitting heads.

How then to move? Woolf discovered that he and Gilman both were to be honored in late spring at a Boston banquet. Phone calls to Houston. Call attorney Woolf arrange for a car to meet Mr. Gilman at Logan Airport? "No." Already arranged? Well, perhaps he and Gil could find a few moments alone to chat. This was not a Sanderson situation, or anything of the sort. There was nothing to be gained, really. But John Matsnak was a rare bird and all attorneys Woolf wanted for his client was a fair offer. A secretary reported that Mr. Gilman's Boston schedule was so on his way he'd Matsnak. And so before he met Woolf, Matsnak, Woolf told himself, *benzene*.

The Toronto Argonauts are a mainstay of the Canadian Football League, and what a boon it would be to Canadian pride to export the American number-one draft choice. Woolf decided to visit Toronto on hockey business. While there, he spoke to John Bassett, a newspaper publisher who owns the Argonauts, and happily, or as happily as one can, dropped the name of John Matsnak into the conversation.

Bassett was interested. "I don't want to bring John up here unless you're really serious," Woolf said,

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advice. His cigarette smoke and roller 2. Mike L. Argonov  
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goes, he knows the lot of cigarettes to give. That his cigarette  
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"because John really is willing to play for your team."

Curiously, after Matsushita flew in to Toronto, warehouses of him there rushed into every major American city, including Houston. Within twenty-four hours Gilman, no longer quite so busy, was telephoning Woolf. Matsushita presently signed with the Oilers for what Woolf describes as "a far and significant improvement" over Gilman's original find, final and best offer. Such bargaining stunts are not without worth. Woolf himself owes to an income well in excess of \$250,000 a year, and although he is essentially an investmentist, such he does own the only Cadillac I have seen with separate telephones for front and rear passengers.

Spending time with him can be somewhat harrowing. Late night, usually successful, run, Woolf finds on work. It seems to strengthen him. He budgets minutes and appears to enjoy negotiating air contracts at once, while plotting three business trips and speaking on the phone to a famous client—Calvin Murphy, Jim Minkoff—about a speaking engagement he has been offered. Urgency is the word. Urgency moves him.

Although he is no intellectual, I don't believe I have encountered a quicker mentality, not one more troubled by concepts of fairness in a rather Talmudic sense, as concepts of fairness troubled the philosopher. He is of the old province was unfair, the pendulum now may have swung too far the other way. Bob Woolf succeeds. That question worries him. The idea is not to create a star system that breeds disorder and sorrow to sport as some suggest the old star system did in Hollywood. Fairness, Woolf says over and over. Fairness. The man who owns a franchise, that man beginning across the table, has a right to a decent profit. He's taken the risk.

Woolf comes out of Portland, Maine, where his father Joseph was a physician of such dedication that once he advertised for any of the Portland sick to roll on him without charge. The stock market crashed and with it the profits of Dr. Woolf's practice. There were seven in the family and Bob recalls an ebb when everybody had to live in one room above a cafeteria. On certain nights, he says, he was still seeing the scent of second-rate cooking from the floor below assailing his nostrils.

But the family stayed together and moved to Boston and times improved. Woolf graduated from that city of public education. Borin (John School), attended Boston College as a



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basketball scholarship and graduated from Boston University Law School. It is a mark of his agency that he avoided an injury the last year before graduation. He passed. After that, he built a general law practice good enough to bring him \$100,000 a year. Then Earl Wilson's auto accident opened a golden new world.

"Secretly," he was saying at his home in Chestnut Hill, "Nothing all that deep or that profound. I work hard, but I love sports. You know that. You've seen me at games. So when I can help an athlete in a direct contract, and see that he makes sensible investments and looks just the age of thirty real over thirty-five, I put a thrill."

"And I'm a fan. I know it sounds ridiculous, but when I think of myself, a kind of ordinary college athlete, sitting with the most important men in sports, that thrills me too."

"Bet. Bet," I said, "representing three hundred athletes, you are one of the most important men in sports."

He looked embarrassed. "Maybe, and is that a good thing?"

I think it is, but then I tried Bob Woolf's sense of fairness and generosity. I think so, and don't really know. There will be other months, other decades of sports hours to consider what shape the athlete-management triangle assumes. For now I can say that I've seen his eyes light with anger only once, when somebody referred to him as an agent.

Agents have misrepresented athletes as often as they represented them. An agent once told to sign Hockey Mearns for fifty percent commission. Sports agents tend to see the future as one long race-track commercial, but in ten years, realistically, there will be other chairs to shove.

"It's not an agent," Woolf said in a hard, quiet tone. "I'm a sports attorney."

Now in Chestnut Hill, on television, one lawyer was asking another more tendentious question about Watergate. I lifted my Scotch, as usual, to a tentative "Yes, where none," I said, "indicates something about your profession. How you build a practice that would be the envy of damn near every lawyer in the country and just when you do, lawyer gets to be a dirty word."

Bob Woolf grinned.

"I mean how do you feel about Watergate?"

"It's be frank," he said, hoisting a glass of soda. "Watergate doesn't bother as agents at all." Then we three back our heads and laughed and went outside to drink the late summer sun. ☺



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Esquire

## The Grand Inquest

by Charles Rembar

For the first time, an informed legal judgment on the Watergate hearings

At the date this is written, August 3, the only large question of fact left by the Watergate hearing is whether Richard Nixon was a participant or an innocent—sort of—bystander. Today's open session is a lady of Ironville in support of the latter conclusion: "I think he may have been badly served, but this community has many executives and they know what it is to defend authority. You have to rely on people around you." So far as the strength and welfare of the nation are concerned, the question is hardly important. Ethelred the Unready, whose reign brought Anglo-Saxon England to its ruin, is also known as Ethelred the Ill-Advised.

This article, however, is not about the substance of the Watergate hearings; it is about its process—the role of the witness, the use of testimony, a legal mechanism that never before Watergate had been given such intense and wide display.

"I will ask you as a lawyer," says Senator Ervin—yes, not asks, because this, like so many other utterances of the inquiring Senators, is not a question but a statement that the witness is expected to agree with—"I will ask you as a lawyer"—meaning, probably, I will ask you to respond as a lawyer, though perhaps, conforming to the obligations that characterize the Committee's questioning, the Senator meant, I ask as a lawyer and you are to answer as a lawyer—"if the experience of the English-speaking race,"—he's a grand old man, and the nation is deeply in his debt, and his defense of the "little Jap" is earnest, and goes past Senatorial courtesy, but he does come from the South, and a long-held lesson is hard to change even for a man whose feelings have changed, he means the United Kingdom and the United States, mongrel nations, neither a racial entity—"both in its legislative bodies and in its courts, has not demonstrated that the only reliable way in which the credibility of a witness can be tested is for that witness to be interrogated



"Dean is cool. His utter calm can very well be what is felt by a man relieved of tension."

upon oath and have his credibility determined not only by what he says but by his conduct and demeanor while he is saying it, and also by whether his testimony is corroborated or not corroborated by other witnesses."

The question-statement is taken to be an aide to cross-examination, and is widely quoted. It appears in *The New York Times* *How to Examine* and as an editorial head in *Time* magazine's *The Law*. Actually, it takes in just about everything our trial courts employ to resolve disputes of fact, with one notable exception: physical evidence, including the most reliable of physical evidence documents.

The question-statement numbers four devices. The first is the administering of an oath. At one time, when religion was something other than it is now, and terrors of hell danced before the testifier's eyes, the oath was a magical pool toward truth. Now less; but still uttered as a solemnity, and with some solemnity. What is likely to dance before the testifier's eyes is an image of the penitentiary. Assuming in this instance he is not driven by honesty, the oath reminds the witness he must take care his answer is not the kind of fat-on that is likely to be disproof and force the basis for conviction.

The last device the Senator mentions—corroboration—is expressed too narrowly. Naturally what the particular witness says will be tested against what other witnesses say and what the documents and other physical evidence tend to show. This is actually the most significant of the elements. The best chance of determining the truth is to get as much good evidence as possible, from as many different sources as possible, and see how it all adds up.

The models elements in the question-statement—the elements to which the caption "cross-examination" is properly applied, the testing of the witness's credibility by his testimony alone, not just what he says but how he says it—is as magically attractive to the public,









just of a broader plan to defeat the stronger Democratic candidates—and entice Muskie—and task the Democrats into questioning their weakest candidate, McGovern.

**Selling Points** Donald Segretti, a subcommittee head by Herbert Goldhamer, the President's personal lawyer, has been accused for attempting to make Muskie and Humphrey in the Florida primary.

With the hindsight of history, the theory would provide a rational motive for Watergate. It would be similar nearly all the other Republican clandestine activities that Porter initiated about and would explain all the elaborate happenings, the confusion and division of the Democrats (Muskie's loss in New Hampshire, Eagleton, etc.). (See *Breitbart Connection Theory*.)

**Drawbacks** Watergate was not begun on 11th May, after all the primary except California. Muskie had withdrawn from the race in April, and McGovern was already considered by the press to be the winner.

## THE HIDDEN GOVERNMENT THEORY

**Proposers** Ben Gitelson.

Thanks to second government, "secretary" Forest in documents, "secret control" of America by killing President Kennedy in 1963 and his was "succeeded in effectively suppressing the control of the traditional government through its closest representatives and business agents. Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were persons loyal to the writer except of the traditional government had been well demonstrated before the eliminations were initiated which made them "Chief Executives." Watergate revealed the structure of the hidden government.

**Selling Points** The White House was surprised because the hidden government didn't trust Nixon.

**Drawbacks** No evidence.

## But It Didn't Really Happen

### ACCIDENTAL COVER-UP THEORY

**Proposers** Richard M. Nixon.

Thanks Richard Nixon had no prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in, but he may have unintentionally set off the cover-up when he told the Justice Department, the FBI, the CIA, and his own staff to limit their investigations to as not to reveal any secret anti-intelligence operations conducted to Watergate.

Shortly after the break-in, Nixon learned that several of those involved were former CIA operatives and members of the White House phalanx, but Nixon stated that advanced penetration of Watergate would have imperiled the security of the legal cover operations of both the CIA and the others. So he instructed Attorney General Pearson to "stay out of national security matters" while investigating Watergate. Also he passed the blame to Goldhamer, Goldhamer, Kisselmeier, Deputy C.I.A.

Director Vernon Walters, and the E.E.R.'s L. Patrick Gray.

But they went Nixon one better: They attempted to cover up not only national security operations, but Watergate as well. "It now appears," the President said on May 22, "that there was persons who may have gone beyond my directives and sought to expand my efforts to protect the national security operations."

**Selling Points** This theory explains some of the more overt attempts at cover-up. While Nixon's interference in the FBI investigation, Goldhamer's telling Dean to take the papers found in Nixon's safe and "clean up" from into the Pentagon, the efforts of executive discretion and money to keep Hunt quiet about his other secret missions.

**Drawbacks** No evidence has been given which proves that national security was jeopardized.

## THE WASHINGTON POST THEORY

**Proposers** Katherine Graham, publisher of The Washington Post.

There is a plot to discredit The Washington Post. This administration was being led to misrepresent Post reporters in the Fall of 1972, leading them to write stories concerning Watergate to the White House. These stories would later be disproved, thus severely damaging the credibility of The Post.

**Selling Points** There is no doubt that a mutual enmity between The Post and the Nixon Administration did exist, and the White House was particularly envious at The Post for publicizing the Pentagon Papers. Furthermore, last fall John Magill, all occasionally warned Post reporter Carl Bernstein that "Katie Graham is going to get her head in a bag for watergate." In October, 1973, The Post ran a "scoop" story about five men, unaffiliated to approve payments from Nixon's secret campaign fund. Campaign chief Clark Maderinger called the story "misleading, unsubstantiated" and said the Watergate White House leak was "a charge which The Post knows—and had a dozen investigations have found—was false." Later, it turned out no such testimony had been presented to the grand jury.

**Drawbacks** The story was true enough. Discrediting of Theory Insupportable.

## THE VENDETTA THEORY

**Proposers** Senator Carl T. Curtis (R., Nebraska).

Thanks, Anti-Nixon conspirators, unable to bear his victory last November, are deliberately distorting the facts around Watergate to bring down Senator Curtis's re-election. "Watergate has brought two honest and militant coalitions, whose object is not power, but rather to get Nixon out of the White House. (1) the Nixon-haters (2) a group of public-spirited, (3) a small segment of newsmen who prefer honest presentation over objective reports. All are free citizens persons. All three politicians willing to exploit any issue for personal publicity."

**Selling Points** This would explain the persistence of the issue over the past sixteen months.

**Drawbacks** See Mismanufactured Issue Theory.

## MANUFACTURED-ISSUE THEORY

**Proposers** Ron Ziegler, Nixon's press secretary, and the publisher of the Republican National Party, the Washington (Vermont) Free Press.

Thanks, Watergate has been purposely made into a national issue by the press, which has manufactured a single "cover-up" of an inventory of national significance.

**Selling Points** Press circulation has risen dramatically since the Watergate revelations. Journalists have found a profitable hole to mine.

**Drawbacks** Nixon himself has demonstrated the importance of Watergate by replacing virtually the entire White House staff (Goldhamer, Goldhamer, Dean, Casper, Callahan, two Cabinet officers, and the entire F.B.I. Director (Former Cabinet officers, Mitchell and Stern, were also involved in a related matter.)

## HORROR STORIES COVER-UP THEORY

**Proposers** John Mitchell.

Thanks, Mitchell permitted the cover up because he felt the White House horror stories would be exposed if the truth about Watergate were put out. So, the cover-up was not usually a cover up of Watergate. (See Accidental Cover-Up Theory.)

**Selling Points** The horror stories included the Ellsberg burglary, the Dean's forgery,



kidnapping of Dean's friend, the kidnapping of Kennedy, insurance, overlapping of enemies, etc., and they were partly hair-raising.

**Drawbacks** Why cover up the horror stories?

**Retort:** To mislead Nixon.

**Rebuttal:** Why?

## ALL-AMERICAN THEORY

**Proposers** John Wayne, Ronald Reagan, Robert F. Devere.

Thanks, Watergate was not a crime. "Political espionage (it is American in spirit)" according to Robert F. Devere, Governor of the elite Lincoln Club in Orange County. Watergate was, in the words of John Wayne, "a damned patriotic act carried out by people Ronald Reagan defended as 'not criminals at heart.'"

**Selling Points** None.  
**Drawbacks:** These have already been seen as convictions.

# The Greatest Home Movie Ever Made



Opening shot: a kid is seen digging on a pile...



Development: three cheerful people are about to watch a parade...





Almost the people rally into view and the President is escorted.

## What happened next...

by Richard B. Stolley

I first saw the *Zapruder* film of John Kennedy's assassination early the morning after it happened. Abraham Zapruder himself was at the proscenium, set up in a little room of his dress factory, Jennifer of Dallas. I was *Life's* Los Angeles Bureau chief, the only reporter among a small group of Secret Service agents who were about to watch a filmed record of their catastrophic failure to protect the President. The mood was somber.

Of the few hundred people who have seen the film since then, some have become almost nauseated, others rapt and awed. The rest I was with that morning, swathed with an agonized sense of pavor.

We were not shown the beginning of the film which pictured some children at play, but we did see some frames of these people at the motorcade. One of them, I believe, was an employee of Zapruder. He had received this footage in order to make sure his take-up reel was operating correctly. And then we saw the motorcade making around Dealey Plaza, Jackie in that pink suit, the swirl of roses, the handsome President smiling and waving, and almost as if in one motion bringing both hands up to his neck where a bullet has just passed, and then frame 313, the shattering instant when the top of his skull is blown away, so suddenly.

Zapruder ran the film again and again as newsmen from A.P., U.P.I. and other agencies showed up.

Like them, I was there to determine if the Zapruder pictures were worth buying. One viewing was enough to launch all lights.

When the film was turned on, Zapruder looked ill. He was a round man, rather short and bald, with glasses (including me of Harry Golden), and although an obviously devoted businessman in a small industry, he was gentle with us, almost apologetic that it was a middle-aged dressmaker and not one of the world-famous photographers with the Presidential press party who had provided the only filmed record of the President's murder.

I asked Zapruder if he and I could talk. Because I had been the first of the national press to contact him the night before, he agreed to see me first, and alone. My competitors in the room reacted with understandable alarm. "Don't make up your mind," the A.P. men shouted as we disappeared into Zapruder's private office. "Promise me you'll talk to us first, Promise."

The most famous home movie in history almost never got taken at all. Abraham Zapruder forgot his camera the morning of November 22, 1963, and drove back home to get it only after his secretary nagged him with the argument that the President didn't come through the neighborhood every day.

His first thought was to take pictures from the

window of his factory which was next door to the Texas School Book Depository. But fearing the excitement of the crowd entering in Dealey Plaza, Zapruder instead walked down to Elm Street and scrambled up onto a concrete abutment, the best vantage point of several he considered.

He thought the gambler was a bad idea, then through the viewfinder saw Kennedy slung and he had never wound. "If I'd had any sense I would have dropped to the ground," he said, "because my first impression was that the shots were coming from behind me." Instead, he froze, screaming, "They killed him, they killed him," and kept his camera trained on the assassin and the bloody chase inside until it went through the underpass.

When Zapruder returned to his office—"incubated, in a state of shock," one employee remembers—his secretary called the F.B.I. and told them about the film. They took Zapruder downtown to film a plan for the film developed. Their first thought was a TV station, but Channel 8 could not print that kind of film, thus missing an epic news beat. Early in the evening they went to an Eastman Kodak lab, and before midnight the film had been shown to the authorities, the copy sent off to Washington and another given to Dallas police.

Zapruder kept the original and one print, and the F.B.I., when asked, said they were his to dispose of. If the federal government had not been in such disarray at that moment, someone with authority and a sense of history would probably have asked Zapruder for the original film, and he probably would have relinquished it.

I arrived in Dallas from Los Angeles four hours after the assassination and immediately was told about Zapruder's film by one of *Life's* stringers. She had heard of it from Dallas police reporters. I quickly tracked down Zapruder at about midnight and finally to see the film, but he begged off until next morning. He sounded exhausted, but proved nonetheless that his common sense had not deserted him. He assured me had obtained sworn statements from the men at the color lab that they had not bootlegged any extra prints of the film. Whoever bought the film would have it exclusively.

Inside Zapruder's paper-strewn office, I met his trusted and influential secretary, Lillian Rosen. By happy coincidence, I discovered that she and I had grown up in small Illinois towns not far apart, the three of us related about that while Zapruder took my measure. He was emphatic on two points: he wished he had not taken the film but now realized it could contribute to his family's financial security, and he was determined that it not fall into the hands of shady capitalists. Thus and again he described what he feared most—the film's being shown in sleazy Texas Square movie houses, while men looked it at on the sidewalk—and the revolution on his face was genuine.

For my part, I had to find out right away whether Zapruder understood the value of his seven seconds of film. I made a little speech about our being anxious to give the picture respectable display, just as he was, and noticeably added that we might go as high as \$15,000. Also Zapruder smiled. He understood.

The negotiations between us were most casual. I would mention a figure, saying I don't think we could go higher. Zapruder would dissent, and I would go higher. The wire-service representatives outside telephoned to ask fearfully why we were taking so long,

the secretary brought in the business card of yet another bidder, this one from *The Saturday Evening Post*, and even when I told Zapruder I had to ask my New York office for instructions he courteously left the room.

In the end, *Life's* reputation and our assurance that we would not sensationalize the pictures won. Zapruder ever before he had even talked to any of his wire-service contacts, which of course had been my hope. At his desk, I typed out a crude contract which we both solemnly signed. It called for payment of \$30,000 for print rights only, an amount I'm sure he could have gotten, and possibly more, from one of those agencies we contacted. I packed up the original of the film and the one remaining copy and sealed out a back door of the building. I wanted to be elsewhere when Zapruder faced his distraught rivals. (Years later the A.P. man still seemed angry with me.)

By Saturday afternoon, television and movie representations were in pursuit of motion-picture rights to the film once it became known that *Life* had bought only print rights. Zapruder, still shaken by the death of a man whom he honestly loved, said he didn't want to think about it until Monday, but they continued to bother him over the weekend.

On Monday morning, as thousands of grieving Americans filed by Kennedy's coffin in the Capitol rotunda, the film was shown to Time Inc. executives in New York. *Life's* publisher, the late C.D. Jackson, was so upset by the head-wind and anxious that he proposed the company obtain all rights to the film and withhold it from public viewing at least until emotions had calmed. To this day the film has never been shown publicly.

When I called Zapruder again, he seemed relieved that he would not have to negotiate with a stranger, and suggested we meet in the office of his lawyer, Sam Pataman. It lacked the comfortable clutter of the dress-factory cubicle, and indeed our dealings were correspondingly more formal, but they went smoothly. As before, a few representatives of other news organizations wanted with growing impudence outside as we talked for hours.

I started at \$25,000, we exchanged personalities, and I escalated gradually. A few times I excused myself "to check New York" when a few offer from me became necessary. Actually I went to the toilet or into an adjoining office and called the Dallas operator for a time or weather report. I knew precisely how much I had been authorized to spend but thought a little suspense might help us.

*Life's* in the afternoon that John F. Kennedy was buried, we agreed on a

(Continued on page 267)





# Who Was He?

Not everybody remembers



Jay McDaniel, 11,  
Dallas, Texas

John F. Kennedy was the thirty-fifth President, I think. He was young, he was the youngest President. He was around my age. He came from New England, didn't he? He had blond or pale hair, and brown hair, and blue eyes. I think he was one of the starters of the American conflict in Vietnam. I remember seeing the day he paraded through Dallas on TV, and after that I don't remember much.



Sherry Gutierrez, 15,  
Encino, California

He had brown hair, he was sort of tall and he was skinny. The thing he was most famous for was being a President—the thirty-fifth President. A guy named Sirhan Sirhan shot him. We were on an airplane and there was a balloon and when the balloon popped Sirhan stepped back behind it and shot him in the head in front of everybody. I saw his funeral on TV and they sang Glory Hallelujah, and it was in all the newspapers. A lot of people thought Kennedy did good things when he was President, and now America's doing on two hundred years old, that's a pretty long history. It's certainly been a good place for the ten years I've been here.



Trinity Harris, 5,  
Atlanta, Georgia

He was famous for being President and he was assassinated. He chopped some of the wars I think. He helped in the Bay of Pigs. He was a good man because he helped easily everyone who needed help but everyone didn't like him and killed him for what he did. I liked him because he helped some of the blacks and whites, mostly the blacks.



Melissa Thomas, 11,  
Kansas City, Kansas

He was very helpful. He was good because he made people believe in stuff, like the Bible, and he made people believe that he was going to be a great President and do great things for the people. I learned in school that he was when the first astronauts went to space and that he spoke to them. He believed in space travel. He was remembered in Washington I think. He had two children and I can remember his wife but I can't remember her name. My parents used to talk about him a lot, but not anymore.



David Zuber, 11,  
Franklin, Pennsylvania

What I remember most is that he was killed by Oswald in Dallas, Texas, and that he was killed in 1963. His wife got married again to Jacqueline Onassis. He was born in 1917 and had brothers Robert, Ted, and Joe. I saw him on TV, he looked like a pretty good man—handsome and all that—but he got to die in the Vietnam war and killing a lot of innocent people is no good. That's the primary reason I don't like him and I don't think he did that much good. I don't think my mom thinks he was a good President either.



Paul Lega, 10,  
Kansas City, Kansas

I've seen pictures of John F. Kennedy and he had blue eyes and brown hair—a lot of hair. He was the thirty-third or thirty-fourth President of the United States and he got assassinated—was it in Washington?—but I don't know the name of the man who shot him. His brother got assassinated too. I can't remember his brother's name but I've heard it. He had children and his wife is still living. Lots of his children look like him.



Kenny Murray, 11,  
Oakland, California

John F. Kennedy was the thirty-fifth President. He was born May 29, 1917—that's also my dad's birthday. I think he freed the blacks, and then it sort of didn't work out, and then Martin Luther King did it. He had a saying, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." And he died in 1963. He was assassinated. We saw where he got shot last year in Dallas, Texas. I think they shot him in a library, OK, and he saved someone's life once, when he was in the war, in the Navy or something. And he got married to Jacqueline. I can't remember her maiden name, in 1956.



Benjamin Epstein, 17,  
Yonkers, New York

I don't really know too much about Kennedy, they haven't taught him in school yet. He was President around 1963 or so, and he was assassinated. I got the impression he was a good President because when my parents used to talk about him they said a lot of good stuff, and I read a couple of articles. He was in the Navy and he was commander of a ship. I saw this model of him dressed in a black suit and sitting in a rocking chair in front of a fireplace with a picture of his ship behind him. It was a glass-enclosed model that the kids across the street did. When Kennedy died his brother Robert took over for him as the President. His wife Ellen is New York City now, in a sort of a museum.

# A Look at the Record

by John Boren

What the school books are teaching our kids about J.F.K.

Virtually involved last April, Congressman Louis Frey of Florida went before the Committee on Science and Astronautics and slipped a copy of Resolution 161 into the hopper.

Frey's resolution, a most kindred words long, asked Congress to declare that the area in the State of Florida formerly known as Cape Canaveral and hereafter designated as Cape Kennedy is hereby redesignated as Cape Canaveral.

Without denying that President Kennedy gave America's exploration of space its greatest impetus—the Space Center on the Cape would still bear his name aside the terms of the resolution—the sponsor insisted that the original name of the peninsula had a more legitimate historical claim on the place than Kennedy's did. Put another way, the name "Canaveral" had been good enough for Ponce de Leila who wrote of it in the sixteenth century, and, all things considered, that was cause enough to let it stand.

Whether the resolution passes or not, the mere suggestion of the name change reflects a barely perceptible adjustment of our collective regard for John Kennedy. It reveals a change in sentiment, the emotional supposition that followed his assassination has given way, ten years later, to a more balanced, sober view of what Kennedy actually stood for. He is no longer a murdered President; he is a former President whose accomplishments can be rationally assessed. Enter the reasonableness.

Our Chief Executive has always indulged in an abiding, if not arrogant, concern for their places in

history. Kennedy, in the manner of a King Tut or a Caesar, let it be known that he wouldn't stand nothing for his eternal rest as a bobsled brawler the Costa-Lee Massacre, as a direct line with the Lincoln Memorial overlooking all of Washington. And there it lies, Lyndon Johnson chose not to run in 1966 rather than go down in the books as an ineffectual throw-out of office. Richard Nixon, forever eager to establish the historical impact of his every move, not only refused to be "the first President to lose a war," but was given to making numerous old announcements such as, "This is the first time in history that a President of the United States has ever spoken in Hanoi County."

The earliest instances of John Kennedy's relative position in history can be found in the minds of a generation that never knew him. On the previous two pages, you will find impressions of him written by eight children who were born around the time he died. For a more institutionalized case, I have reviewed twenty-two history textbooks to see how Kennedy is being served up in the far-reaching programs of our nation's social-studies classes.

Well, let's begin.

Almost without exception, the passages on Kennedy start out with the Bar Three Facts, the first two being couched in one compound sentence: "John Kennedy was the youngest American ever elected to the Presidency, and he was the first Roman Catholic." The first sentence invariably begins in with Member Three, that he made it by the slim of his teeth in the closest election in history. After that, in many of the books, comes the bit about Kennedy and Nixon both being young and vigorous and coming from contrasting backgrounds (the old "comparable and contrast" approach).

But gone is the wit, likewise the charm, and "that special gram." The history books, most of them, say Kennedy had all these things, but none of them has bothered to put the point across by asking any of his quips. They really have mentioned that he was the only President ever to parody his own inaugural address (which he did once at a Democratic fund-raising dinner). Most of the textbooks quote the formal address—arch, stirring, serious—but how much more fascinating it would have been to follow it up with "... if the Democratic Party cannot be helped by the many who are poor, it cannot be saved by the few who are rich. So let us begin."

One book includes among its quiz questions, "Why was Kennedy's choice for Attorney General unusual?" But even those students who know the answer will not know that Kennedy publicly laughed at himself for choosing Bobby by announcing that he did it to give his brother some experience before he practiced law. They won't know about it. (Continued on page 252)

# A Legacy of Suspicion

by Bernard Fensterwald Jr.

Are we any closer to answering the fundamental question: Who killed John Kennedy?

Consider this: each of the last three Presidential elections in the United States has been decided by bullets, not ballots. I believe the truth about who fired most of the bullets has never been told to the American people.

According to various opinion polls, a majority of the American people has never believed that Lee Harvey Oswald was a lone, psychotic killer. And, although less clear, there have been lingering doubts that Sirhan Sirhan was unfettered and unpaid for his role in the death of Robert Kennedy, or that Arthur Bremer was a loser in his attempt on the life of Governor Wallace, or that James Earl Ray was a lone actor, not a co-conspirator, in the fatal attack on Dr. Martin Luther King.

In order to lay aside whatever doubts remain, the federal government will have to release certain evidence it has kept from public view. It is possible that that may happen. Until recently, the researchers and critics of the Warren Report confined their activities to writing books and articles. Now they are going to court.

Two crucial "freedom of information" cases are, in fact, being heard by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. circuit. One involves evidence in the hands of President Kennedy, the other on evidence in the hands of his brother. The cases are being considered at the same time in a most unusual judicial proceeding—in fact, that is, all nine judges sitting together, rather than the normal three-judge hearing.

Doubtless the cases will go to the Supreme Court, but their significance is clear. Though the public is generally unaware of these latest developments, the books are not closed on the assassinations, or the attempts, of the past two years. The truth is finally coming out.

The evidence being sought in the assassinations of President Kennedy in the spectrographic analyses of the bullets and bullet fragments fired in Dallas on the fateful day. The man bringing the suit is Harold Weisberg, author of the *Witnesses* series. The spectrographic analyses that Weisberg wants to see was never given to the Warren Commission by the F.B.I. and would show whether all of the bullets and bullet fragments came from a single weapon. Although they could not prove conclusively that there was or was not more than one rifleman in Dealey Plaza, they would be powerful evidence in any court of law. Yet the analyses were never shown to Chief Justice Warren, and, predictably, they were withheld from Harold Weisberg as well.

So, in 1970, Mr. Weisberg went to court. In the U.S. District Court, Mr. Weisberg was given no relief by the Chief Justice, John Sirica, of Watergate fame. After lengthy deliberation, however, the Court of Ap-

pels reversed Judge Sirica. It was this reversal which, at the government's insistence, indicated the releasing of the books.

The other of the two cases is being brought by the Committee to Investigate Assassinations—a group of persistent researchers of which I am the director. Our suit asks for access to the 4000-page F.B.I. report on the murder of Robert Kennedy.

Although the Los Angeles murder was a California crime, not a federal crime, the F.B.I. got into the case immediately and turned over its file to the Los Angeles District Attorney. It was subsequently given to Sirhan and his defense staff, who permitted two writers to see it. The results were two highly successful books, Robert Kenner's *R.F.K. Must Die* and Robert Houghen's *Special Unit Senator*, but no one else has seen the file since the basic text of the Freedom of Information Act is that "what is available to one citizen must be made available to all." The Committee to Investigate Assassinations need the Department of Justice for access to the file.

Those of us interested in probing the J.F.K. murder more deeply than the Warren Commission have been encouraged by a number of recent events. One of these is part of an interview with Lyndon B. Johnson, shortly before his death, by Leo Janos (*Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1973).

"During coffee, the talk turned to President Kennedy, and Johnson expressed his belief that the assassination in Dallas had been part of a conspiracy. 'I never believed that Oswald acted alone, although I am afraid that he pulled the trigger,' Johnson said (and when he had taken coffee he found that we had been operating a damned Warrier line in the Caribbean.' A year or so before Kennedy's death a G.I.-backed assassination team had been picked up in Havana. Johnson speculated that Dallas had been a rehearsal for this thwarted attempt, although he couldn't prove it. 'After the Warren Commission reported to me, I asked Ramsey Clark, then Attorney General, to quietly look into the whole thing. Only two weeks later he reported back that he couldn't find anything new.' Disgusted, Johnson's voice as the conversation came to an end, 'I thought I had appointed Tony Clark's son—I was wrong.'

We now know that the Kennedy Administration did consider a number of attempts on Castro's life, not just the one recalled by President Johnson. Another is recalled by Watergate's E. Howard Hunt Jr. in his recent book about the Bay of Pigs.

Paradoxically this development has been the quiet declassification of a few documents in the National Archives dealing with Oswald's trip to Mexico shortly before the Dallas murder. Close examination of these newly released documents (Continued on page 252)

Kennedy came from a very wealthy family in Massachusetts and did not need to work.

—American History for Today

President Kennedy's place in history may very well end as the Peace Corps.

—ibid.

In a country that had suspected "uglyheads," Kennedy made trusted intelligence popular.

—History of a Free People

[Kennedy] was the most intelligent President since Wilson.

—A New History of the United States

Although he was the Harvard-trained son of a family with money and had a flair for politics, his career was not bed of roses.

—Presidents (Grades 4 to 6)

John F. Kennedy was President for only a thousand days. Despite his achievements, he may not be considered a great President. Yet the American people loved him and mourned deeply when he was killed.

—The Age of Greatness, Vol. 2



## What If... ...Secretariat turned out to be impotent?

He wouldn't discuss it at cocktail parties.

Dan Susskind would ask him to do twenty minutes

Midge Decter would say the liberated mares did it.

Also-rans would call him Secretariat.

The people who paid six million dollars for his stud future would be left holding the foal bag.

Ron Turcotte would still wear silk shirts and carry a whip.

(Continued from page 142.) makes it clear that there were at least two Lee Harvey Oswalds in Mexico at that time—presumably one was "our" Lee Harvey Oswald, the identity of the other is unknown. These are, however, three rather good photographs of the "other" Oswald, and it is hoped that his identity might someday be established. Whether or not he was involved in the murder is unknown, but a massive manhunt for him was conducted in Mexico by agents of the FBI and CIA for the six weeks immediately preceding the assassination; ostensibly, he was never located—or was he in Dallas?

This "second Oswald" theme is set new. J. Edgar Hoover warned that the FBI had information that another person might be using the Lee Harvey Oswald identity while "ours" was in Russia (1959-1962), and a while back, *The Second Oswald* by Professor Richard Popkin, deals primarily with a second (or even a third) person using the identity in Texas just prior to the murder.

Of more recent date is the examination of the photographs and X rays from J.F.K.'s autopsy by one of the country's leading toxic pathologists, Dr. Cyril Wecht at Pittsburgh. Dr. Wecht is a physician and an attorney; he is research professor of law and director of the Institute of Forensic Sciences, Duquesne University School of Law, as well as a coroner in Pittsburgh. He is the first critic of the Warren Commission to be given permission to see these crucial pieces of evidence which, like the bullethead evidence, were never shown to the Warren Commission itself. After spending two days in minute examination of the photographs and X rays which have been preserved (many have been "lost"), Dr. Wecht has reported in *Modern Medicine* last November:

"The assassination of President John F. Kennedy six years ago last week simply did not happen the way the Warren Commission said it did. I state this because it is clear to me, from a strictly scientific point of view, based on my examination of available records, that the commission failed to make its case."

"Moreover, it is my judgment that more than one person was involved in the shooting of President Kennedy. And I also believe that it is still possible to unravel the mystery—at least the scientific aspects of it."

"The end of the thread is to be found in the assassination evidence in the National Archives, Washington, D.C."

Turning from John Kennedy to Robert Kennedy, there are a number of new developments which raise fresh questions as to whether Sirhan was a lone killer. No doubt, Sirhan was in the hotel pantry frang madly with his 32. The question is: Was he the one who fatally wounded Senator Kennedy, or was someone else also firing a gun in the pantry that night? One might well ask, how can there be any doubt about the murder? There were thirty to forty witnesses who "saw Sirhan do it," and, after all, Sirhan offered to plead guilty. How could there seriously be any question?

In the first place, eyewitnesses in such a situation are frequently confused, imperfect, and contradictory. There was, however, at least one point on which they seemed to agree. Sirhan, when he began firing, was in front of H.F.K. and a number of feet away. But consider these facts:

1) The coroner's report shows that all three of the shots which hit H.F.K. were fired from behind him, from behind, and of a massive mass of air strokes. In fact, the ponder hammer shows that the fatal shot, which entered his head behind the right ear, was fired only one inch from his skull. Sirhan was never in a

position to fire this shot; and when the coroner tried to testify at the trial, he was ordered by the judge to skip the "gory details." But gory details are precisely the subject matter of a coroner's testimony.

2) The officer who testified at the trial that he had performed ballistics tests on Sirhan's gun gave the actual number of an entirely different gun, the whereabouts of the actual murder weapon is unknown.

3) Several key witnesses, including a part-time guard standing at H.F.K.'s elbow, were never called.

4) Last, and probably most important, Sirhan's chief counsel at the time of the trial, David Cooper, has recently recanted in a long affidavit, which confirms that the information he has given since the trial, if true, would justify further investigation.

In recent months, Sirhan has obtained a new attorney, Roger Hanson, who is attempting to get a new trial. Unfortunately, Sirhan's long effort to get a new trial, followed by a "trial," and so on his guilt but on his state of mind, and then a conviction) is very bleak. In all likelihood, if the full truth is to come out, it will not be as a result of a new trial but rather the disclosure of private claims who refuse to let the courts remain barred from further investigation who are pursuing the case, year after year, in hopes of putting enough evidence together to force the State of California to retry Sirhan in a proceeding in which more than his "state of mind" will be at issue.

**T**he case of James Earl Ray, the alleged killer of Dr. Martin Luther King, is not dissimilar. One point of difference, however, is that Ray pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ninety-nine years in prison.

If it Ray's contention that his guilty plea was involuntary (he claims that he was first held in solitary confinement for nine months, and then pressured by his own lawyer and the judge into pleading guilty. At the hearing, where he pled guilty, he said, he claims, to get up and tell the truth, but he was quickly ordered to sit down by his lawyer and the judge).

Although Ray's trial was a sham, he has never been able to get even an evidentiary hearing on the issue of whether his guilty plea was coerced. He has been through all of the Tennessee courts twice without success. More recently, he was turned down by the U.S. District Court in Nashville. His case is now before the Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, and eventually it will go to the Supreme Court. As of this writing, he is being held in maximum security in a cell by himself, in "maximum prison" as the official term has it. That treatment is not for disciplinary reasons but for "administrative" purposes; two excuses are given: if he were let out of solitary, he might be harmed by other prisoners or he might escape. So James Earl Ray lives every day in solitary. If he is kept there long enough, he won't be of much help in his own defense, even if he is awarded a trial.

**W**e now come to Arthur Bremer, the "loner" who has been convicted of shooting Governor Wallace.

There is the question, of course, of Bremer's finances. He was a well-to-do mailman and distributor. Yet, before the shooting, he flew around the country, stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria, and hired a chauffeur-driven limousine. It simply doesn't fit.

And then there is Bremer's diary. Like Sirhan, he never kept a diary until several months before he was involved in a political murder. And what about the assassination Bremer tried. (Continued on page 152.)

# Almost in Iowa

by John Irving

*Discovering the route to a state of grace*

The driver relied on travel as a form of reflection, but the Volvo had never been out of Vermont. The driver was an officious traveler; he kept his cell up and his windshield clean and he carried his own tire gauge in his left breast pocket next to a ball-point pen. The pen was for making entries in the Grand Trip List, such things as gas mileage, toll fees and riding time.

The Volvo appreciated the carefulness of the driver; Route 9 across Vermont, Brattleboro to Keamsington, was a trip without fear. When the first sign for the New York State line appeared, the driver said, "It's all right." The Volvo believed him.

It was a dusty tomato-red two-door sedan, 1969, with oil-black Scorpion radial tires, smoldered four-speed transmission, four cylinders, two carburetors and 45,238 miles of experience without a radio. It was the driver's feeling that a radio would be distracting to them both.

They had started out at midnight from Vermont. "Have in Pennsylvania?" the driver told the worried Volvo.

In Troy, New York, the driver used steady downshifting and a caressing voice to reassure the Volvo that all this would soon pass. "Not much more of this," he said. The Volvo took him at his word. Sometimes it is necessary to indulge flutters.

At the nearly abandoned entrance to the New York State Thruway, West, an innocent Volkswagen exhibited indecision concerning which lane to use. The driver eased up close behind the Volkswagen and allowed the Volvo's horn to blare; the Volkswagen, near panic, overrode right; the Volvo opened up on the left, passed, cut in with aggression, flashed taillights. The Volvo felt better.

The New York State Thruway is hours and hours long; the driver knew that monotony is a dangerous thing. He therefore left the Thruway at Syracuse and made an extended detour to Ithaca, driving a loop around Lake Cayuga and meeting up with the Thruway again near Rochester. The countryside bore a comforting resemblance to Vermont. Apples swelled as if they were growing; maple leaves were falling in front of the headlights. Only once was there an encounter with a shocking, night-it sign which seemed to undermine the Volvo's confidence. LIVE FAST! the sign said. The driver had troubleless visions with that one basted, but he knew it could be seductive to expose his imagination too vividly. "Just little worms and things," he said to the Volvo, who purled along. But there lurked in the driver's mind the possibility of other kinds of "live fast"—a kind of reverse-making look, which



rather than having the fish in a bowl would scare them out of the water. Three (in case of this special) but still retrieve the terrified, gasping fish from where they'd land on shore. Or perhaps *WAVE HATE* was the name of a stretch.

It was actually with relief that the driver returned to the Thorway. Not every excursion from the main road leads one back. But the driver just pulled the dashboard and said, "Pretty soon we'll be in Buffalo."

A kind of light was in the sky—a phase seen only by duck hunters and moonless lovers. The driver had seen little of that light.

**L**ake Erie lay in still and gray as a dead ocean; the cars on the Pennsylvania Interstate were just those few early risers who commute to Ohio. "You'll get Cleveland get you down," the driver warned.

The Volvo looked superior—41—miles per gallon, gas mileage at \$2.5 per gallon, all full up, battery water ample and undisturbed. The only indication that the whole fear-scene night had been portrayed was the wated windshield and blur of bay streets which blocked the windshield and behind the grille.

The gas-station attendant had to work his tongue very hard. "Going a long way?" he asked the driver, but the driver just shrugged. I'm going all the way! he hoped to shout, but the Volvo was right there.

You have to watch who you talk with what you say. For example, the driver hadn't told anyone he was leaving.

They skirted the truck traffic around Cleveland before Cleveland could get them in its feed trap; they left behind them the feeling that the moment with her was angry it just missed them. COLUMBIA, sorry, and a sign, but the driver needed with some and asked up the West ramp of the Ohio Turnpike.

"Columb is in water to you, Columbia," he said.

When you're come through a night of well-controlled tension and you're underway in the morning with that feeling of a head-start advantage on the rest of the world, even Ohio seems possible—even Toledo appears to be just a short night away.

"Lunch in Toledo!" the driver announced, with daring. The Volvo gave a slight shudder at seventy-five, stopped to refuel, and found that Toledo "second wind" the sun was behind them and they both relished the Volvo's quiet shadow being in front of them. They felt they could follow that vision to Indiana.

Early morning made us among the Indians as much as late of we're going to get anywhere at all.

**T**here is more to Ohio than you think; there are more roads to Sandusky than seem reasonable. At one of the many and anonymous rest pavilions of the turnpike, the Volvo had a serious word of conversation and the driver had to check off the car's heating controls by executing a sharp stall-out with the clutch. This irritated them both. And when he made the mileage calculations on the new full tank, the driver was kooky and thoughtful enough to blurt out the disappointing performance. "Forty-four and six truths about a gallon!" Then he quickly tried to make the Volvo know that this wasn't offered an entrance. "It was that last gas," he said. "They gave you some bad gas."

But the Volvo was slow and wheezing to start; it sat low and stalled pedaling away from the pumps, and the driver thought it was best to say, "Off's bad, not burning a drop." This was a lie; the Volvo was down half a quart—not enough to kill, but below the mark. For a sickening moment, just one more countless

exit for Sandusky, the driver wondered if the Volvo knew. For distance, trust is essential. Can a car feel its oil level falling?

"Lunch in Toledo!" bellowed in the driver's mind like a siren; beyond a longer informed into that levelness could have been devolved away to any of fourteen exits which pretended to lead to Sandusky. God, what was Sandusky?

The Volvo, though quiescent and wise, had gone without a proper rest since breakfast in Buffalo. The driver decided to let his own lunch pass. "I'm not hungry," he said cheerfully, but he felt the weight of his second lie. The driver knew that some sacrifices are taken. If you're in a thing together, a fair share of the suffering must be a top priority. The area referred to as "Toledo" was already painted in the afternoon like an unimpeachable anticlimax. And as for the matter of a falling oil level, the driver knew he was down half a quart of his own. Oh, Ohio.

**F**ort Wayne, Elkhart, Maumee, Gary, Terre Haute and Michigan City—oh, Indiana! A different state, the driver whispered. Vermont! A magic word. "Of course, flatter," he added. Then feared he might have said too much.

A drizzling, clattering thunderstorm broke over the Volvo in Laramie; gas mileage at Golden read 28.2; a fence the driver climbed to the Volvo like a thirty-year-old Laramie, past Niagara. During their way into the heartland, the driver sensed the coming of an unprecedented "third word."

"Down appeared to be Indiana. But what was a 'thousand'?"

Shall we have supper in South Bend? A point's distance from Notre Dame. Nonsensical! Gas mileage 20.01. Push on!

Even the models were appealing; swimming pools winked alongside them. Have a good night's sleep! Indiana seemed to sing.

"Not yet," the driver said. He had seen the sign for Chicago. To make up in the morning with Chicago already passed by, stoically avoided, unremembered—what a hard start that could be!

At the Illinois line, he figured the time, the distance to Chicago, the soundness of his arrival with the rest hour, etc. The Volvo's case of pre-ignition was gone; at about of calmly, it appeared to have mastered the famous "late start." After the uplift of Indiana, how had could Illinois be?

"We will be by-passing Chicago at six-thirty p.m.," the driver said. "The worst of the rush hour will be over. We'll drive as far away from Chicago, downstate Illinois—just to get out in the country again—and we'll celebrate step by step. A wash for you, a swim for me! Mississippi outfit packed in white wine, an Illinois banana boat, a pair of STP, a corpse in the Red Sutra Inn, let some air escape from your tires, is led by ten, cross the Mississippi at first light, breakfast in Iowa, message from Wisconsin. Sorry, Sandusky is soon, some fifteen or so hours."

He asked the Volvo into it. They drove into what the license plates call "The Land of Lincoln."

"Good-bye, Indiana! Thank you, Indiana!" the driver sang from the old tape. I Wish I Was a Hunter, by L. Loeper. We'll often do anything to pretend the nothing is in our minds.

Step blurred the sky ahead, the sun was not down but it was obscured. The highway changed from clay to cement alone with little. (Continued on page 224)

# Thanks, We Needed You

Compiled by Lynne Williams

Fed up with Mr. Whipple, Josephine the Plumber and Mrs. Everyday Phony Housewife from Central Casting, U.S.A.? If so, you'll be pleased to make the acquaintance of six TV actors whose commercials are actually, we dare to assert, fun to watch. Esquire has scoured the fringes of television land and has come up with six stars worth missing a glass of water for, and on these five pages invites them into your home. For starters, shake hands with...



## Ronny Graham

Before he began making up caricatures for Milt—as the widely maligned Mr. Dart—Ronny Graham served time as a jazz musician and as a comedy writer for people like Bill Cosby and Jonathan Winters. He also performed in, and wrote much of, *New Faces of 1962*. Graham considers that show and his characterization of Mr. Dart the two greatest accomplishments of his career. "All my life," he says, "I've wanted a part in which I could do terrible, terrible things—especially ones my real life couldn't do. I've been playing my leg on a motorcycle after I swore to avoid hitting a

cat." Two years ago, Graham moved from New York to Los Angeles, where he finds "the westerns are nicer and the westerns more depressed." Also, "In L.A. I can always get into the car and drive into the mountains in ten to—at least as long as the gas holds out." Also, the gas now out a couple of months ago, faced with the fuel shortage, Milt has temporarily scrubbed the chubbiest Mr. Dart campaign, even though Mr. Dart-T-shirts, posters, and buttons have been selling briskly. So, Dart friends, if you miss Ronny Graham, keep these cards and letters coming—for the Alaska people, if nothing else.

## Victoria Medlin

You're looking at the woman who walks into men's locker rooms and puts various jacks on their considerable tummies—all for the benefit of Vitaba Dry Control hair spray. When network censors went into a flap over Victoria Medlin's history-making contact with quarterback Bob Griese's toek, Victoria observed, "That's history!" She says she was unaware girls weren't even allowed in locker rooms. Medlin's challenge in the commercial was to come across sexy, not skintight, which she believes she accomplished. She

also believes actresses can suffer from overexposure: "Men in Wichita are probably throwing tomatoes at their televisions by now." A former cast member of *Nash*, Medlin has recently recorded an album with some of her own songs. One blues number she wrote is eight-tones gone like this: "You never said you loved me, but I felt it just the same/You never gave me nothing, but I took it just the same." She is now twenty-one and "still very naïve, I'm a mental midget when it comes to some of the things I need to know—but I'm learning."



**David Ladd**

The earnest and so very sensitive young man in Arrow Shiff's Great Gatsby-esque two-party commercial, David Ladd is the son of Alan Ladd, who played Gatsby in the first film version of the novel. As in the commercial, there are things he'd rather go to the moon, he says, "But not Bergman movies, or anything else that requires me to spend crazy minutes worrying about whether or not I'm getting the message." Ladd also reads a lot of novels. "I love the trashy crap. The best sellers. The ones that ended in 25-millimeter Technicolor while you're turning the pages. I guess I'm really married to this business." Ladd's most recent screen credits include *The Treasure of Jonathan Reef* and *Death Line*.



**Tisha Sterling**

The lady who plays opposite Ladd in the commercial—the lovely, teasing sleeper who'd rather read than socialize—is Tisha Sterling, Ann Sethson's daughter. In addition to soft-selling shirts, she has been seen on TV in "that play by, oh... what's her name? Lilian Hellman! That's it! *Another Part of the Forest*." Sterling says she can't stand the "put-on democracy of Hollywood," so she lives with her man and seven-year-old daughter on a ranch north of Los Angeles. Keeping alert, she says, is the most important goal of her life. "There is so much to take in. Have you ever heard Khrushchev talk? He wants everyone who hears him to come away with a feeling of assurance. No, I come away with a wariness. Keeping alert is so hard," she says.







## Babette Colby

It was Babette Colby who rose out of the South Sea and walked headfirst straight into the camera's eye for American Airlines. She has been called the sexiest walker ever seen on television. Colby herself doesn't remember feeling sexy that day, simply grateful to be in Fiji. "Everyone tells me that little ship I did at the end was sexy," she says. "Well, I didn't slip at all. I stubbed my toe on a rock." Colby once studied drama and tap-danced in Las Vegas. But her present career as a TV model suits her fine. "It allows me to get out of the house and get excited over somebody else's wish." Babette is the mother of two. She met her husband playing Monopoly at a friend's house. They went out on a couple of dates, then got married. While she doesn't recommend that scenario for everyone, she wants it announced to the world that she and her husband are still happily together after seven years, and the future looks bright. "Everyone else we know is divorced," Colby sadly informs.



## George S. Irving

Broadway actor George S. Irving is the rubbery-faced, engagingly infectious "We're gonna getcha" man for White Owl Cigars. He's also the 1975 Tony winner for the Best Supporting Actor in a Musical (*Jesse*). "The Tony is a silver thing that sits on the washstand and looks like a basketball trophy." Last year Irving portrayed what he calls the most complex and fascinating character he's ever had: Richard Nixon in Gore Vidal's *An Evening with Richard Nixon*. "I was supposed to be decent, loyal, ambitious, sometimes nasty, but sym-

pathetic overall. Now how would you like to try that?" Reflecting on his life and habits, Irving reports that "I've used a lot of opium and like to sing Strauss lones in the shower. We have a house in the Catskills that's too big. When my wife's away, I smother parsley and lettuce by myself. My favorite book is a wonderful little thing called *Fourteen Cigarettes*." When is he his the profoundly joyful fellow in the commercial? "Well," George Irving says, "every once in a while when I get my hands on a big, fat Cuban cigar." Irving smokes.



# THE HIGH AND THE HUNGRY

by James Villas

*A gourmet's guide to airlines, from Air France to the ridiculous*

The competition within the airline industry has never been anything less than deadly, and for little over a decade one of the most brutal internal wars among the various carriers has involved gourmet food service. Serious domestic cocktail began in 1961 when American Airlines, in cooperation with New York's "21" restaurant, introduced a somewhat imaginative first-class menu on a cross-country flight from New York to Los Angeles. Soon after, TWA came out with its Royal Ambassador Service; Eastern followed suit with its Captain's Table flights from New York to Miami; and by the middle of the decade practically every major domestic and international carrier was making some special effort to attract passengers by one clever gourmet feature after another. But suddenly, with an upsurge in shuttle service in 1966, the U.S. fleet seemed agreed to discontinuous food service altogether. Continental alone refused to agree to the idea, the other carriers were forced into even greater competition, and today the very significance of abandoning the service of food would guarantee any airline instant bankruptcy.

Passengers still wonder, though, whether they can or ever will be able to enjoy meals of the quality served on luxury liners or in the gracious old dining cars of trains or simply in fine restaurants. Complaints about the cuisine on planes have always involved stories of soggy trays and glassed-in, no-odor stews, lukewarm meals, charred meats and frozen vegetables, and so on and so on. We all have the same gripe, including a New York Times



Chef Michel Martin exhibits the makings of a single first-class meal on an Air France flight, New York to Paris.

food editor who routinely sacrificed money for a few magazines at Kennedy airport only to proclaim that all airlines served in the air is worse than ever.

Well, I may be just about ready to lower my pitch, particularly after the months I've recently took expressly to feel the distinct experience on various carriers. The reasons for taking the long endurance were simple enough: I first wanted to find out if the airlines on airlines is truly as universally rotten, as everybody believes it is. Second, if the dismal stories were actually true, I wanted to know why. There had to be either mistakes or answers or logical explanations—something?

These domestic and international carriers which, after weeks of research, I thought might offer something special, the area of gastronomy. Without doubt, I missed out on some good meals (and some bad ones, to be sure), but gave a couple of weeks, just how many times can you be wrong? I have many flight kitchens can be inspected, and how many homes can be spent with the executive experts? On the other hand, I was determined to learn literally from ground-up what is going on as possible could and would produce in the way of gourmet meals, not only in first class but also in coach, not only on long flights but also on short ones. If the project was to carry out or perpetuate my first-class experience, I had to know what the experiences had to be examined. I had no idea what I was getting myself into, and even after two weeks and almost eight months of travel around the globe, I realized I had to go back to the rough basics of a culinary system more complex than anything most of us could imagine.

I want to know how your breakfast in the air is usually composed of the same rubbery panakes and cold sausages, or why the roast at dinner is invariably overcooked? Don't waste any time asking alternatives or even flight attendants, for few can give you a concise answer. In fact, it's highly unlikely you'll find anyone on the plane who can tell you down about your blood count, and even if they do, the flight attendants may not record for an expensive first-class ticket. At all times, you get to the truth of the matter, you ask at the executive, in the case the distributors of food service. They make the decisions through the chain of command, they decide orders to commissaries, they pay the bills, and they're the ones

directly responsible for what you do or do not eat. I'd like to differ once whether you complain in a first-class or coach-class passenger; the quality, choice, preparation, and serving of all airline food is ruled upon by the same power. And you won't find it, in the respective field these directions taken to complaints and they're carried.

One reason you find so much food on domestic carriers is because, at least at this point in the rapid development of aviation, so few airlines have taken the time or spent the money to establish their own flight kitchens at major terminals. As a result, their food must often be flown in, or prepared on the service of either an independent food caterer, firms like DeBrie House, Macmillan, and Rhy Chels (a subsidiary of American), or other firms. And the airlines, then it doesn't take an expert to visualize the multiplicity of problems involved. Although food directors work as closely as possible with their caterers and try to establish a certain standard, I've yet to have a meal prepared by an independent caterer that can compare to those delivered by a carrier's own kitchen. It's simply a question of direct control and experience over the food. The prevailing situation is erratic, and most airlines belatedly realize it should have been examined a little more carefully in the past.

So, I've decided to go to twenty-three percent of all air traffic in this country, and since the company seems to have always been one successful ahead of others in the line of food service (United International Airlines, Inc., 1936-1937), I decided to spend a few hours in Chicago at operational headquarters with Dick Ferris, the young and dynamic president of United's Food Service Division, and the one who instructed the imaginative Four-Star Dining a year ago and included the popular Trader Vic service in both first and coach classes. A gastronomic in his own right, Ferris not only knows about distinguished dining but is also quite adept at shoveling someone up (in, me) who comes dishing in to ask why such and such meal is required, and why it doesn't turn out to be a gourmet treat.

"Listen," he began, "few people have any concept as to what any airline is or against today trying to furnish good meals, much less believe that it's necessary to go through with new trends. We are the largest carrier to produce its own food,

serving 60,000 meals per day on its 1600 airports. Rights are brought in the country. These quarters of those meals come from eighteen carefully supervised flight kitchens, each of which is staffed not with production personnel but with United chefs capable of handling any food idea we come up with. That the logistics, just the matter of logistics, is what determines whether or not our culinary ideas are ever fully realized. There are regulations with suppliers and menu-planning every six months, new shipments of food each day, 8000 stewards to be trained correctly, fifty different levels of service to be tested and approved. And, of course, as an aircraft with the possibility of last-minute judgments, and as far as any procedure goes wrong, the results can be devastating. It's not the best, and as far as our average has been pretty good."

When I asked Ferris if the day would ever come when domestic passengers could expect something other than the standard potato-salad stew, he proudly brought me up to date on his Four-Star Service.

"We've taken steak off all our wide-bodied aircraft, and the main reason is not just cost. Some people think we're crazy denying our previous American reputation steak, but, to tell the truth, we're finding that more and more people are eating steak and potatoes on every flight and they're not only demanding more sophisticated dishes but are sampling and enjoying all the food we prepare. We put in French food, the kind of food, in order for gastronomic adventure can always choose a dose of freshly roasted rib eye (in first class) or something different. I've learned that we can't do it. But we're learning that most order can go via or a broiled fish or one of our Trader Vic dishes. Passengers' tastes are definitely becoming more refined in this country, and we'd like to think we're doing something to help teach and satisfy them."

When I inquired further about the Trader Vic specialties, Ferris tossed me a stack of the cookbook—entirely new and United's own. On the front of such was listed an international specialty suggested by the Trader, and on the back the recipe was spelled out for the passenger. There were Danish lamb chops, chicken breasts, and appetizers, Irish corned beef and fried peppered cabbage, Indonesian

park roast with peanut sauce, Italian tortellini, and Malaysian curried chicken with apple, chicken, celery, and mushrooms. I was a little surprised to see Chinese "bunnet" listed in the upper menu list, so I asked Ferris about it. "We put it on the field, too many people were offended by the strong odor, so we took it out." Impressively enough, that's the man's approach. He at least tries things.

Talking with Ferris and other executives also gave me a little better idea as to how the problems of aircraft design, equipment, loading procedures, time, and cost affect the meals and beverages served on all domestic planes. For instance, three companies (American, United) operating either 747s or DC-10s with galley that are loaded beneath the main deck have a clear advantage in the loading, storage, cooking, and heating of food over those who colored the planes with kitchen components (e.g., oval) installed in the passenger cabin. It's more sophisticated, but it costs \$100,000 worth of modules (12 on 747s, 8 on DC-10s) filled with hot and cold food, beverages, and everything needed to serve meals and drinks on the plane for twenty minutes. One stewardess stationed

below outside the units after take-off, handles the on-board cooking (if it's the first-class galley) and reheating, and occasionally sends service carts with small stewards to the upper galley for distribution. Depending on what's needed at the given moment. This procedure may not seem important to you as a passenger, but, it is, until you wonder at a long flight why every stewardess on the plane is concerned with galley instead of bringing you a second cocktail, or why, amidst all the confusion in the first-class galley, someone managed to clear the juicy lamb chops you ordered.

Never was the slogan about too many cooks spoiling the broth so true as in these giant aircraft with galleys in the cabin. Whether or not you possess a choice of meals on domestic carriers (or on international foreign planes) depends generally on the length of the flight. If you're in the air for three and a half hours or more, you'll probably be offered a choice of entrees in first and coach class. If the time period is less, be prepared on most jets for that quick steak in first and overcooked roast beef in coach, for the simple reason that when it's a question of over 200 passengers flying only two

hours in a DC-84 or 397, even the most expert team of stewards cannot distribute drinks, take separate orders, prepare and serve food, and clean up in time for landing. These airlines appear almost to be in a hurry to get short-haul flights (both here and abroad) the chances of being served no frozen foods are much better than on longer trips.

Discontinuing dinner will agree that it will with only a few airlines permit concern about any carrier until the problem of frozen foods is solved. And, as I see it, the problem will continue to exist until each airline has its own flight kitchen throughout the country. Even United and TWA, which, unlike certain other lines I could name, are doing all they can to work with fresh ingredients, from ferry to fifty percent of all food served but being either frozen by caterers serving many airlines in sea area or frozen in one flight kitchen and shipped to another. (United's Trader Vic dinners out of Chicago, for example, arrive from San Francisco.) I'm not saying that you should refuse to eat frozen items—many people don't know the difference or could care less—but once stewards passengers become aware of the difference, it could be one line. (Continued on page 108)

## An Addendum by Esquire's Travel Editor

Ferris asked airline food to compete with the best of restaurants or truly fine restaurants (Villas' second paragraph)—galley space is too cramped, more choice is too limited, most meals must be reconstituted or at least partially cooked aboard, and few responsibility roasts not with a chef's cuisine who has devoted a lifetime to food and wine but rather with a twenty-year-old kid from Kansas who claims to be a half-hour. If the follow has instructions carefully, your meal will rotate from palatable to enjoyable; if not, she can ruin the entire course of the best flight experience. (Which is why meals can and often do vary on the same flight of the same airline on two consecutive days.) Also, even the best food can seem discouraged by having to slide down the aisle and be put under your seat.

In general, I've found the best airline food served on transatlantic and coast-to-coast service (including Alaska where the market competition is keenest, and the

stewardesses have sufficient time to complete the work and a little to be a little more, gaudy, jumping hope—in the U.S. or abroad—in which the flight attendants start picking up the first trays immediately after serving the last one.

Airline food and beverage directors seem to be divided into two schools: the straight steak-and-potatoes men, and those who believe meals should be light and perfunctory. The school function of releasing in-flight boredom. Vacillating from one to the other, American Airlines' cuisine has lost its appeal in the last few years.

At one time, six American meals rated with the very best. (In first class, stewardesses actually tossed the tossed salad.) Then it deteriorated its entry into the South Pacific and the rest of the world. Polynesian specialties on many of its flights. That didn't work and in 1951 and 1952 American's cuisine went into the decline that it's still in. I've seen a few airlines promise a return to the best

luxury American meals of the good old days.

The bad Villus didn't get to try Japan Air Lines. I've found that nothing can compare to its meals for variety, meticulous service and in-flight entertainment value. JAL serves both Western and Japanese dishes, and the young gourmet can dress his way across the Pacific by alternating the menu at lunch and dinner or trying both courses at the same meal. And cocktails, whiskey, gin and cognac in economy class are still a comforting first-class amenity.

But the most memorable airline meal I ate was on the coast of all airlines—Air Viet Nam on a two-hour and ten minute morning flight from Saigon to Hong Kong a few months ago. All the trimmings provided for was a post-breakfast snack, but the grilled Malaysian Satay was beautifully served in a marvelous sauce, and I ate so much that by the time I landed in Hong Kong I was out of the plane. I had as eagerly looked forward to

# BRITISH PENMANSHIP



*What to do after drawing the thin red line*

Snowplow



Coat of arms



Racing bicycle



Traction engine



For ordinary people, it is sufficiently difficult to maintain possession of a nineteen-cent ball-point pen until the thing actually runs out of ink. For heroes, what higher challenge? One solution is offered by the English branch of the Bic pen people, who have this contest every year for models of things made out of Bic pen parts, and the items shown here are some of last year's winners. Bic knows that a nation that drives on the left and drinks warm beer will try anything as long as it's hard enough; if you seek yet another monument to the spirit that built the Empire and dressed for dinner in Khartoum, look about you

World War II vintage German MG 34 light machine gun. The retinal-looking ammo routes are pen parts.



Vintage auto, like most contests, was made with white glue and lots of Bic pens. Wheels are Bic Crystals heated and bent to shape.



# What Did Duke Ellington Know, and When Did He Know It?

by Duke Ellington

*Total recall, from Bricktop and the Cotton Club to  
the London Palladium and the Prince of Wales*

Fats Waller came to Washington in the Spring of 1933 and played for Clarence Robinson in a burlesque show at the Gaiety Theatre. Sonny Greer, Toby Hardwick and I had gotten to know him well when we were in New York, so now we had a chance to exchange

"I'm quitting next week," Fats said. "Why don't you all come up to New York and take the job?" I'll tell you about you!

We jumped at the opportunity, and were all on stage until the time came to go. Sonny and Toby went ahead of me by a few days. When I called to find out if everything was straight, they assured me that it was.

"Everything's okay," they said. "Don't worry about nothing, man."

Because I had a guy waiting for me, I felt entitled to travel in style. I hopped a train, took a parlor car, ate a big, expensive dinner in the diner, and got a cab at Pennsylvania Station to take me uptown. With these expenses, and tips in proportion, I had spent all my money by the time I reached One Hundred Twenty-ninth Street.

Sonny Greer was waiting, and the first thing he said as he opened the cab door for me was, "Hey, Duke, look, give us something! We are all busted and we waiting for you to release the situation." By "something," he meant money, but it was too late.

"Sorry, I'm broke, too," I said. "I blew it all on the trip up from Washington."

Everything had gone wrong, and there was no job. Yet there were friends waiting to help us and to show me the way. Wilbur The Lion Smith was one of them, and Freddie Guy used to let me sit in for him at The Ormont and, most important, split the tips.

It was a very hot summer, and I remember how we had to ride that subway every morning to get downtown to audition in the Strand Building, where nearly all the agents seemed to be. We had no luck there and it was Bricktop, the famous Booktop, Ada Smith, who finally pulled us out of the hole we were in. She had known us in Washington, and she got us a job at Barron's on One Hundred Thirty-fourth and Seventh Avenue, where she was working. We were a quartet and we called ourselves the Washingtonians: Artie Whetzel on trumpet, Toby Hardwick on saxophone, Elmer Snowden on harp, Sonny Greer on drums, and me at the piano. Snowden is, there were four singers, so the tips had to be split nine ways, but we often left the place with over a hundred dollars each.

The Washingtonians were different in several ways

We paid quite a lot of attention to our appearance, and if any one of us came in dressed improperly Whetzel would flick his cigarette ash in a certain way, or jerk down the lower lid of his right eye with his forefinger and stare at the offending party. Whetzel was our first unofficial disciplinarian, and he carried himself with the dignity befitting a medical student of lofty abilities. His loose character, fragile and gentle, was an important element in our music. As a result of playing all those society dances in Washington, we had learned to play softly, what is sometimes known as under-construction music. Toby also contributed much to this by playing sweet and straight on his Connely saxophone. A lot of chicks wanted to marry him, and every now and then he would submit, so over the years he was in and out of the band rather unpredictably. Elmer Snowden was the businessman of the group, and eventually he got as good at business as he went his way, and we had to get Freddie Guy to take his place.

During my first few months in New York, I found out that anybody was eligible to take songs into the music publishers on Broadway. So I joined the parade and teamed up with Joe Trast, a nice guy who was familiar with the routine of the publishing world. He liked my music and he was a good friend, so he took my hand and guided me around Broadway. We wrote several songs together and auditioned every day in one publisher's office or another and, as you would, had practically no success, until one day when we demonstrated a tune for Fred Fisher. He was not only a publisher, but a wonderful songwriter himself. He wrote *Chippie*, and he was always an inspiration to me. "I like it," he said, after listening to our song. "I'll take it."

You know, of course, that we want a fifty-dollar advance," Joe said.

"Okay," Fred Fisher replied. "Give me a lead sheet and I'll sign the contract."

"Give me a lead sheet," Joe said, turning to me. I had never made a lead sheet before, not that I wrote worse sort of lead sheet, but it was four-thirty pm and I knew the checkbook would be closed at five. So, in spite of ten pianos hanging away in ten different booths, I sat down and made a lead sheet. It was satisfactory. We got the money, split it, and then split the score. I had broken the ten and at the same time getting paid on writing music. Write on!! The next day, and for many to follow, we were back in our old tumbledowning songs and failing to find any buyers.

One day Joe Trast came running up to me on

Broadway. He had a big proposition and there was agency in his voice.

"Tonight we've got to write a show," he said. "Tonight!"

He jumped and not knowing any better, I sat down and wrote a show. How was I to know that composers had to go up in the morning, or to the members, to converse with the masses for no reason in order to write a show? The next day we played and demonstrated our show for Jack Robbins, who liked it and said he would take it.

"You know we have to get five hundred dollars in advance," Joe said.

"Okay," Bobbin said. "Tomorrow!" The show story behind this is that Jack Robbins passed his wife's engagement ring to give us our five-hundred-dollar advance. The show, *Choochie Rabbit*, went into rehearsal, after which it went to Germany, where it played for two years in the Berlin Wintergarten. Jack returned to the U.S.A. a millionaire, and he presented the published version of his piano solo around that time, such as *Rhapsody Jr.* and *Bird of Paradise*, which Jimmie Lunceford later recorded after Ed Wilcox and Eddie Durham had copyrighted them.

The engagement at Barbours had brought us to the state of a little people prominent in show business. In the Fall of 1935 we went to the Hollywood Club downtown, at 3075-3080 and Broadway. After the first of several fine, it became the Kentucky Club, and we stayed there four years. It was a good place for us to be, because it stayed open all night and became a rendezvous for all the big stars and the big money on Broadway after they got through working. Paul Whiteman came often, and he always showed his appreciation by laying a big fifty-dollar bill on us.

It was at the Kentucky Club that our music career now ended and characterized. First we added Charlie Davis, a trombone player nicknamed "Pig" because of the unusual note he used. Then, when Arlie Whetzel went back to Washington to continue his studies at Howard University, we got Solber Jaffe, the spirit of soul and a little with this player named After. Then, left, left, you Charlie Davis' head, Joe "Tricky Sam" Norton came in, and he and Bobbin became a great team, working together hand in glove. They made a fine act out of what became known as "jungle funk," establishing a tradition that still holds.

Sunny Greer was in his element here, and he was known as The Sweet-Singing Drummer in those days. After the band had played the show three—usually at midnight and two a.m.—as well as some dance music, we would come in and "sweeten" the show. We worked the floor. I had one of those little stink spriglets passed on which you could push around from table to table, and Sunny would carry his sticks and sing. Amusingly enough, we sent nothing and everything two weeks ago, thirty songs, forty songs, Jewish songs. Sometimes, the customer would respond by throwing twenty-dollar bills away from him as though they were on fire. When business was slow, we'd sing *My Baby*. That was the favorite song of the boss, Les Brownstein, and when we had that in his hand, then everything was in the bag.

Sunny always had an eye on the entrance stairway. (The Kentucky Club was a downstairs joint.) He was always ready to give a prosperous-looking customer a big hello, and if he could catch him as he came in, he would introduce him to the manager. "This is my man," he would say. "Take care of him." More than fifty the guy would skip him a swish.

We might leave the club with a hundred dollars each in our pockets, but by the time we got home we would have blown it all, because we had to go from point to point to be ready for the next morning's hurrying. When we walked into one of those after-hours joints, all the checks would stand up and holler, "Sonny, baby!" When he heard those words holler, he'd just would leave the ground, and he'd say, "Give everybody in the house a drink!"

My initial encounter with Irving Mills occurred during my first six months in New York. He was known by those who had been peddling songs all day every day as the last word in getting songs made. I first hated him soon after, and one day I joined a group of five or six songwriters. The personnel varied, but they would get together, each with a list about of what they considered ordinary music under his arm, and hand for Mills. The procedure, they explained, was to sell these items outright to Irving Mills for fifteen or twenty dollars. It was very simple—no hassle. Just give him the lead sheet, sign the copyright release, pick up the money, and go. This happened nearly every day. I saw some of them, after seeing of these deals, sold the same ideas turned around. There is no telling or any way of knowing just how many Irving Mills' songs, but it was a good way for us to end the business day. After I was working regularly, those deals did not mean so much to me anymore. During the night I'd always have to break before I got home.

Later on, Irving Mills recorded one of those blues he had bought, released it, and had a big hit. The story of it was that the cat who wrote it blew his top, completely forgetting the fact that he had sold this same blues who knows how many times. "The low-down second-and-only gave the twenty dollars," he complained.

Years after that, George Whitham went down to sell a number, and Irving asked him what it was.

"Part a blues, partly something else," he said.

"Oh," Mills cried as he let the catting. "I own all the blues!"

He used to come to the Kentucky Club often, and one night he said he didn't know what we were doing with our music, but he liked it and wanted to know how we did it with our licks. We jumped at the chance, and there was really the beginning of a long and wonderful association. The procedure was usually the same. "Have those members ready for recording at nine a.m. tomorrow," he'd say. We'd be there with our licks, and, indeed, we'd go. It was a very good thing for us. He had the contacts, and I liked to write music—and play it, too. The short time allotted didn't bother me. Because I loved doing it, I just went ahead and did it. We seemed to be recording once a week, sometimes three or four times a week, sometimes with our regular group, and sometimes with singers or other musicians. It didn't matter which to us, because I was getting my licks writing and recording, and some of the tunes were beginning to show up well in the sales department. All that security was good for me.

The Mills and me thing was in the forefront. I wanted to live in, realizing some of our old licks and experimenting with new ideas and devices. We recorded for almost every existing label under different names: Duke Ellington and His Famous Orchestra on Victor, The Purple Heart and Tenors on the Westminster label, the Whoopee Men on Perfect, Sunny Greer and His Memphis Men on Columbia, The

Harlem Postmen on Okeh, and so on. Most of the records were unsuccessful, and they sold very well.

Irving Mills was a man with plenty of initiative. He started on singing and playing songs from one to three, then he would go to the movies and sing with the shorts, and after that he would go to the radio with and sing with a microphone. As his work expanded, his roles as manager and impresario became more important, but his roots were always in music publishing. He went by ear and vibration. He could feel a song. He'd look a good looking, tall fellow. "Now this song needs something right here," and he'd would go over it, and it would come out perfect. He was a clever man.

So far as we were concerned, the engagement Irving arranged for us at the Cotton Club in 1937 was of the utmost significance, because as a result of it we met when we were heard nationally and internationally. In 1939, we appeared simultaneously at the Cotton Club and in Florence Ziegfeld's *Alvin Guy*, which had a Germanic sound and introduced Les. This was valuable in terms of both experience and prestige. The following year, Irving Mills furnished an arrangement for us to accompany Mamie Cavaler at the Palace Theatre and play a concert selection of our compositions. This was about the only time I ever used a horn! In 1938, as, I went to Hollywood to appear in *Club* and *Double Club*, the then-manager of the popular radio team of *Amos 'n' Andy*. The big song in it was *Three Little Words* by Harry Ruby and Bert Kalman, but an instrumental of mine called *Step Out* was also became very popular. It was taken up by other bands, and for a considerable time it was a much-requested tune.

Later that year, in the fall, we had a success-receding date. Mills never lost his liking for the original small-club sound, even when the big band had made its mark. On this occasion, as usual, the night was completely forgotten. The next morning, when I already had the so-called and, while waiting for my mother to finish cooking dinner, I began to write a fourth in fifteen minutes. I wrote the score for *Goodbye*. We recorded it, and that night at the Cotton Club, when I came from our rehearsal, I was there, the answerer, asked, "Babe, what are we going to play tonight?" I told him about the new number, and we played it on the air, six pieces out of the eleven-piece band. The next day, weeks of mad music in saving about the new tune, as Irving Mills and Alamy Bergman put a lyric on it, and melodies are still known for my own song's work more than forty years later.

When we had made *Goodbye* and *Two Feet* with the great trombone and growl trumpet, there was a sympathetically vibration or make love. This was soon after we had first met. I was sitting in the room and I spread those notes over a certain distance. "I want to myself," "We make love will take a specific place or a specific interval in there." It came off, and gave that chance, because *Goodbye* was my first song, and I was an innocent. To give it a little emotional factor for those people who remember it from years ago, we play it with the bass clatter down at the bottom instead of the ordinary clatter, and they always feel it is exactly the way it was forty years ago.

The Cotton Club was for us the beginning. Impresario-bayler was determined to be the man who the show was on. If someone was talking loud while Letha Hill, for example, was singing, the waiter would come and touch him on the shoulder. If that didn't do it, the captain would come over and admonish him publicly. Then the headmaster would remind him that he had been ex-

tioned. After that, if the loud talker still continued, somebody would come and throw him out!

The club was upstairs on the second floor of the southeast corner of One Hundred Thirty-second Street and Lenox Avenue. Underneath it was what was originally the Theatre Trustee, which later became the Golden Gate Railroad. The upstairs room had been planned as a dance hall, but for a time the former heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson, had run it as the Club De Luxe. It was what was known as a big show in those days, and it was one of the best business people. When a new corporation took it over in the Theatre, Lenox Avenue was put in charge of producing the shows, and the house band was led by Andy Freen, who died in 1937.

Sunday night at the Cotton Club was a big night. All the famous stars in town, no matter where they were playing, showed up to take show. Dan Rialy was the man who staged the shows in our time, and on Sunday night he was the master. He introduced the stars. Somebody like Bobbie Tucker would stand up, and we'd play her song, *Some of These Days*, as she made her way up the floor for a bow. It was all done in pretty good style.

Harlem had a tremendous reputation in those days, and it was a very colorful place. It was an attraction like Chinatown was in San Francisco. "When you go to New York," people said, "you mustn't miss going to Harlem!" The Cotton Club became famous nationally because of our transcontinental broadcast almost every night. The show was a big success, and we had with Faith Hays at the Grand Terrace in Chicago. But in Harlem, the Cotton Club was the top place to go.

The performers were paid high salaries, and the prices for the customers were high, too. There had about twelve hundred seats and eight show girls, and there were all beautiful chicks. They used to dress as well! On Sunday nights, when celebrities filled the show, they would rush out of the dressing room after the show in all their finery. Every time they went by, stars and show girls would come out and say, "Who is that?" They were tremendous representatives, and I'm damned if I know what happened to them, because you don't see anybody around like that nowadays. They were absolutely beautiful chicks, but the whole scene was to have disappeared.

The nucleus of the band was the group I had had at the Kentucky Club. Benny Carney had joined as singing the singer, and he was with us. We also had Ellsworth Reynolds, a violinist who was supposed to be the conductor, but he really wasn't. He was in there because we were after playing all those shows downtown in the Kentucky Club. So I started to direct the band right from the piano, without notice or any of that stuff, for I understood what they were doing even when nobody else in the band.

The music for the shows was being written by Jimmy McHugh with lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Later came Harold Arlen and that great big water, Ted Nash. They wrote some wonderful material, but this was show music and mostly popular songs. Sometimes they would come in and play a song. I remember we played between shows and on the broadcasts. I wrote *The Mystery Song* for the *Step Out* (written in rehearsal). It was part of them act, not part of the show. The different acts were presented individually as well as in the ensemble. After the show, the *Step Out* by the Berry Brothers, and later as the Nicholas Brothers.

After getting on into a legitimate Broadway theatre with Maurice Chevalier, Irving Mills was not satisfied until he had hit play at the Palace Theatre, which was then a regular showcase for big acts. When we were appearing there, we had a double bill at the Cotton Club—and sometimes "tripling" in the second studio.

Irving's next stop was an engagement at the London Palladium, which he arranged in association with the British headliner, Jack Hylton. The Palladium was then regarded as the number one variety theatre in the world. We sailed from New York on June 2, 1933, on the *Olympic*. Crossing the Atlantic for the first time was an exciting experience for all of us. There were many delegates aboard from all over the British Commonwealth, and they were great for a big conference in London. We played a concert and made some valuable friends among them.

We had a terrific reception at the Palladium. Ivor Anderson broke it up every time with *Swing Weather*, *Bessie* (Dorothy) danced and shook to *Swing in Rhythm*; and we played *King Don* (Sally) and *Three Little Words* to tie up with the *Amos 'n' Andy* movie. We always got a good response to *Mood Indigo*, too. But the "just" critics were not satisfied, and we had to give a special concert one Sunday in the largest cinema in Europe, the Trocadero at the Elephant and Castle. It was organized by *the Melody Maker*, a music magazine, and the audience was almost entirely composed of musicians who came from all over the country. We were to avoid "homosexual" elements on this occasion, and apparently we lived up to expectations, because Spike Hughes, the foremost critic at that time, didn't criticize us at all. Instead, he criticized the audience for applauding at the end of solos in the middle of the numbers! That's how serious it was.

We were absolutely amazed by how well informed people were in Britain about us and our records. They had magazines and reviews far ahead of what we had here, and everywhere we went, we were confronted with facts we had forgotten, and questions we couldn't always answer. Nevertheless, the esteem our music was held in was very gratifying. A broadcast we did for the BBC provided a lot of comment, most of it favorable. Constant Lambert, a highly talented British composer, had written appreciation of some of our early records years before. Now his beautiful Kansas wife inspired a new composition when she referred to *Mood Indigo* as *Music Interiors*. I guess that had something to do with our music being so good!

Lord Beaverbrook, who owned one of the most important London newspapers, threw a big party to which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent were invited. We were seated, too, and Jack Hylton's Emptiness Club band played until we got through at the Palladium. We arrived about midnight along with Lord Beaverbrook's daughter and the younger set. It was all very colorful and splendid. Members of the nobility, members of Parliament, and delegates to the imperial conferences, all in formal dress, mingled happily. There was a generous buffet, and the champagne flowed freely.

Prince George, the Duke of Kent, requested *Swampy River*, a place I had a hard time remembering, but I felt very flattered, especially to have him leaning over the piano as I played it.

Lord Prince of Wales had some kind words to say about us. When he suggested we have a drink together, I was surprised to find he was drinking gin. I had always thought gin a low kind of drink, but from that time on I decided it was rather good. He liked to play drums, as he told Sonny Greer a lot of attention,

too. This is how Sonny remembers the evening:

"As soon as we had got the band set up, the Prince of Wales came over and sat down beside the Indian fashion. He said he knew how to play drums, so I said, 'Go ahead!' He played *Charleston* beat, and he played right by me and the drums through most of the evening. People kept coming up and calling him 'Your Highness,' but he wouldn't move. We both began to get high on whatever it was we were drinking. He was calling me 'Sonny' and I was calling him 'The Wale.' I think the Prince of Wales really did like us, because he came to hear us again in Liverpool, when he was up in that area for the races at Ascot. He was loved by the day people and the night people, the rich and the poor, the celebrities and the nonentities: he was truly the truly Shogun of crown music."

The atmosphere in Europe, the friendliness, and the serious interest in our music shown by critics and musicians of all kinds put new spirit into us, and we sailed home on the *Mauretania* in a glow that was only partly due to cognac and champagne.

On our return, we played the Chicago Fair where Sally Rand was just getting started on her road to fame, and then went down to Dallas. Now I had always recalled propositions to tour the South, but Irving Mills came up with an attractive offer to play the Interimistic Circuit at theatres and private homes all through Texas. I still had my British accent, and it showed to the Texans, but they were very nice about it and did not let on whether they thought it natural gas or not on it. It didn't last long, anyway, for the Texas way of speaking came upon us through natural absorption. I had had the experience of traveling before, but the Texas thing was bigger, broader, and a little more flamboyant. So in a few days I was together with the people, and drove, as we say, and sounding like a Texan.

We played four shows a day, and dances after the theatre several times a week. The people had obviously been waiting for us. We made a lot of friends down there, and the climate and environment were conducive to the kind of musical dressing I most enjoy. After that, we made party tours in the Southern part of the country, spending part in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina. In order to avoid problems, we used to charter two Pullman sleeping cars and a seventy-foot baggage car. Everywhere we went in the South, we lived in them. On arrival in a city, the cars were parked on a convenient track, and connections made for water, steam, sanitation and so on. This was our home away from home. Many observers would say, "Why, that's the way the President travels!" It automatically passed as respect from the natives, and removed the set and anticipation of trouble. When we wanted taxis, there was no problem. We simply asked the station manager to send us six, seven, or however many we wanted. And when we were eating, of course, we had dining car and room service.

In 1938, on one of these one-nighter tours of the South, after I lost my beautiful mother, I found the mental isolation to reflect on the past. It was all caught up in the rhythm and motion of the train dashing through the South, and it gave me something to say that I could never have found weeks for. I reflected, and I wrote music, and it came out as *Reminiscing in Tempo*, which eventually came to first record sides, two more than *Crescent Rhapsody*. This meant that Irving Mills had twice as much trouble with the record companies, who threatened to throw us out of the catalog! That was amazing— (Continued on page 259)

## Sing It Again, Jim! Sing Melancholy Bailey!

by Dotson Rader

*A star is reborn, night after night, and painfully*



Female impersonator Jim Bailey was in sedition in his suite at the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas. He was resting up for his opening night at the hotel's Virelton Room, the only first-rate supper club in town.

The hotel's public-relations people seemed nervous about the act of reception. Bailey would receive from the conservative local press. The afternoon of opening night I had drinks with a woman member of the hotel's staff at the bar in the grand, imperialized, velvet-robed lobby. Some distance away, under the thirty-foot ceilings in the center of the lobby, stood an ornate,

brass art, about twelve feet high, in which was a bouquet of artificial red roses.

"Don't you just love the Fairmont?" she asked. "It's nice." A small martini cost two dollars.

"Don't you just love Texas? All New Yorkers just love the Rat D," smiling broadly at me. I said it was nice and ordered another small, boulevard martini.

"Have you ever booked a drag act in Dallas before?" I asked.

"Drag? Never say drag." She lowered her voice,





# Bernard Baruch Was as Constant as the Northern Star...

by Helen Lawerson

... of whose true fit and refining quality there was no fellow in the firmament.  
At least he thought so



Bernard Baruch (left) and the author (right) work from their editorial jobs in the *New York Times* in 1958

From the thirty years I knew Bernard M. Baruch there is one revolutionary incident that stands out, perhaps above others. It is my memory of him. It occurred during a dinner in his Fifth Avenue mansion sometime in 1957.

Baruch, surrounded at table by his thespians—various Congressmen, Senators and political associates known as "Bernie's boys"—was reminiscing about a New Deal gold cause for the development of which he had put up \$1,000,000 early in the century, on the advice of his mining expert, a man named George Wingfield. Wingfield was an ex-cashier, dealer, ex-prophet, ex-crowder, who became a mining prospector, financed by Baruch. "He was a real tough cookie," Baruch said, admiringly. "Always carried five revolvers on him. He sure knew how to handle labor agitators. The I.W.W.—the Wobblies—tried to organize this gold mine of ours. You see, the mine was discovered by different prospectors who didn't have the capital to work the mine. George was slick enough to persuade them to sell to him and Senator George Nixon, as then they were working as my employees on what had been their own claims. Well, sometimes they got a little greedy, so George and

his strong-arm boys used to strap them naked every night after they finished work and make them jump over a bar, so if they'd swiped any nuggets and hid them under their arms or between their thighs, they'd fall to the ground" (laughter). "They didn't like that and these I.W.W. organizers tried to call a strike. You should have seen George go into action on these babies! He went in there with all his guns and his Pinkerton men with guns and clubs and he broke that strike in a jiffy and ran the Wobblies out. We had no more labor trouble."

His dinner guests greeted this anecdote with signs of approval and cries of "That's the way to do it, Chief!" and "That's the stuff, Boss!"—and the conversation became more general, but Baruch wasn't listening. He was still back in the Good Old Days. I was sitting next to him, at his right, and I heard him say, musingly—as if to himself alone—"You know, we took a hundred million dollars out of that mine."

At the time, I thought the man was an ex-plantation. I was more amazed that he seemed oblivious to any connection between the strike-breaking and the profits or, at least, to any moral implication. Twenty-two

years later, an obituary of George Wingfield in *The New York Times* confirmed the story, including the detail of the I.W.W. attempt to organize the mine workers and the fact that the property eventually produced about \$100,000,000 in ore.

A second and, I think, correlative incident—or remark—that haunts me was when my husband and I were visiting Baruch in 1947 at Hobeau Barony, his South Carolina plantation. One evening after dinner the three of us were sitting in the living room, somewhat by accident, about politics, when Baruch suddenly exclaimed, with uncharacteristic passion, "I'd rather be strong and be hated than be weak and be loved!" "That's a noble philosophy," I commented. My husband just stared at me.

That was Baruch the Great Patriot, Elder Statesman, Advisor to Presidents, Sure of the Ages, the man of whom it was generally believed that every time he opened his mouth pearls of wisdom fell out—the man who was always right. You better believe it. He certainly did. Never once to my knowledge when listening to his own transcript, he saw himself as an ironic father figure to the nation. Why stop there? The world, maybe. Called by one of his authorized biographers (and only authorized but, in some cases, misquoted and misquoted by Baruch himself): "The greatest living American leader—perhaps the greatest in all our history who has not held office," he was the possessor of a superlative talent for mythmaking woven around his own persona. It worked. As the *New York Herald Tribune* once said of him, "No private citizen in this country enjoys the prestige both here and abroad that is Mr. Baruch's." How come?

He died eight years ago, two months before his ninety-fifth birthday, and the amazing list of post-mortem achievements prompted it. He was never elected to any office, he accepted no Cabinet post, he held less than a half dozen government appointments, from his chairmanship of the War Industries Board during World War I through his brief tenure as U.S. representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission in 1946. He wasn't responsible for the development of any industries that changed society—the Edison, or Bell or even Henry Ford; he didn't control any empire of oil or steel; he discovered neither penicillin nor quinine nor a military use for asbestos; he had no real interest in the arts, and his fame certainly didn't stem from his wealth, because his pile didn't begin to compare with that of the Rockefellers or the Du Ponts or dozens of others in America alone. (His fortune was once estimated at \$44,000,000, but how was that amount right but close to the mark, it was a goldmine even in the million-dollar category.) He was always referred to as "old" and still is—as a Presidential adviser, yet in one of his moments of private candor he said to me, "I'm still the *Adviser* to seven Presidents," almost none of whom took any advice. It has often been pointed out that Franklin D. Roosevelt often had the post of Secretary of the Treasury and that he turned it down. "Roosevelt never offered me anything," he told me. "I didn't think he ever forgave me for not backing him at the [Democratic] convention in 1932. I stayed neutral. He thought I wanted Hilditch [Governor of Maryland] and I did, but I kept my finger still." Nevertheless, his influence was felt in most administrations by means of the men whose careers he had furthered, a far larger group than just the Southern politicians who were said to be in his pocket. Foreign statesmen, domestic officeholders, scientists, college

presidents, economists, newspaper publishers and industrial tycoons were among those who sought his guidance. They were often his great men, through whom he spoke. He was an obsessive controller and manipulator who liked to be determined by himself. Behind the scenes, a secret string-puller. There has been no more widely published secret string-puller in our history. That that is so was partly due to his own knack for self-promotion. As a showman he loved the limelight, so Baruch sought the spotlight. Even now, a major plot still hangs in his name.

I was introduced to him by Condi Nast, the publisher, in late August, 1958, at the Sands Point Country Club on Long Island. After sandwiches and tea we all rode back to New York in Condi's car. As we dropped Baruch off at his home, he asked me to come along in for a drink. I said, "No. I just want to use your bathroom." I was in and out of the house with no time wasted on pleasantries. I certainly didn't care if I never had eyes as his agent, but he must have thought my indifference as intriguing change from the apocryphal veneration to which he was accustomed, because he telephoned Condi and asked that I be seated next to him at a forthcoming dinner party in Condi's parlor, in which we were both married. All I remember about that dinner is that Baruch and I kept up a lively argument—perhaps the greatest in all our history of my soapbox march and what he mentioned Andrew Mellon—I've forgotten in what connection—I told him that Baruch was, "Behind every great fortune there lies a crime." I then stated categorically that I thought Andrew Mellon was a bastard, adding, "And you're probably just as big a son of a..."

You wouldn't have thought that an outburst beginning, but the next day I received two dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses with Baruch's card on which he had written, "Loveless for South Carolina but hope to see you again. In the meantime, try to save the world." A month or so later, he sent me a brace of duck feathers and all I didn't know what to do with them so I threw them in the wastebasket. I suppose he had shot them on his plantation and I also suppose he thought that I'd be right if his experimenters lived in a house or large apartment and had a cat. I didn't. I lived in a two-room flat with a kitchenette. I usually was invited out for dinner, so the effort of my cookery was to heat up a can of soup once in a while, get up very breakfast, and, on occasion, graciously answer to a summer visitor who was the site of a collection of burned toast and some coffee in which, as the saying goes, you could float an ear.

That December I asked for my favorite city in all the world, Havana, where I spent five months. When I returned to New York, I met Baruch, Dick and Condi at Betty Moore's. (Condi confessed that Baruch had prodded him into arranging it.) After we took Baruch home, Condi remarked, cheerfully, "Poor Bernie. He's getting sick." I nodded, forbearing to mention that when we were in Havana Baruch had said, when Condi went to the car's door, "Condi's beginning to show his age, don't you think?" Of the two, Baruch was by far the more interesting conversationalist because of his knowledge of—and involvement in—the world of power and politics, but Condi was the more interesting because of his knowledge of the better-labeled "six foot four, with erect carriage and proud bearing, thick white hair, a strong, aquiline nose, crafty blue eyes, and a skin that looked healthily pink and apple-and-pear." At the time, he was always the most distinguished-looking man in any group of any age, and when all graced up in white tie, tails and



P.D.A. Churchill, Bernard Baruch, the J.P. Morgan. They sought Baruch's admission to save it, but almost none of them ever took it



a high silk hat, he was splendidly impressive. He had a deep voice and a flustering grace of manner—his country old-school Southern gentleness (poor Deaf in his left ear from a childhood fall that inched him back, he was for years the vain to wear a hearing aid). Even when he moved in and brought me, he would whisk it off and hide it whenever an attractive female appeared on the scene. (About to sit down beside him once, I was startled by a cry of "Geez! Don't sit on my hairy!" as he reflexively it from beneath that where he had that it.) Women were always attracted to him, although it must be admitted that power is an aphrodisiac. I believe Henry Kissinger has remarked, knowledgeably. There is something irresistible about feeling envy in the political chancellery of our leaders and watching the wheels go round in the corridors of power (sometimes from the vantage point of the bedchambers of those who spin them). It's heady stuff.

Women were forever flinging introductions to him and one very young creature went so far as to throw herself at his feet, literally, as a road in Venice, where he was taking the waters. She grasped her ankle but it was worth it because of the subsequent visits of the ever glibster Baruch, bearing gifts of flowers, trinkets and trinkets. His adoration ripened into a more free-flowing relationship in which he called her "Berrie" and she called him "Berrie." He took her back with him to New York, where their stylized courtship ended when she vanished, leaving him with large bills she had run up at Bayard's Goodman and similar places where he had spent enough for her. He wryly admitted to me that she also took him for \$25,000 and it turned out, he said, that she was part of an international blackmail ring and ledger-queen setup.

At the time I met him, he had been married for thirty-eight years and had three grown children. He always treated his wife, Anne, with great courtesy and deference, but they didn't spend a great deal of time together. I suppose it was different when they were younger, but when I knew him I only saw her at their Fifth Avenue house, never with him in Geneva, Saratoga, Washington. She was not interested in politics or world affairs and seemed content to let Baruch go his own way. Although I knew her little more than a year—she died of pneumonia in January, 1938—I liked her and I know she liked me. I was her favorite "red-haired woman" drinker and she encouraged my arguments with Baruch. "You're good for him because you talk back to him," she once said. Our own conversations were more apt to deal with matters of less national import, such as whether I should or should not try out false eyelashes (she loved out far as me when I could get them—they were not at that time generally

available). One evening she invited my mother and me to dine with her and Baruch at their house, an occasion that must have ended Baruch's life as the three women chattered happily about fashions, food, society gossip, and he couldn't get a word in edgewise about farm parity or the gold standard.

Although a philosopher, Baruch was not a romantic man. (Specially, he was surprisingly naive.) His affairs were business, with two notable exceptions. One of these was an opera singer, although, like Cordell Baruch, he was no music lover. What seemed to have been her chief attraction, aside from her beauty, was her dancing, straight out of Panna Baruch's Stock Street "Every year when I went to Saratoga," he told me. "I took a small house for her there, at an inconspicuous street, and she never went out, except for walks by herself. She would just wait there in the house for the times I could get away and go to see her." Despite occasional sentimental tributes to true-love-and-marriage, his own basic attitude in life was not very much more than that of the late Thackeray, he mentioned the marriage of Bath, the co-wife of David Fleishman (young and The New Yorker). "She's married a nobody," he said contemptuously. "I don't suppose he makes over \$10,000 a year." "Maybe he loves him," I said. He looked at me sternly and snarled. "Love?" he said, in a tone of peevish disdain.

He liked women of spirit and talent, provided they were sufficiently pretty, and he fancied himself in the role of mentor in their careers. His beautiful virtues did not appeal to him; he preferred a woman who could make a keynote speech at a political convention to one who could make an apple pie. He was always encouraging young girls to write, sing, paint, act, or to pose publicly, although he jaded their spirit by the manner they made. He boasted incessantly of his part in getting Max Gordon to produce Clark Gable's Lane's play, *The Women* (the word to see it a dozen times and benefit tickets for everyone from politicians to slaver boys), and he proudly wore on his watch chain the gold chain in the form of a tiny typewriter which Clark had made for him. His personal history tales were apocryphal. His favorite book was an obscure novel about farm life by E.P. Roy, a Pennsylvania farmer. It was published in 1886, was entitled *My Fall in Love with My Wife*, and was written in a folio. "Last night I saw the crop," said Baruch, and in vain for me to persuade his theatre world friends like Max Gordon, John Golden, Walter Huston, to get it dramatized. He needed me into making a quarter-hearted stab at it, but I gave up about immediately, despite a series of handwritten sub-par pop-talk letters I did write *Ladies Are Going to Love* to please him and

when it came out in book form, a collection of my articles, he wrote me, "I've been going in and out of bookstores, trying to create a demand." He not only bought copies by the score and sent them to friends, including dozens of no doubt huffed members of Congress, but he also insisted on reading passages out loud to help his friends in his home.

The Latinus pass was the first two-hour effort I ever sold. Just after I mailed it hopefully to Equinox (it was entirely unsolicited on their part), I accepted an offer from Samuel Ross, then Editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, to succeed Beatrice Kaufman (now Mrs. George Kaufman's wife) as their Literary Editor. I was due to start work July 15, 1934, but on July 16 I received a cable from Baruch, who was in Budapest, Austria. "Intersting letter received STOP Do nothing social economic conflict with writing even stuff STOP If have time strength outside job okay else concentrate individually STOP Confidential but still attack here alone three weeks or more STOP Consider your work quietly come here Kaufman's Hotel, Baruch." Europe wasn't a job in an office. I moved the crossed lightning. Could get me an emergency passport that same day. Joe Lander, head of travel advertising for the Nazi magazine, wanted me the only available passage on such short notice in the summer season—tourist class on the Italian ship *Riva*, sharing a cabin with a schoolteacher, and, equipped with *The Theory of the Leisure Class* and E. P. Roy's *The World of the Poor* for a schoolbook reader, I sailed on the day I was supposed to report at *Harper's Bazaar*. Instead, I sent them a radiogram from the ship: "Berrie cannot accept job Father it is home." This *Berrie* losing my heart went to my friend George Davis, who later married Lotte Leary.

I arrived in Budapest shortly before midnight on the date I had called Baruch. I would be there. He had gone to bed but he left a welcoming note in my room. The Kaiserbar was one of those old-time luxury hotels of pre-World War II Europe. My room was heated by a beautiful painted pedimented stove, stoked by an equally painted chambermaid, and from my window there was a fantastically lovely view of a park blue changing glacier. The other hotel guests were mostly elderly American millionaires (about the only ones who could afford the prices). Max Stern, the famous New York trial lawyer, was there, pointing a glass in his kitchen; old Carl Loomis, the founder of Unocal Pictures, was there for the second bathhouse in mine Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Chairman of the U.S. Tariff Commission, and a couple of eminent judges, one of whom needed as well child tales of his close friend,

the head of ITT, who at that time was a man with the entrancing name of Southern Balm. At twenty-five, Baruch was really the youngest of the lot, so the pace was not what you might call feverish. We took walks, we sat in the sunshine, covered with lap robes, the over-the-shoulder for their summer bath. "If I weren't so rich, I wouldn't be rich," Baruch said to me; and in the evening, after dinner, we all had coffee in the Palm Court, to the accompaniment of chamber music played by a trio as elderly as the guests and something even more decrepit. It certainly was not.

After two weeks I left and went to the Lake in Venice. I saw Baruch again briefly in Paris, where I was staying at the George V. He had been shocked that I came over tourist class on the *Riva* (although I was the way paying for it), so in Paris he gave me a first-class ticket from Charleston to Montreal as the *Empress of Britain* and admonished me, "Don't try to save money by taking it in and going back on a little boat." He was going on to England to see Churchill, whom I loathed, and would board the ship at Southampton. As it turned out, I was both poor and vain and was able to emerge from my stateroom as we were a focal point for curious stares and, I'm sure, gossip, but we couldn't have cared less. At dinner the two of us had our own table and we would sit there—Baruch almost in his evening clothes and me in my *Ladies' Leisure* (I didn't dare admit to him that I had paid reduced prices for the gown because they were not made to order but had been worn by the models)—talking so intently that we were often the last to leave. Mostly, he talked and I listened his life story, his business and political career, his philosophy. (Among other things, he taught me that whenever I heard anything I should ask myself three questions: "Is it possible?" "Is it probable?" "Is it true?"—but I doubt if he expected me to apply it to his own conversation, although whenever I did, I usually discovered, sometimes years later, that he had told the truth.) Woodrow Wilson was his ad; he called him "the most Christlike man I ever knew." (His own mother and Wilson were the top secret tokens of his life, with Robert E. Lee a close runner-up.) After all, it was Wilson who suggested him Chairman of the War Industries Board in World War I, the only post it which he had the overt power for which he sought. For him, it was the moralist's peak, and he was so glorified and magnified it for the rest of his life, even though he served him than a year—he was renewed after we entered the war in March, 1918, and the war ended in November—and his achievements are debatable still, for a while he did control the entire industrial establishment of Amer-

ka, and of thousands of new millionaires were created by his government spending, at least in later years he repeatedly, although vainly, urged measures to take the profit-making out of war. When back him with him as an economic adviser to the Versailles peace conference, where the Allies wanted and against imposing too heavy reparations on Germany, but nobody listened (the result was to help pave the way for the rise of the Nazis) and about the only lasting plan he plucked from the conference was Hilly Hoss (then a one-page shorthand speed champion, serving in a semiprofessional capacity) successfully a vocational trophy. (They became lifelong friends and the combination of the Sage of the Ages and the revelling little brother-shoguns caused my husband Jack Lawrence, when he met them together, to remark, "How cosywanky are you get?")

My partner was in the name of Ligeia-Méndez, a previous husband from whom I was divorced, so I was continually addressed as Mrs. López-Méndez, but Bernie called me Miss Fathood, in appreciation of my vigorous attacks on the vegetarianism he held dear (and rightly so, because it actually had been good to him). Other partners on the ship often must have wondered what we were shooting about (I had to shoot because he refused to wear a hearing aid, and he shouted back) at dinner, in our deck chairs, taking our walks. "Society," he said at one point, "can only progress if man's mind shows profit." He was talking me that he had made money out of every depression and panic—1907, 1909, 1929—by anticipating each one. "I am a speculator," he said. "The word comes from the Latin *speculator*, meaning 'To observe.' I am a man who observes the future and acts before it occurs." (This was one of his favorite little self speeches and I was to hear it monotonously repeated over and over again

during the smoking years, together with the ancillary comment, "I have a talent for making money, the way Fritz Kreisler has a talent for playing the viola and Jesse Owens has a talent for running.") I say when books go down. I said when they go up. When prices go up, production increases, consumption decreases, and prices then fall. When prices go down, it's vice versa. I got rich, Mrs. Fathood, by remembering those words." And maybe with a little help from his friends? (Old Joe Kennedy, whom I met through Bernie, once told me, "Bernie operates directly on a you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-your-principles.") He and the Guggenheims were forever giving one another a leg up, according to his stories. "When they were looking the Utah Copper Company," he said, "the shares started to fall, so I gave the company half a million in cash, and then I went into the market and bought at low rates. In the next thirty years Utah Copper paid out over \$250,000,000 in dividends." "No wonder they shut Joe Hall," I said.

We didn't always talk of the past. It was during this voyage that he conceived the idea of the "ever-normal grainstap," a plan to store surplus grain to relieve shortages ("I got to thinking last night of Joseph in Egypt and the way he stored grain against a time of famine, and I thought, 'That's it!'"), a plan he later outlined to Henry Wallace, then Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture, who put it into law.

Most of his ideas made sense, but he was not a particularly original thinker. He was the crackle of the obvious. Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, one of Bernie's old-time Southern pals, said of him, "Bernie is dogmatic as hell about two and two making four," a remark Bernie was forever quoting until the end of his days, along with such simplistic maxims of his own as, "To reach the top you have to take the bitter with the sweet"; "You can't repeal human nature by an Act of Congress"; "Communism arises from poverty. End poverty and you end Communism." His opinions, no matter how many times they may have been heard, always greeted those guests with a sense of admiration. He would come out with some intellectual blackboarder on the level of "A new broom sweeps clean" and they would cry, "Chief, how do you do it?"

I think that my deepest admiration, with little bit was because he refused to stand up in public for things he believed in private—not unless he was sure of the applause. He was too easy to risk any dimension of his safely popular image. Bernie was one exception. From the beginning of the Civil War, Bernie was against France and on the side of the Republican government—"It's a democratically elected government, the only constitutionally elected government in Spain's history"—but he never once said so publicly. Behind the scenes, he tried unsuccessfully to block the passage in Congress of the bill forbidding the sale of arms to the Spanish government ("They've got the money in gold right over here to pay for them") and, later in the war, he confided to me that Roosevelt asked him how he could lift the embargo. ("But he won't do it," Bernie said, "He's afraid of the Catholic vote.") (No one suspected he suspected that the Spanish Republicans were also Catholic.) I talked myself blue in the face, trying to persuade Bernie to make some public declaration. He wouldn't. I was visiting him in South Carolina when the news came over the radio, on March 28, 1938, that France had entered Madrid. I burst into tears and ran from the room.

I had friends who fought in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the American division of the International Brigade. Allegedly and so— (Continued on page 124.)

# The Return of the Banjo

An idea whose time has come—again!

The banjo is the one instrument whose music and excitement whose American art forms. Formerly confined to such lowly contexts as minstrel shows, the plunk is now heard from sea to shining sea whenever people congregate to watch the movies, confront television commercials or even raise their voices in authentic American harmony. The creative director of a New York ad agency says, "The banjo means America, a sense of community and responsibility, a combination of the inner and the free man. When you have only sixty seconds to get the message across, the banjo does it in

thirty. If you want to convey the image of a lover, you can either go the fully orchestrated Marlboro Country route or you can play a banjo solo."

The success of the song *Dadgum Banjos* (from the film *Deliverance*) has helped send banjo sales skyrocketing (now company, Harmon, reports a 500 percent increase in the past year), and concerts in Berkeley, New York, and Washington have recently featured banjo trapeze artists climbing through pawpaws and music staves in search of such location as the one below, one of the very first resonator banjos ever

made. The resonator, the round sounding box mounted under the head, amplifies the instrument's sound. The silver plate on the fingerboard reads, "Presented to the Oakford Social Club by Henry C. Dobson, January 27, 1972."

The banjo has come a long way from back behind the strill. Native to Africa, it was first played here by slaves, who followed out calashboards, strung them with gut, grass, or horsehair, and called the result banashers, banjos, or ashbans. The name became standardized and the banjo an-

## Advice and philosophy from the Sage of the Ages to the author

Robert Ruess, South Carolina, 1937

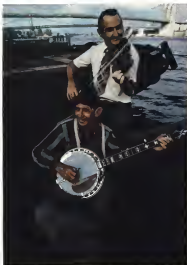
"Dear Sayd: Forget about being sick with colds and forget about worry and forget about your boss and get busy. Not that it would do you any harm. You see they lay like you out do the deal, but you get to look-like-like they thinking about exhorting or anything but your work. Good work gets well paid from work, so you know get busy and give it to 'em with both barrels. Remember, I am different from the others (After many)"

Devotedly, Ruess."

Valley, 1936

"I've great friends of people. But much stronger the others are on the job. I suppose you have never heard of Karl Marx. He is the other Marx brother, only they don't recognize him. Nobody knows whether he is honest or only as funny as they because no one understands him. I will give you a prize if you can explain him. I read read read it can't understand. There I have a prize laid up to look like a punch—another more for a prize and don't share for several days and don't wear a tie, hair disheveled, don't wash and wash each. Then read again and even then can't understand. When I try to be intellectual with some talking a lot of hours I find few I even I am stupid or poor and look that is going slow."

Affectionately, Ruess."



Stuffy Jenkins, seated, and Pappy Sherrill. Stuffy bought his Gibson Masterpiece banjo for \$25 in the early 1940's, recently turned down an offer of \$2,000 for it.

owned its familiar four-string, wooden-shell construction.

The first and most important innovation in banjo making occurred in 1813, when inventor Joel Brenzler added a shorter fifth string. This thumb string (or "chouser") sounds a blessing note, giving the five-string banjo greater melodic range than its four-string counterpart.

The resonated banjo was invented in the late 1860's (music teacher Henry C. Dobson, among others, held a patent), giving the banjo extra volume and making Dobson's antique the forerunner of today's instrument.

During the late nineteenth century urban banjo players developed the classical "parlor" style, usually played by ensembles of one or two

banjos and a piano. For a time, banjo clubs flourished much like chamber groups in the polite society of the day, but the classical style has by now almost completely died out.

At about the same time, a more enduring style was developing in Appalachia. Mountaineers, introduced to the banjo by the Sears catalog, began to play the old-timey music still heard today in the rural Southeast. There are so many different old-timey styles as there are pickers, but the music is usually played by a five-string banjo accompanied only by a fiddle and/or a vocalist. The banjo is picked downward, in a thumb-and-finger manner known as "clawhammer."

The resulting sound is mellow, rhythmic but unaccompanied. At one time it was considered a sign of precision



Kyle Creed and Tommy Jarrell. Creed plays in the old-time clawhammer style.



Bill Keith's chromatic-scale picking allows more emphasis on melodic line.

for the banjo and the fiddle to play the same tune note-for-note.

Fiddler Tommy Jarrell and picker Kyle Creed, pictured above, are musicians of the old-timey school. Both hail from the Gale, Virginia-Round Peak, North Carolina, area, the heartland of old-time country music. Both are from musical families and learned their music in the traditional manner—from their father.

While banjo music disappeared dramatically from the cities after the 1920's, it was preserved in the country. Stuffy Jenkins and Pappy Sherrill began touring the Southern "barroom circuit" in the Thirties. Their style is a mixture of old-timey and wendelike, with Stuffy, in his baggy trousers and peaked hat, making jokes about Peggy's fiddling while they play. Jenkins intends to



Ill-lit-educated Eric Weissberg, master of the all-American commercial sound, contemplates the collection of Civil War-period banjos on his town-house wall.

#### ESQUIRE RECOMMENDS...

...some representative soundtracks of music in three banjo styles.

##### Classical

*Paul Godwin* (Twilight Records, 35 Truitt Rd., Montreal, N.J.)

##### Old-time

*A Memorial to Uncle Sam* (Folkways FA 2301); *Uncle Dave Macon* (County 521); *Roscoe Holcomb*, *The High Lonesome Sound* (Folkways FA 2308); *Stuffy Jenkins and Pappy Sherrill*, *33 Years of Pickin' and Fiddlin'* (Rounder 0055); *Clawhammer Blues* (County 701); *Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers* (County 533); *Frank Proffitt Singin' Folk Songs* (Folkways 1300).

##### Bluegrass

*Don Stover*, *Things in Life* (RCA 00141); *Pete and Sonja's Greatest Hits* (Columbia 9178); *Eric Weissberg, Delavaner* (Warner Bros. 2778); *Early Bluegrass* (RCA LP7949); *Don't Dinkie, Dinkie!* (County 2000 Century-Fox 409); *Earl Scruggs: His Family and Friends* (Columbia 16184).

##### Self-instruction Books

*Old-Time Mountain Banjo*, Art Rosenthal, Oak Publications; *How To Play the 5-String Banjo*, Pete Seeger, published by the author; *Earl Scruggs and the 5-String Banjo*, Earl Scruggs, Peer International.

bequest his valuable proven Gibson Masterpiece to his son, who does not play banjo at all. "The only thing he picks," says Stuffy, "is his nose."

Apparently, banjo consciousness was raised after World War II by the emerging popularity of bluegrass and its most famous practitioner, Earl Scruggs. Bluegrass bands may include guitars, fiddles, and mandolins as well as banjos, and the style is syncopated, sharp-toned, and aggressive. Bluegrass tunes are picked with a three-fingered upward rolling motion, called "Scruggs-style picking" after the man who introduced it. Scruggs and his partner, the late Lester Flatt, kept the banjo in the public eye with their tours, recordings, and themes for *The Beverly Hillsbillies* and *Scene and Scene*.

Although in *Delavaner* the setting for *Double Banjo* is a rural front porch, the music was recorded in a studio, amid banks of expensive sound equipment, by an urban Jewish picker named Eric Weissberg. Kyle Creed and Jarrell, Weissberg comes from a musical family; his aunt Rosa Fishman played fiddle with Tennesseans. Before *Double Banjo*, Weissberg recorded on his own for Elektra, backed such artists as Streisand, John Denver, and Judy Collins, and earned \$70,000 yearly by writing and picking commercial singles for such diverse clients as Schecter beer, Metropolitan Life, and the U.S. Army.

Bill Keith, another young picker, hasn't had a record on the charts as yet, but is recognized as one of the most important banjo innovators. Well known as an untrained musician, Keith, like Weissberg, is a lefty. He has built on Scruggs's three-fingered picking style by combining the bluegrass roll with new left-hand positions. "Keith picking" (Keith claims that he and Bobby Thompson actually perfected the technique at about the same time, in the early Sixties) enables the banjo to imitate the sounds of the fiddle, and Keith is now trying to adapt both jazz and blues chords to banjo music.

The current wave of interest in the banjo is directed at both the music and the instrument itself. For those interested in acquiring archives, *Bluegrass* Instrumental Herald, a periodical featuring an extensive classified section for vintage musical instruments, can be ordered from 12704 Barbours Road, Boise, Spring, ID. And those who are interested only as spectators may turn the page for a look at the best of the banjo picker's art.

## The Pick of the Crop



The Gibson RB 250, a contemporary model selling for about \$760, resembles the prized prewar Gibson RB 3.



One-of-a-kind Gibson Top-Tension model, late Thirties.

Below, a Vega Tu-to-phone De Luxe from the 1930's, designed for performers who wished more volume. Considered (along with the Vega Whyte Laydie) ideal for old-timey banjo style.

Below, the Baldwin OOE Style C, about \$625, a contemporary banjo considered superior by bluegrass stylists.



Above left, detail of the Vega Whyte Laydie of the 1920's. Mother-of-pearl was inlaid by hand.



Left, head of Vega Tu-to-phone, showing hand-carved ornamentation.



Above, resonator side of Dairson banjo shown on first page of this article. American Eagle motif was a common one; it is not known whether decoration was added when the instrument was made or later. This model and the other antiques on these pages are from Harry West's collection.

Below, neck and resonator of the contemporary Fender Concertone, about \$900. The Concertone, noted for its high volume, is often used outdoors.



# The Morning After The Saturday Review

by William H. Homan

Nicholas Charney had a great fall, accompanied by the author

## 1. A Wunderkind Named Nick

One morning in January, 1952, I received a call at my desk at the New York Times from a man who identified himself as "Sam Kraus, the executive editor of *Saturday Review*." He said he and a colleague would like to take me to lunch at The Four Seasons because, as he expressed it, "We admire your work and, uh, we want to ask your advice and discuss plans for the future." These are the code words, of course, with which one is invited in the publishing trade to a job interview. "Well . . . sure," I said, looking flattered, and I made a date for later in the week.

The invitation had not caught me unawares. I knew that Norman Cousins, the longtime editor of *Saturday Review*, had resigned recently in a dispute with the new owners of the magazine, and that plans were afoot for a major reorganization and expansion. Obviously, new editorial hands were going to be needed. And so, I thought, why not go to lunch and find out what they have in mind?

What follows is an editor's story—a personal journal concerning one of the funniest, most agonized, challenging and, in the end, most surprisingly lucrative periods of my life. It is also a record of the transformation of the 62-year-old, half-century-old *Saturday Review* into four snappy magazines, specialized monthlies at a cost of nearly \$30,000,000 ("one of the most thorough reorganizations in publishing history . . . with the eyes of the publisher world fixed firmly on them," declared *Newsweek* in November, 1972). The story includes the unprecedented transfer of sixty-five editors, art directors and others across a continent to San Francisco, it concerns the struggle for power between the editors on the one hand, and the producers on the other, and, finally, it is a tale of bumbling and strife and of the decline and collapse of *Saturday Review* Industries in April, 1954, which led to the resignation of the name and misdirection both by Norman Cousins.

I make no claim to the objectivity of the gods. I was a participant in, and merely a witness to, the events I shall describe. I write as one who fought for what he believed in with every available resource (bribery, naturally, to spread the Xerox machine on neighbor then the street).

A few days after receiving Sam Kraus's telephone call, I was sitting down to lunch with Kraus and Nicholas H. Charney, the thirty-one-year-old devotee of psychology who had just become a co-owner of S.R. Kraus, of thirty-seven, was a tense, viry and permanently slumped editor at *Time* magazine whom Charney had

recently hired for the post of creative editor. Throughout the lunch, Kraus chatted amiably, posed casually at his surroundings from beneath heavy eyelids, and said nothing. Nick Charney talked almost maniacally for four hours.

I had heard a good deal about Charney before meeting him. I knew, for example, that he and his partner, John Verocci (they were sometimes mockingly referred to as "The Two Geniuses of Verocci"), had made a commercial killing as the founders of *Psychology Today*, a middlebrow magazine that followed a formula which included popularization of academic papers in the field of psychology and then adorning them with colorful headlines and acerbic, four-color graphics. In 1970, through some fast wheeling and dealing, Charney and Verocci sold *Psychology Today*, *Anthropological Digest*, and some grandly conceived auxiliary divisions to the Basic Consumer conglomerate, and the next year purchased S.R. for themselves and a small group of private investors, soon prompting the departure of Norman Cousins. Such a history did not predispose me to admire Charney, yet I was curious to meet this brain wunderkind of publishing.

He was out of place at The Four Seasons. Short, shaggy-faced, and wearing thick, metal-framed glasses, Charney was dressed in a sloppy, mustard-colored sport jacket and a bright yellow tie that dripped down his shirtfront. He seldom wore like a boyish Midwestern professor of history than a hobnob publisher, and there was something appealing about that. I was also impressed by Charney's extraordinary enthusiasm and reliability. After asking me a few questions about *The Times*, he launched into his recasting spiel. I was interrupted enough to make notes later in the day. His talk went something like this:

"The magazine publishing industry is entering a renaissance." (That set me back since *Look* had just followed *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Culture* to the graveyard.) "Look, Verocci and I are in the forefront of this renaissance. Some people say magazines are in trouble today. Why? Because people don't read them? Wrong! *Look* had a circulation of six and a half million when it failed. It is because postage rates are rising? No. That's just an excuse. Some magazines are in trouble because television can outperform them in advertising. So what's the answer? Simple. Magazines have to get their revenue from a source other than advertising. From readers. Dump up the subscription price. That's how you do it. Peter Drucker, who's a friend of John's and mine, says that by 1980, fifty percent of the G.N.P. will be related to the acqui-

sition and dissemination of knowledge. You can add to that trend today in the market for adult toys and tape cassettes. So that's our strategy with *Saturday Review*—treat the magazine as a system of rapidly retrievable information and make the consumer pay the bill for it. Follow me? We're dividing the weekly *Saturday Review* into four special-interest monthlies. That will quadruple our income. John Verocci and I are launching the "Three Lives" of the Seventies and Eighties. We're moving the company to San Francisco to get away from New York myopia. We plan to expand at a fantastic rate. Each of the monthlies will have its own look club. We already have our own book publishing house. We'll acquire other magazines, too. Several deals are pending right now. Suffice it to say, we have very big plans. John Verocci and I have the only real success story in magazine publishing in the last decade. One of our moves is that we're smart enough to leave the editing of our magazine to professional editors like you. We ask the editors to leave the publishing decisions to us because that's what we understand. You follow me?"

After four hours of such talk, it occurred to me that there was a good bit of blarney in Nick Charney, but I was also glad to have met this ebullient entrepreneur who actually liked the publishing business. He wasn't in it out of a sense of duty or high-mindedness; he was in magazine publishing for ladies and profits.

And while there were some shrewd changes in his strategy, his strategy was by Frank Smith, his strategy. In addition, although I doubted the wisdom of publishing a national magazine out in San Francisco (most nationally known writers and artists, after all, live in or near New York City), I could not help but be entranced by the prospect of setting up shop in "everybody's favorite city." The greatest of the attractions he was offering, of course, was the chance to create a new magazine. His proposal was that I join S.R. as general managing editor, taking charge of all new ventures. The new monthly magazine he explained, would begin editorially within the weekly, one after another in rotation, and then expand and be spun off as independent magazines. When that happened, Nick said, I would be in a strong position to run the monthlies, one of which would be called *Saturday Review* of The Seventies and which would deal with cultural affairs. (The other three monthlies in the S.R. "family" would be named S.R. of The Arts, S.R. of Education and S.R. of The Sciences.) Two weeks after my luncheon, I read my salary: \$40,000, of which \$5,000 was "to be paid at the end of the first twelve months of employment." Stock options: 125,000, which Nick said would be worth ten times that value within five years. (I didn't believe him, but what the hell.) Corporate, twenty-four months, during which period if I was dismissed the company "shall promptly pay the sum of \$25,000." Travel and entertainment allowance: anything reasonable, including at least six one-week trips to Washington, D.C., or New York since the company moves to San Francisco. Release clause: the company pays everything, even the cost of transporting my twenty-one-foot Bergeles sleep Sloop.

## 2. Doodles on the Master Plan

S.R.'s office at 580 Madison Avenue was a palatial one I entered on the first of March. In a burst of enthusiasm for the coming "renaissance," Nick had hired a "task force" of two dozen young people and

assigned them the job of planning and editing the four new monthlies which, by the time my arrival, were already appearing as pulping experiments within the weekly magazine. Not one of these new people on the staff, I was a little dumfounded to learn, had had as much as a day's experience editing a major national magazine.

Accordingly, baffled as they were, they were making a mess of things. The magazine had become a hodgepodge of the old and the new. Cousins' old staff was printing out cranky personal columns, reviews (characteristically two weeks too late), and windy, wandering feature stories. The new people were producing unimpressive editorial pieces as articles, articles printed as editorials, and whatever else the copy department might dredge out of a bottom drawer to fill a given issue.

In addition, the office atmosphere was sparking animosity with particular venom among the young crew, who were bitterly resented by the old-timers. Norman Cousins had left behind a largely oblivious to these feelings, the young people rioted at their private jobs and blithely danced on the toes of the old folks, while the latter occasionally let out a shriek of pain and indignation.

Amidst all this, Ron Kraus, frequently rolling his eyes in despair under those heavy eyelids, was trying to keep the peace and get out next week's issue.

I took to drawing up my own plan for the future. By the end of March, I had a rough concept of a four-page memo entitled "Reorganizing the Weekly *Saturday Review*" and distributed it to Nick, Ron, John Verocci and Ben Wurth (the bearded West Coast art director). Nick and John had brought with them from *Psychology Today* an effort to impose a measure of order on the magazine. I proposed that we divide the coming weekly into three distinct sections—"S.R. Up Front," which would consist of four or five short, sharply pointed pieces dealing with the week's news, then a feature section to contain the special-interest supplements, taking up the rest of the magazine. The "S.R. Reviews," which would put together the reviews of books, movies, plays and so forth which were scattered throughout the magazine. Any of the old features and columns during from the editorship of Norman Cousins which did not fit the new plan, I declared, must be discarded. A few of the old columnists had already resigned; some Cousins had recently announced that he was launching a new magazine, *World*.

Nick reacted to the memo with enthusiasm. "There is our master plan," he said. A couple of days after the plan was written, at a meeting of three-day sessions attended by about thirty-five writers at Garrettsville, I reported to Nick and John that the plan was written at the meeting. The new issue of June 5, complete with new typefaces and new department headings, some of which were painstakingly hand-lettered by Ben Wurth, was ready to go to press the night before.

The editorial I wrote began, "This is the kind of editorial that every editor dreams of having: the chance to write it seems to be a birth announcement. . . ."



In the process of giving birth, and in helping to hire some new talent such as Edith Fremont-Smith to take charge of the book reviews, I had pretty well devoted myself of a job. And so I went to Nick, explained the situation, and said it was time for him to name an editor of S.R. of Eastern Society. He agreed to my offer. A new contract was drafted and signed on July 1, 1952, not off to hire a staff for what was to be the greatest monthly magazine the world had ever known. I may not have achieved that goal, but I did wind up with the greatest staff.

I grew to love Nick better during that time. I discovered a trust in him which at first I accepted as an interesting and even somewhat refreshing mark of character, but which gradually gave me cause for concern. For example, I recall one evening over drinks with Nick and his wife Ann in the Rough Rider Room at the Hotel Brown, when a small, dark, middle-aged, florid-faced man came up to Nick, who was wearing that sloppy mustard-colored sport jacket again, and said belittlingly: "Hey, brother, I don't like the way you dress." Nick brushed the situation diplomatically, but I thought I detected in his reaction afterward a little piece—a taking of delight in the fact that no inconsequential a thing as his manner of dress had provoked this evidently typical specimen of Ivy League mentality to lose his cool and thereby expose for all to see the narrowness of Eastern snobdom. When I called on Ann several times to discuss the affairs of Nick's new evening at a New York City literary gathering, I had just introduced him to a group of editors for whom I had worked or written at one time or another, and who happened to be standing in a circle—Edith Hammer, then national affairs editor and new managing editor of *Newswatch*; Don Erickson, then managing editor and new editor of *Register*; and Lewis Bernstein, editor of *The New York Times Magazine*. "Jesus, you guys all know each other," said Nick, taking a step backward. "It really is an interlocking directorate!" He was smiling, but I could tell that he was not at all the evening, he ignored everyone at the party except a nineteen-year-old secretary whose name, as I recall, was Valeria. Later, I tried to explain to Nick that even though some editors knew each other, they did not all know each other, but he said that he would not.

Nick's hostility toward me, and perhaps fear of "the Eastern journalistic establishment" also came out one night when he discussed our forthcoming move to San Francisco. Before that, I had never been able to get a satisfactory answer to my question of why I should be vital for us to move west even before we had successfully launched the new magazines. If his object were to escape "New York zephera," I used to ask, why had he left exclusively New York City editors and art directors? No answer. Once, Nick remarked that material help was always the Coast that New York. But of course that seemed a trivial consideration. Another time, he hinted to me very confidentially that his real purpose was to escape the clutches of the New York Newspaper Guild. Do still another occasion, Nick hinted that his experience publishing *Psychology Today* from an office in Del Mar, California, proved that magazine publishing was better off done outside of New York City. Then one evening, speaking at a stag dinner for some of the principals of the company, and after having drained a couple of drinks (a rarity for Nick), he told me that the Coast was the real place for his editors. "Well, you're based all the bolshoi reasons for moving to California. Do you want to know the real reason? I like it there!" There was an accusatory, passionate tone in his voice. It occurred to me that

that the main reason for our move to San Francisco was that Nick wanted to teach a lesson to this sophisticated group of New Yorkers, sneered at if he had a score to settle with them, or with "the Eastern journalistic establishment" whom they represented.

### 3. Westward, huh?

Never before in the history of publishing, so far as I know, has a major national magazine picked up and moved across a continent—without so much as running its name in the process. We were the first. And, while I hope no one is going enough to want to become the second, the remarkable truth to report about our move is that it wasn't the chaotic mess one might expect. The reason it came off relatively smoothly, I think, is that we had been galvanized with terror about it for months in advance, and the moon-bound moonlight, when it showed up, was not as much of a nuisance as virtue out of something editors unanimously abhorred—redundancy. The Society staff Xeroxed everything we could possibly need for our forthcoming September issue (it was to be the "premier" issue of our new monthly), not merely every manuscript, every head, every tabbed, every line in the index and photo-credit book, but even pages of reference books, newspaper clippings and all kinds of source material. I learned on the plane that Nick was not a breakfast containing a copy of all this material in one day of what we had to do in one or two typewriters in San Francisco. The earlier should become late. Another editor took an earlier flight with a similar packet. Happily, none of this backup material was needed. Galleys were waiting for us when we arrived in San Francisco. So was an array of nearly two dozen temporary secretaries, typists, clerks, and switchboard operators, all of our own typewriters and office equipment which had been shipped out air freight, and a temporary office since our new building was not yet put ready.

Meanwhile, S.R. moved about sixty-five editors, all the writers, most of the book reviewers and business people to San Francisco in August, 1952. Some came alone; others brought wives, children, dogs, dog parties, roller skates and barrels of chips. At least a dozen automobiles were shipped inside our fleet of moving vans. But we did not have a general responsibility for the general managing editor who was responsible was to take charge of "S.R. Up Front!" shipped their two globe retrievers. Edith Fremont-Smith sent 330 cartons of books. My suitcase crossed the country on top of a different editor's trunk. The move went out S.R. at least a quarter of a million dollars.

Life in this chaos, white and by night—genialists like only was a delight for us New Yorkers, so accustomed to grime and to the pressure of crowds. The people who were entering and another person. San Francisco was full of young people, and the state side of cable cars, strolling arm-in-arm through the streets in just-for-the-fish-of-it costumes, playing discs or practicing salsa in the parks—and their presence gave the city a feeling of gaiety. Nothing very serious seemed to be taking place, but there was joy in the air.

Our new building, when it was finally ready for occupancy, was decidedly a creature of California—and of Nick's imagination. Built in the 1890's as a four-story brick fireproof stable, it was remodelled by Nick at a cost of \$600,000. The way that it seemed to possess the exuberant cheerful quality of a Disney land, or of a brightly accented playpen. At Nick's command, the architects placed skylights on the roof, cut away most of the center of each floor and inserted

huge glassless wells which permitted the building to be suffused with light. Some of the offices, including mine, were weirdly shaped. Some were round (mine was only half round) and some had round windows. Office doors were painted shocking purple, red and yellow. Giant air-conditioning pipes, painted bright red, orange and yellow, dows and swooped throughout the building. There happened to be a junction of these huge red pipes in one corner of my office which, when viewed from the proper position, appeared to be a robot-like female body with legs sloped upward. Someone remarked that I got a parlor for use of the "legs". I could never find any quite large enough.

Likably as it may seem amid all these distractions, we were publishing, I believe, magazines of an unusually high quality in the late Hammer and Fall of 1952. Society's most important accomplishment was the prospect, they came to believe, was a merger with *McGraw-Hill*. As Richard Lippman, who had been enough in capital to run the company for ten years, "We worked on that acquisition," he told me, "until last month when finally the deal fell out of me. I don't know why. I just hesitated. And then the president of McGraw-Hill came to see us and we agreed to do it, and we paid the one million we owed him in one week; he would stop printing the magazines. We were frantic. After a few days, we convinced him to give us six months by letting us pay work by week so at least the debt wouldn't increase. So then we had maybe nine months to get the deal done. We had to raise the money we needed for millions to pay the other creditors and keep the company alive. We just about went down the tubes. You'll never know how close it came."

the previous Mr. Nick, he told me, and John Vennals had been in a wild, sickle-crover ride, for it was such then that they realized that they were in desperate financial difficulties. For one thing, Nick said, they were unaware when they bought S.R. that of its \$50,000 subscriptions, some 350,000 had been sold through a promotion scheme which left the magazine as little as one cent per copy. For another thing, he went on to say, he and John had discovered that starting four virtually new magazines was a great deal more costly than they had ever imagined. "It's the old two and a half rule," he said. "Every new venture turns out to take twice as long to get started as you first thought, takes twice as much money and is only half as profitable."

As a result of these problems, the two of them had been encouraging the country in a desperate attempt to raise capital and find old creditors. Their prospect, they came to believe, was a merger with McGraw-Hill. As Richard Lippman, who had been enough in capital to run the company for ten years, "We worked on that acquisition," he told me, "until last month when finally the deal fell out of me. I don't know why. I just hesitated. And then the president of McGraw-Hill came to see us and we agreed to do it, and we paid the one million we owed him in one week; he would stop printing the magazines. We were frantic. After a few days, we convinced him to give us six months by letting us pay work by week so at least the debt wouldn't increase. So then we had maybe nine months to get the deal done. We had to raise the money we needed for millions to pay the other creditors and keep the company alive. We just about went down the tubes. You'll never know how close it came."

"What did you do to it?" I asked, a little awed. "We had to go back to the money we had raised. (Louis Marx Jr. of the Marx toy fortune; Dan Laffin, co-founder of the investment banking house of Donaldson, Laffin & Zetser; and then Connecticut's Commissioner of Industrial Production, and Rock Lee and Corp., a venture-capital concern dominated by the Wertheim family.) We had to go back to the money we needed for millions to pay the other creditors and keep the company alive. We just about went down the tubes. You'll never know how close it came."

### 4. Our Very Own Earthquake

San Francisco, last if not forgotten, is earthquake country, and we first began to feel the ground shake beneath our feet in early October. The first tremors were registered by writers and artists who happened to be in about and recording their checks. One day I learned that my photographer was dragging his feet "because we owe him \$44,000." Later, I heard a rumor that we owed about a million dollars to the McGraw Publishing Company of Dayton, Ohio, which manufactured our magazines. Don afterwards, Sam Krus assumed as one of his responsibilities for the editorial staff was to find out that he had been told by Nick, who was then in New York City, that there was indeed "something of a budget crisis," and that Nick was asking all managing editors to prepare to cut their budgets by ten percent.

I learned the extent of these tremors a few days later when Nick returned to California and said not to breakfast for a talk. We spent the entire morning together. I was saddened by what I learned. Ever since

### 5. Thunderbolt Tossing with the Wizard of Clovermont

Nick beamed back in a few days, full of vim and vigor, announcing that he was "now going to play an active role in editing the magazines." What, we wondered, ap-

phenomenon, could that mean? We began to find out shortly when Nick told us he had engaged Peter Drucker as an editorial consultant. Nick had introduced me to Drucker back in New York so I had some idea of what he was all about. A management consultant, futurologist and political conservative, Tomas-de-la-Peter Drucker had recently returned as a professor of management at N.Y.U.'s Graduate School of Business and moved to California where he was teaching courses at Claremont College, running with his business and writing future forecasts and teaching John Vorhaus (the man who had been the student editor of Drucker's at N.Y.U., and consequently, when "the boys," as Drucker himself referred to Nick and John, began publishing *Psychology Today* in nearby Del Mar, California, they adopted Drucker as their very own guru. Drucker filed them down as either a great idea or a great idea who had been laboring under formidable difficulties (two names in five months, etc.). Accordingly, I devoted the weekend to composing an eighteen-page point-by-point refutation, where appropriate labeling Drucker's remarks "bitch" — being very damning charges with no elegant wholeness or indistinctness, and concluding with this appeal: "There is only one way for management to deal with an editor, any editor, in order to get the best out of him: treat him. It comes to that. Treat him. If management cannot do that, there is another alternative: terminate pay. There can be no middle ground."

Use by one, Nick sent his managing editors out to Claremont to ask the Master's first series of questions which provided some troubling. Ron Krass, the first to go, returned with the very comment: "I didn't get the impression that Drucker was very interested in anything I had to say." John Poppy, the Drucker editor was next; he came back and told a couple of us that Drucker was a man given to Polonaise-style colloquies who sometimes went as far as to disconnect his hearing aid when Poppy began to reply. Drucker steadily couldn't wait for the rest of us to make the pilgrimage since he soon flew to San Francisco for a week to teach with the managing editors he had yet to meet — managing to get to the airport already described. It was at this point that Nick announced that Drucker had been analyzing our magazine for the past six months and that he had prepared a very longish thirty-nine-page critique which Nick now would be sending to his editors. Five such critiques followed. Friday, November 18, numbered copies of this document were distributed to each of the five major editors (including Books editor Forrest Smith). We were instructed to read it over the weekend and then let it sit. The next morning, we were asked to join Drucker on the following Tuesday for "a three- to four-hour discussion" of his memo.

When I read what Drucker had written I was furious. His critique seemed to be an attack on everything we had achieved in the past six years. Drucker's, actually, was pretty funny. For example, John Poppy, the only real Californian among us, and an outspoken critic of "the cultural imperialism of New York City," was accused by Drucker of giving expression to "the New York Syndrome" at its extreme. Drucker had admitted the point that we had been talking about, but selected such facile subjects as furniture design in California, when, in fact, Poppy had devoted so much space over the previous months to that precise topic that his staff had begun seeking him of "West Coast events." Much of the rest of Drucker's criticisms of the magazine dealt with a story that had actually appeared in *Society*.

Drucker's most amusing words fell upon *S.R.* Up Front, edited by Rick Corley, and which, in my estimation, was the most imaginative and best-edited por-

tion of all four magazines. Drucker ripped into *S.R.* Up Front as "badly done editorially... often poorly written... and far too often written with sentimentality and spite." No illustrations were given to support these accusations.

After mangling an editorial I'd written for the premier issue of the *Society* magazine, Drucker dove into the *Society* with only a little less scorn than he had visited upon *Up Front*. "Our magazine," I am sorry to say, "is wrote of *Society*, 'as is a way the imagination of the last page of the *Society* like a dead. And that is 'a suicide mission.' Once again, an evidence in support of the accusation was offered."

I was provoked at Nick for having dignified such stuff by circulating it among his editors, and provided at last, especially for having inflicted irresponsible criticism upon a group of editors who had been laboring under formidable difficulties (two names in five months, etc.). Accordingly, I devoted the weekend to composing an eighteen-page point-by-point refutation, where appropriate labeling Drucker's remarks "bitch" — being very damning charges with no elegant wholeness or indistinctness, and concluding with this appeal: "There is only one way for management to deal with an editor, any editor, in order to get the best out of him: treat him. It comes to that. Treat him. If management cannot do that, there is another alternative: terminate pay. There can be no middle ground."

I had my rebuttal typed Monday morning, then Xeroxed thirty copies and handed a copy to Nick's secretary and to every major editor in the building. If it was to be a war of editors, I thought I knew how to use the Xerox machine as well as Nick. I left the office confident that I had delivered myself of a veritable Webster's Reply to Hogue, and that evening and the next morning was gratified to receive calls and handwritten congratulations from colleagues. It remained to be seen, however, how Nick's editor would respond. At my office on Tuesday the next morning, looking either a little bleary or drowsy (I couldn't tell which), with Drucker in tow. The letter opened with a good-natured, professional chuckle and then came forth with another of his barbed-sticklet formulations, affirming his belief that we had "succeeded in five out of six issues." He then quoted the line of us into Ron's office where we were joined by the regular Tuesday group. Nick began the meeting by remarking that he had been unusually pleased with my reply to Drucker's memo "because it's an example of an editor who really cares about his magazine." With that, the promised "three- to four-hour discussion" of Drucker's memo dissolved, and Nick and Drucker proceeded to leave us with an all-morning-long business-school lecture which included the best insights of the Human Relations Institute. Several topics could easily divide the thoughts of those who worked under us. And that was the end of Peter Drucker. We never saw him again, although from time to time Nick would make a remark that sounded to me as if the Wizard of Claremont had been whispering in his ear. Our staff could not believe to me privately that his behavior in Drucker had been "a disaster."

#### 8. Adventures in the Nonlinear Mode

I came out of the Drucker controversy elated with victory, and yet, at the end of the year, it was clear that Nick, who had shown himself capable of falling for someone like Drucker, and who now made it clear that he intended to play editor, was all too capable of visiting other, perhaps worse, such acts upon us. Accord-

ingly, I thought, I must quickly follow this success with a further move to insure that no editor of this Nick I believed I understood him well enough to know how to proceed. Nick, for all his intellectual virtuosity, was never an original thinker. His gift was the quickness with which he could grasp, integrate and articulate information and ideas—usually from other people. The first, therefore, it occurred to me to do was to expose him to the right sort of people—instead of name-dangle Peter Drucker, why not the really superb staff of editors we had brought with us to California? One evening over dinner, I suggested that he take such member of the Society staff out to lunch. Nick liked the idea and started making dates a day or two later. Unfortunately, the lunches went badly. Wade Green, whom I'd named assistant managing editor of *Society*, came back from his lunch meeting that Nick asked would me to let him get a word in with me. I told him to come and I called him "Buddy." Buddy, the son of a friend, a recent Princeton graduate who was built like Apollo and served as a researcher for *Society*, another researcher on the *Arts* magazine who looked like a Hollywood starlet, her husband, a former professional jazz musician who was an editor in Denver, and Nick's administrative secretary. They made a handsome group indeed.

A short while later, I heard that this same group was spending weekends at Nick's place in Bolinas and was better seen with him at San Francisco nightclubs. This was the beginning of the last time I heard around the office of "the Nick Chamber Fox Club," or "the Princeton Guard," and it was the end. I was disappointed to realize, of Nick's effort to get to know the media-makers and, pretty much the end, too, of my magazine of "valuelessness."

The more serious to become with his dislike of beautiful and bar-brained underlings, the more he found it to be disdainful of the professional circle upon whom much of the success of our enterprise depended. There were two in this latter group, in particular, who embodied Nick's dislike of the media-makers and of the best of us. In different ways, I think each epitomized for Nick "the Eastern journalistic establishment." The first was Bob Corley—thirty-seven, tall, autodidactically smart, shrewd, with a marvelous musical first instinct, believed in two books of his, when we knew young Corley job as managing editor of *Horizon* to succeed me as general managing editor and ran *S.R. Up Front*. It is entirely possible that Nick, at least unconsciously, held against him his mother's—the fact, for example, that he is the son of the literary critic Malcolm Cowley and that his wife Susan is the daughter of the socialist John Cheever, and that the Cowleys moved in circles to which Nick did not have access. Or perhaps it grated on Nick that the Cowleys flaunted their aristocratic ways—Susan would put up Bob at the office, leaving their three-year-old son, the "little lord," to be taken care of by waiting into the office with the golden retrievers prancing at her side. In any event, when Drucker contacted *S.R. Up Front* in November, Nick asked the

occasion to disband the section and reduce Bob to an assistant managing editor of the editorial staff. This rearrangement grossly annoyed him (After his new job with distraction, even though Nick had stage-managed the shift in a particularly crafty way by throwing it over to us at a breakfast meeting at Ron Krass's home in San Jose to which all the principal editors and their wives were invited).

The other superb editor who especially seemed to antagonize Nick was Richard Levine—thirty-two, dark, intense, bony, excitingly brilliant and a former associate foreign-affairs editor of *New York Times*. His problem with Nick may well have arisen from the fact that Richard, a protégé of David Halliburton, seemed too well connected for comfort with New York's Jewish intellectual world, much as Bob Corley represented to Nick the Eastern W.A.S.P. literary establishment. In any event, Richard's close friendship with Nick, Richard happened to make the remark that a magazine "should play the role of adversary—cross-examine, criticize, and accept the official view of things." It was one of the few times I saw Nick look his temper. He flung out editorial plan across the room at Richard and proceeded to describe it, not that concept (which for some reason made Nick furious) had been stated in the plan. Richard was beautiful. He just stood up, bonneted a cigarette from someone next to him, then asked for a light from another person, and then said "I don't know what you want and very clearly that if this idea weren't in the editorial plan it should be."

Soon after the Drucker episode, Nick made his second attempt to take "an active role in editing the magazine." What he did was commander Ron Krass and regular Tuesday-Evening staff to Claremont, pushing Ron's desk against the wall to make room for the influx of chairs, parking year-to-year in Ron's own swivel chair, and having his own secretary distribute agendas for each meeting.

It was during this occupation with silent resignation I did believe he ever attempted to articulate his feelings—at least not to any of his colleagues. I did get a sense of what was going on inside him, however, when I happened to be sitting next to Ron at one of the "Red" Tuesday-Evening meetings at which Nick held his "holistic" discussions. One day he seemed to be dissatisfied with a red ball-point pen on a desk, sketching a red devil with horns.

The trouble with Nick as editor in chief was that what he wished to communicate to the staff was a confusion of ideas. He was not a good speaker and he could never seem to grasp the difference. I recall, for example, one day when Nick telephoned me and started off the conversation by explaining that one of the critical factors in launching a new magazine is the "totality of the business plan." I said, "What do you mean by that?" He said, "I mean the business plan. And, he said, he had an idea which could be a "great result" with the Saturday Review of *The Society*; namely, to change the name to *Saturday Review of Future Shock*. It would be easy to get subscribers for a magazine with a name like that. What did I think? I said, "I think it would be a disaster idea. After all, I asked, was he proposing to call our *Edmonton* magazine *Saturday Review of Edmonton Shock*? Well, Nick said, maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all, but he was determined to go ahead and run a test on it anyway. The test would be to call back some of the subscribers with attention to one of my colleagues (that he had made such a proposal).

That was the sort of leadership we got from Nick. He once took the staff of

(Continued on page 208)



# Lighting Without Fear

by Barbara Plumb

When God said, "Let there be light," He forgot to mention plugmold strips

Right now, ask yourself if your living room is as satisfying and functional at night as it is during the daytime. Not by a long shot, right? Well, be assured you are not alone. Lighting is probably the greatest home-furnishing failure in the average home today, and the word "barfahome" is used advisedly. You may think of tables and chairs as furnishings, but reality is in perspective, too. A desk can hardly be perceived as a desk if it is as badly lighted as you can't work at it. Today, lighting designers have sophisticated the functional use of light to the point where furnishing with light has become as integral a part of home decorating as furniture and art objects. Which is all well and good if you're a lighting designer, albeit of the countless recent advances in lighting technology, but it can be pretty unsettling if you're not. In an attempt to bring yourself up to date on current lighting developments, you may have paid a visit to your local lighting store only to find it a most intimidating (and helpful) experience. There, on display, are spots, tracks, chandeliers, lamps and bulbs in more sizes and shapes than you would have thought possible, let alone necessary. If seeing them all together has left you with a severe case of photophobia, take heart. Despite all the lighting ferment that has taken place, the fundamental techniques of lighting are simple enough to be encompassed in this four-page guide to overcome your fears and leave you with a living room in which to live happily ever after dark.

To begin with, you should determine how elaborate a lighting scheme you require and use effort, as with other elements of interior decoration, lighting units can cost a bundle if you go all out. However, you can also achieve a tasteful and well-lighted living room at moderate cost by formulating an overall plan and

adopting to your own needs the techniques used by lighting designers for expensive installations. In determining your lighting scheme, you should first consider general illumination for the three basic functions most living rooms serve: seating, conversing and entertaining. Lighting designers consider reflected light to be the best general illumination because it gives the best glow. Reflected light is obtained through two methods: exposed lighting (table and floor lamps) and concealed lighting. Since floor and table lamps not only occupy space but also become objects in their own right vying for attention with art or furniture, concealed lighting is today far and away the preference of lighting designers.

Concealed lighting can be as simple as hiding four up-light cans with three-way bulbs in the corners of your room or placing sphere-shaped wall-washers onto behind furniture, both of which house reflected light off the ceiling and down into the room. It can also be as elaborate as the dramatic yet highly functional multi-light canopy in the New York City apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Slovic, seen in the photographs opposite and below. As Mrs. Slovic says, "The canopy is part of the architectural solution to furnishing our apartment." While you may not be interested in such an architectural solution, you may well want to adapt the architectural principles behind it. The pioneer modern architect Le Corbusier, a passionate advocate of the importance of lighting to design, once said, "Architecture is the conscious, correct and magnificent play of masses brought together in light. Our eyes are made to see forms in light, light and shade reveal these forms; cubes, cones, spheres, cylinders or pyramids are the great primary forms which light reveals to advantage." If your living room functions also as a din-

## Multi-light Canopy

The room is far less, but the rest of the three-section, full moon with opposite and all lights in all business. recessed downlights and table spots give general illumination, highlight art and provide task lighting for the room's dining, dining and work areas. Downers and separate overalls provide unlimited variations in space and mood. Remnants of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Slovic, New York City. Architects: Mayers & Schill, New York.

Photographed by John Hall





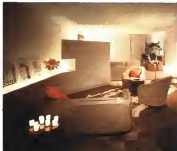
ing room and workroom, as does the Slovins', you can use light architecturally to define space and, in effect, create rooms of light. "The ceiling gives us a series of possible combinations of light," says Mrs. Slovin.

"The desk can be lit by itself, and I can work there with the rest of the lights virtually off and have a feeling of warmth and intimacy even in a large space. I will use the sidelights in the living-room area for cocktail parties with no downlights on the table. And vice versa, with the sidelights off and the downlights on the table, it gives the sense of a dining room."

All the Slovins' lights are controlled by dimmers. No matter what lighting scheme you choose, it is wise to put a dimmer on the switch. Dimmers today are quite reasonable and give the maximum potential for changing light intensity to suit your mood, the occasion or the time of day. Finally, a word of warning about room should you contemplate using it: it requires a high voltage and makes an enormous humming sound. The Slovins use it only for an occasion. "For large parties it has a tremendous dramatic impact, and the sound isn't intrusive."

## In-Shelf Unit

A long, horizontal Plexiglas shelf adds drama to the passive serenity of reflected light, as seen in the diagram, a plug-in cord strip with 15-watt frosted bulbs is recessed in the base of the shelf, housing light up through the translucent top. Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Black, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Lighting designer: John S. Kaufman, New York.



## Cove Lighting

For overall illumination, the walls of the 100-year-old Connecticut farmhouse are washed with light from a playboard strip concealed behind a soffit, as shown in the diagram. For cove lighting, use either 15- or 25-watt frosted bulbs or 28-watt reflector bulbs placed in socket adapters. Architects: Robert A. M. Stern and John S. Kaufman, New York.



The three other excellent ways to illuminate your room with reflected light that are illustrated on this and the facing page all owe their being to an extremely versatile lighting development called a playboard strip. Playboard strips come in a wide variety of lengths, with outlets set six inches apart. Pendant lamps can be plugged directly into the outlet, and by using a socket adapter you can use practically any size bulb.

Cove lighting, in which playboard strips are mounted behind a cornice or in the crown at top, creates an attractive wall or window area with light and has the added advantage of providing even lighting for paintings and wall-mounted sculptures. Since cove lighting creates a great shadow box, you can mount your paintings around at will and they will always be properly lit. A spot, of course, is more effective for highlighting a single important painting.

Walls can also be washed with light from beneath by mounting playboard strips in a shelf with a frosted glass or opal acrylic plastic top, as seen below. And, of course, there is no reason why you should not use a combination of cove and on-shelf lighting. The more

lighting options you have, the greater the variation in atmosphere that you can create. And with dimmers to control the intensity, you cannot overlight.

The first principle of how to illuminate your room with reflected light, seen below, does indeed employ a dual combination of playboard strip lighting. To reflect light off the rug, a ribbon of light is installed beneath the seating unit; to reflect light off the ceiling, the blue plastic covering is bordered with tubular reflector bulbs. Which brings us back to expanded lighting. Although many lighting designers and architects stand firmly against the bare bulb because they believe concealed light sources make people look and feel better, architect Paul Rudolph stands just as firmly for it. "You can transform a room with a veil of light put on all

If your living room is white, you can afford a big globe sock as a Japanese paper lumina because the reflections will fill in the shadows almost everywhere. However, if your room is painted dark, you will need several smaller sources of light since your walls give you very little help by way of reflection. If there is a textured surface, such as a piece of fabric or a brick or stone wall, that you want to define, incandescent is a better lighting source than fluorescent. Fluorescent, while it gives less heat and three to four times more light than incandescent for the same amount of power, tends to produce a bright but monotonous space. For task lighting, such as reading, a table lamp over the left shoulder is recommended. And, don't forget, some other general illumination should always be in the

## Light Bands

CONTINUOUS-STRIP lighting is put to a dual use. The ceiling is bordered with a playboard strip of 15-watt tubular reflector bulbs in socket adapters. A smaller strip borders the window and becomes light of the rug. Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maurita Edenshien, New York City. Architects: Paul Rudolph, New York.



sides of it," he says. "Suspending a white electrical cord with a reflector-type bulb every six inches from a playboard eight inches set from the wall creates a new kind of architecture, displacement in the sense that you can see the old architecture through it."

If you feel more comfortable with exposed lighting, by all means use it; you will not be making a mistake from a lighting standpoint. Floor and table lamps do an excellent job of bouncing light off the ceiling and spreading it out horizontally at the optimum two-to-four-foot level. You should, however, bear in mind the following facts: Translucent silk lampshades are the best light diffusers, followed by linen and paper. Plastic is not ranked high. Opaque shades, although they have been useful from time to time, should be avoided since they sacrifice the horizontal diffusing quality necessary for proper room illumination. In selecting your lamps, beware of the gimmicky. Many portable lamps today are design objects rather than high-quality light-producing instruments. As lighting designer Paul Muenster says, "It's a sad era of design when everything looks funky but you can't see to read."

room to eliminate eyestrain caused by excessive light-dark contrasts. The same goes for television viewing. For general illumination, however, a reasonable number of light-and-dark contrasts gives a room visual interest, whereas relatively even lighting makes a room somewhat boring.

About bulbs. Lighting designer John Fisher recommends the use of colored bulbs instead of white for general illumination. "White in lighting a house is very yellow," he says. "Pink can make a room more pleasant and attractive." You might also consider playing with color in light. You can change the color of your walls and furnishings with different colored bulbs on two or three sockets to reflect all these. Simply by throwing a switch you can modulate your color spectrum from pinks to oranges to warm shades of white. If you need specific, detailed information about lighting and are prepared to spend a maximum of \$25 an hour, you can hire a lighting consultant. But with these general facts you should be able to develop an overall plan for furnishing your living room with light and then face your best lighting glare without fear. ■

# Rugged Country Gear

Whether you take to the country on Old Paint or in new Pinto, here is Esquire's roundup of range-inspired suburban wear to keep you well-dressed and weather-wise. The outdoorsman below is rain-ready in a sport raincoat by Jaeger (\$75) with Pringle scarf, over a Gino Paoli turtle-neck and Jaeger trousers. His riding cap is by Herbert Johnson, the riding gloves from Mark Cross. Hunting World pouch. In the insert, he wears a traditional riding raincoat of rubberized cotton (\$57) and cowboy hat by Miller's, Polo sweater, Rafael corduroy trousers (\$40) and a Canterbury belt.



## Big Shearlings

For warm, sturdy trench coats with the shearling look, these two are in a nose-to-nose finish. On this page, Beged-Or's wide-lapel, pigskin-suede leather coat (\$300) with a Glenoit simulated-shearling lining. The checked trousers are by Polo, the cashmere scarf by Pringle. Opposite, Polo's oversize brown leather and natural shearling trench coat (\$650). Under it, he wears a Ballantyne champagne-colored turtleneck sweater. His hat is by Hunting World.



## Winter Whites

Good guys wear white, as seen in two great suburban coats. Opposite, our hero picks Lakeland's white shearling coat (\$135). Both his black rubber boots (\$24.50) and his cowboy hat are by Miller's. The turtleneck and scarf are from Giovannelli. Gloves by Gates. On this page, he steps out in an off-white shearling coat (by Boged-Or (\$380) and a turtleneck by Jager. Brown New Cross gloves and a Jaupé Miller's cowboy hat (\$11.50) add color contrast.





## Easy Riders

There are three handsome lightweight leathers for walking stylishly into the sunset. At left, two indoor-outdoor soft suede jackets; top, Bert Palsey's shirt jacket (\$145) worn with McGregor coe dandy pants; bottom, Robert Lewis' safari jacket (\$135) over a Giovannelli turtleneck and Rafael suede cotton slacks. At right, a narrow-cut leather coat from Barnabie (\$180). The sweater is by Jaeger (\$40), and the dandy's hair trousers are by Polo (\$65). The horse to kiss at sunset is from Deep Hollow Stables in Montauk, Long Island, New York.







a sealifeater making him an honorary member of the Seafooders of the Confederation (he had that framed and hung on his wall). The Confederation awarded President Rouse about American life here in the 1940s. I was glad to get that "mostenjoyable citizen of the year" (last annual American Veterans Committee award, Citizenship Day celebration) since I took a lot of time off from my job and birthday to go to Riverside, California, to accept a redwood bench set at the foot of the world's tallest tree (184 feet) with a plaque reading, in part, "Dedicated to Bernard J. Bush, philosopher, philanthropist, sainted American, a sealifeater is that for his sealifeater." That same year, the New York World Tribune named Rouse as one of the 100 most important people in the world.

The following year, when he was eighty-three, he attended a Danny Kaye reunion at the Palace movieville theater in New York, during which Kaye introduced him as "one of the greatest Americans of all times," whose name will go ringing down the corridors of history. I'm not sure that could have been unqualified by the recipient, who stood up and bowed, said thank you, shook hands and clapped by the audience during a two-minute session. When he was eighty-one, he was still at it, writing a letter to Corb & De Mille and he sent an advertisement as a contribution for the film, *The Two Cent menagerie*.

Well, he was an old man who had missed the best in history. He was convinced that he had not been Jewish but could have been Freudian, and I suspect he was right. Certainly, he would have been as wise as I am and I would be better than some. Still, on the balance sheet, I think we have to consider that he made his fortune from insurance, which demands, especially in the 1940s, a lot of money to be able to offer—and that he was either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the harrowing American, international, Jewish American and to Africa, of the moment. Only the profits reflected him, in the manner of his public expression of noble concern for "the rights of the individual man," etc. (One example alone he even proved that King Leopold whose atrocious program was viewed in the Belgium Congo shocked the whole Western European Spain and Leopold founded the Secret International Protection of Minorities in Congo and other several resources—this was to subvert, poison him, in the nefarious House of Lords and the murder of Patrice Lumumba—and Bush and his Guephre, joined the venture, the former considering that diamonds were found, "making the risk a good investment.")

Was he an advocate of democracy, disturbed by discrepancy between theory and practice? I remember an evening at his house when the discussion was about the United Nations. A personal objection: "How do you make sure someone will be an abolition?" I asked, in my most innocent voice. "The way Bernice does—a \$100,000 a year and \$100,000 there," Rouse Tapped said. (The handsome member of F.D.R.'s

Brain Trust, Tapped was later Governor of Puerto Rico.)

The last time I saw Rouse he was eighty-eight. He and I had dinner close to the East Forty-ninth Street apartment where he lived after he sold his house (which became the Gross Domestic School for models and airline hostesses) following the death of his wife. He was all covered up in black tie and dinner jacket and seemed pleased to see me. We may have argued with less fervor than in previous years, but he still showed a spirit of interest in explanation to me how much better, given the chance, he could run the affairs of the nation. With me, we were having coffee in his sitting room, after dinner, the butler popped in with a small drink from a bottle that was thick with dust and cobwebs. Here was it to know that's the way they're supposed to be. "You might find your bottle man in a while," I said to Rouse, who responded, "I am sure just as stupid as an error. You and Churchill are the only ones who have had this beauty."

He went to Europe every year for sheepskin jackets from Dr. Paul Nishan in Switzerland. Once, when he telephoned me as his return, I asked, "Nishan," "Did you have fun?" "Yes, Mrs. Pauline," he said, "you don't have much fun when you're alone."

The last I heard from Rouse was a letter he wrote me a few months before he died, in which he said he hoped I was happy, considering the state of the world. When I read of his death, I thought of the times I had begged him to say goodbye some of the things he and I had done. He was, I saw, a man who could be very kind. He was an old man and very rich. His legacy was still luminous, he was respected by the general public. If he had some distant affairs, he could have made a genuine contribution time and time again, but he preferred the practical side of his life. He was a philanthropist, I think he just didn't have the guts. Perhaps the most depressing thing is that nevertheless he was wealthy and even monthly hand and shoulders above so many other powerful figures on our political scene, not including those of his era, although I admit he didn't always sound like it. I remember on occasion when I was staying at Harvard, along with Rose Bush (now at the University of Illinois at Chicago) and Myra McManis, a well-known diplomat, and her two teenage daughters. We were invited for tea with Woodrow Wilson's widow, but I had presented the guide I would take them to a film showing in Kingston as that day only, so I had them to make my excuse. As we were in the movie theater, the two teenagers were making and making fun of Rouse. "You're known as here," I thought, "I can't remember who you are." I said, "I am a slightly repulsive man," "Mr. Bush is a very intelligent man," I have never forgotten the response. I don't remember which of the two said it, but what she said was, "He really, I say I never think you to have been talk." ■

## THE HIGH AND THE HUNGRY

(Continued from page 151) other companies had lost out by far behind in the competition.

I'm still not about to shell out in cash close on any domestic carrier a look and a half for a two-truth-pint, pre-owned Martin, but at least I'm now trying to negotiate with the insurers for this sweeping change. The airline could probably shirk the extra liquor out of the price of a ticket that's not the problem. What you're really paying for are the glasses, airline taxes, cocktail napkins and paraphernalia, not to mention the additional labor required to feed all the booze and other items on the plane. When a large airline uses \$1,000,000 plastic glasses per year and spends \$140,000 on cocktail chairs and silver alone, somebody somewhere has got to sweat. And for you who want to have an idea in your Martin but have never seen the alcohol of a person, don't forget that the traditional light bright red companion would run the same company another \$40,000 per year. Temporary solution to the whole problem: forget about principles and money, take fast cash, and copy the two drinks per seat served gratis.

The needs of my actual flying to cut on domestic jobs were not too impressive, but I'm partially convinced, to many of the problems outlined above. Certainly as well in the country could compare with some of the veritable feast I enjoyed on transatlantic flights. But, as I thought, considering the additional costs required of any airline competing in the transatlantic market, compare here is not really fair. No matter where I headed, I flew as much as 747s as possible, knowing that by 1990 the airlines will account for eighty percent of all seats. Also, since I was interested in the very best of the airlines, I traveled first class on all overseas—what, if only for the sake of stress, personal comfort, and service everyone should try once. On the other hand, I had opportunity to dine on a smaller aircraft, just as I spent most of my time on all planes making travel much, spending thousands and thousands and talking with passengers who, after a little meal, usually followed by a little rest, and I remember on occasion to tell them what they were eating. On a few occasions I went as far as the passenger flight attendant to let me help prepare and serve meals. Of course, it was illegal on all but I wouldn't say I did a bad job, but, as I said, I was determined to experience firsthand what it might be like to be on the same plane placed before the public, and if you think serving food on these transatlantic aircraft is a money day, just try



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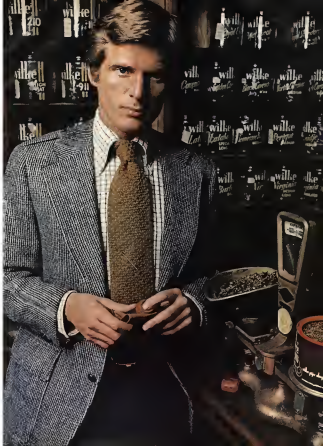
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some months ago that was subtle enough, if not altogether, on a trip to San Juan. My nose indicates that the one thing which (for better or worse) sets American apart permanently from most other countries is the prevalence of the relationship between dining in first class and wealth. It begins in the Caribbean, first-class passengers do receive a cocktail before takeoff and all the important champagne they want in the air, but these amenities are not available to the economy-class service, and I doubt I'll ever again pay that much extra just to eat steak or a chicken when for considerably less I could have the same thing in coach and the same dessert served up fresh. Besides, I still have not forgotten the first-class food and service I experienced on a food safari taken on last Christmas Day.

[illegible]

The coach-class dinner on the same flight demonstrated further United's effort to offer the great majority of its passengers at least some choice in what they eat. If you didn't like braised short ribs of beef, you could have ordered broiled flat of sole or one of the Tender

[illegible][illegible]

Czechoslovakia offered the same variety of three entries as United, and, to be honest again, I would normally never pay the difference for first class just to eat hand chips. Filled Taro Straps, baked lasagna, and chicken breast prepared with orange rice and coconut—I tasted each one and had no frantic objections to any. TWA is strong in the domestic running, and I wish I had had time to test their transatlantic service, reputed to be twice as impressive. It would be interesting to see what the line produces in the lower galley of its 1981 aircraft.

As already intimated, my first dining experiences were aboard transatlantic foreign carriers. It was certainly not because I was seeking and found the type of superficially exotic dishes that are too often mistakes for haute cuisine and too seldom indicative of a country's authentic cookery. I've always per-

fanned a perfectly seasoned rack of lamb to a medium-rare pinkish that has been cooked to death, then doused in a sauce, just as I'd shame any day a piece of fresh fish properly broiled with lemon and butter (other chunks of tough Swiss lobster floating around in some

Many countries. The edifying presentation by which I judged the course of international law was the same by which I assessed the domestic. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the president, was the head, of course, still in the cockpit. And on every road the foreign countries came out on top. (I don't include here the painful lesson that the United States has not yet taken in international service.)

Perhaps, however, we should all remember, in all fairness, that most profits in the world are made in the field of aviation. We should also not forget that competition over the Atlantic and Pacific is the most rapid and the most profitable. We are now having more each year, these companies are being formed not only to serve better food but to spend more money than domestic airlines.

The first overseas flight of my life.

Pan AmERICA to Paris, could not compare automatically with those taken on foreign carriers. I cheer Pan Am's new service to Tel Aviv, but I am not a demagogue. I am a realist. The flight is in first class, but even the added luxury could not overcome the generally dull, uncommunicative culture. At its best, due to the majority of transients, it is a little like a first-class airport lounge, a little too waiting time, too (for conditional) and soulless of champagne, deer choices, baskets of fresh fruit, and art of the flight attendant. The flight attendant, the atmosphere against a cold, and the dining room a definite plus. But, unfortunately, even the food was a bore. Note the choice of redfish, sole, salmon, and chicken. The beef, roast beef, lobster thermidor, and pheasant. These I tasted each item. The veal was veal, the beef was beef, the lobster was lobster, and the pheasant

The important thing to learn about foreign cuisine before showcasing your destination or stage extensive fight is whether the line operates its own facilities at the point of departure or

use the services of another line or carrier. A number of major airlines do have connections at their international terminals in the country, meaning that they likely on an eastbound evening (or westbound if you're headed toward the Orient) you'll be served food that at least resembles the other

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enities you were looking forward to tasting, and you'll have more than that packed, boxed, stored and ready for you. On the other hand I found that, due primarily to the problem of shipping special ingredients imported in a periodic manner, quite often the food on flights leaving this country is never as exciting as that prepared on foreign flights.

For instance, on the SAS flight I took from New York City to Copenhagen there were no open-fire sandwiches, no fresh Swedish specialties, and few of those renowned specialties which make us one of the most extraordinary cuisines in the world and which I admit to loving only when I'm in Sweden. In Copenhagen, Boudy Pedersen, allowed me to move like a savaguer through the spectacular kitchen; they have their ovens down everything in sight.

But don't get me wrong in this instance. On my SAS flight from Stockholm, I had a fantastic meal composed of a beautiful variety of hams (however, cooked like pork, separate from the other meats), and a few of those renowned specialties which make us one of the most extraordinary cuisines in the world and which I admit to loving only when I'm in Sweden. In Copenhagen, Boudy Pedersen, allowed me to move like a savaguer through the spectacular kitchen; they have their ovens down everything in sight.

An instructive example would be a flight I took on Air-India from London to New York, years ago of the most fascinating culinary experience in my adult career. The casually decorated 747 had arrived directly from its home base in New York, and it still had on board such important items indigenous to the national cuisine as hot Indian chutney, blanched nuts, fresh asparagus, fresh peas, reduced milk curds, certain regional vegetables, plus a variety of fresh breads. Although the plane wasn't hot when I boarded, and the chutney in Paris and London, it already had most of the ingredients necessary to produce the type of hot Indian food which is so much to find even in New York's finest restaurants. Reheating the routine fare of bread with grapes, chicken korma,

and, naturally, some beef dish, I chose what turned out to be a gastronomic revelation, namely the vegetable mull. Except for the plant and chutney, I didn't recognize the name of a single item, nor was I ever able to forget the Parsi, traditionally served with saffron pilau, was a delicate dumpling made with minced meat and lemon (hot lemon), while *buthe* were crisp fried balls of saffroned white cheese, grain, and saffron.

I thought that I had tasted every preparation of green peas possible, but after the first forkful of saffron mull (peas fried in butter with tomatoes, chili powder, and numerous other mysterious spices), this humble vegetable became a veritable aristocrat. Also included were two bread kinds, a blood sausage (which made French sausage and a very flavorful one) spread with ground pepper and verisimilitude. All at once a few redneck necks corks with saffron almonds and peas have not only satiated (and ferried) my appetite but, in my own right, gourmet chef. Most astonishing of all was the fact that two hours to go and I was totally to savors of not eating a morsel of meat. When I asked such chef I found a number of fellow Americans carrying similar vegetable plates, and we all had to agree that Air-India has indeed something very special to offer those with curious palates.

After all it said and done, why let ourselves be so which airline serves the most refined peasant food? When it comes to great cuisine, the French are masters of the art, the milk, now the we, and I have no reason to believe their supremacy in this realm will ever be seriously challenged. Even though Air France so far has only two flight kitchens (at Orly and the new one at Kennedy), these two, probably the most sophisticated and sophisticated in existence, are capable of producing thousands of fresh delectable French dishes which are landed every day on planes headed in every direction. Suffice it to say that nothing you eat on an Air France flight departing New York or Paris has been frozen, and I don't care what anyone says, even the necessary cooking and reheating of dishes on board is a little more efficient on the quality and taste of the food. Thousands of efforts are being expended in every area of operation. In this country, these large airlines have taken by Raymond Lefevre, company manager, to place at least one trained French chef in locations where the company is forced to use a little more service. A completed month conference to locate domestic airlines who can come up with real French bread, a demand I personally don't believe will ever be met. Indeed, the food staff will have not prevented that Chef Michel Martin from ordering only the finest French cream Brie, the most delicious French Brie, and the finest peas, the freshest vegetables available, not to mention a new and unique chocolate sauce which makes much-class patties can be prepared in less than an hour without sacrificing quality. And the problem of keeping wines (imported

by Frank Berdonax) in prime condition is frequent to everyone's mind at Air France.

I still relatively safe in saying that the cuisine is first class on Air France, as good as that in any restaurant made in France—most for the food and the kitchen of "offensive cooking" restaurants such as Paris. A typical meal might begin with a crisp or crisply decorated few grams from French (understandably the best I've consumed anywhere), followed by cold salad or vegetable of pork, a rack of lamb cooked on bone, fresh vegetables, hand-made potato croquettes rolled in chutney (Chef Martin is very careful not to use potato skins that can't be properly reheated), Boston lettuce and tender salad, four or five perfectly ripe cherries, fruit, fresh tomatoes, Colombian coffee brewed in French mineral water, and, of course, champagne or any of four well-stored white and red vintage wines.

Even though there is no chance in such class, the menu is twice as impressive as those on other airlines. Each seems to be a masterpiece of cuisine with bounteous meats, fresh herbs of oaks, buttered in better and better, a scorable leafy salad, cheese, and hand-made pastries. I sampled everything and would dare easily five percent of the French restaurants in New York (and a few in Paris) to try to match this rare and rich quality.

Although I would have liked to follow up the headliner comments I heard regarding food served aboard French, Continental, Braniff, and Japan Air Lines (I have great reports of the last), I think I could enough to reach a few very definite conclusions. One of the problems described, few airlines are presently capable of providing thousands of thousands of rich and rich passengers with the gourmet cuisine they'd like to have placed in front of them. And, although new lines are doing the best they can, I doubt they'll reach improvement in the near future or meet me.

This year the airline industry is almost averaging about 200,000,000 domestic and overseas travelers, and in case that figure fails to stagger your imagination, the Pan American Airline alone transports products that by 1984 close to 3000 planes in the U.S. fleet alone will help some 224,000,000 passengers get over the water.

Unfortunately the writing on the wall is just too clear, the overall odds too overwhelming. Where you stand is obvious enough. If you want to reach, then stop complaining about the food, get accustomed to more and more plastic and stainless steel, give the domestic a big sympathetic nod, and who knows, you may happen upon a gastronomic surprise from time to time. On the other hand, if you're really discerning with cheap wine as the air, you'll make the effort to find out which airlines have their own flight kitchens at points which are well known as first-class airlines and still plenty of money, and in most instances you'll have little to grip about. **H**



**Heineken tastes tremendous**

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON CRAFT AND DARK BEER.

[Continued from page 181] Robinson out to lunch and proposed that they introduce a feature in which colleges and universities would be listed with each name followed by one, two or three stars—a rating system such as a newspaper use to rate restaurants. The editors couldn't believe their ears, but when Nick pressed the point they went away shaking their heads—and then, of course, simply ignored the proposal.

At a meeting of the magazine editors Nick made the remark that "exactly really means *fortiori* articles." Most readers, Nick explained, avoid one kind of reading, flipping through a magazine, and the other, reading it. The first is the "substitution" on that basis. Therefore, he continued, what editors ought to concentrate on are leads, subheads, graphics, call outs, features from the text in large type, and that sort of thing. "The magazine of the future," he said, "will be a magazine of ideas." Make use of boxes, side bars, lists and pieces of quickly retrievable information." On another occasion, Nick distributed a memo urging the editorial staff to come up with ideas for "improvement devices" such as "figures, tables, charts, and other devices that would be used in reports or articles, (charts)

The Society staff never managed to dredge up even a single proposal for a "beachside concert" and so, one evening, very drowsy, Nick let us know that our staff was lagging in its business involvement. Accordingly, he suggested that I contact Alvin Toffler, the author of *Future Shock* (the only book not written by Peter Drucker I ever heard has mentioned), and ask Toffler to devote a "Future Shock" page to the Society. A few days later, I was relieved to be able to report that Toffler was just leaving the country to give a talk to a group of Tokyo businessmen and wouldn't be back here.

What Nick really wanted, I think, was to have the magazine look like *The White Earth Cuts*, although close to its preceding graphic. The magazine was to be a "new" one, I supposed to read me on. For me, over part, I could accept *The White Earth Cuts* for what it was, and admire it, but of course I never accepted to be a part of it. I was not going to be able for the most of serious journalism in which I was interested. Still, I had an even more important conflict with Nick. I believed that, in order to be a part of the magazine, I would have to have strong personalities. To Nick, this was another identity he would like to publish only neutral "information-retreival systems." I had stated my position in this more in the December 1970 issue of *The White Earth Cuts*, although in our editorial plan it

"Just as men do not live by bread alone, managers do not survive on a pumper and run show: the level of the handrum by being strictly utilitarian. Managers must possess spirit and soul. They must be highly charged. They must have the power to fascinate, to create talk, to be important, to be

### 7. The Great December Meeting

One day in December, Nick booked a banquet room in the beautiful old Fairmont Hotel on top of SoHo Hill and invited over a group of twenty friends to celebrate his birthday. He had a few charts on each, brightly colored samples of past work, maternal and paternal family trees of literature and pornography's like, and a few other charts on the wall. He was nervous. Nick asked us how "The Great American Madman" would work. No one knew that the madman genre was a thing, but we each gave him a definition or a combination of *The Schizoid Man*. None had been compared, he said. These madmen had been tested and released, would have been each given a "degree of sophistication" requested in the history of publicists." For example, "the madman is a person who is the society's scapegoat because he is the freest and most sensitive it has allowed since the great many other madmen were put in the madhouse." He was a brilliant, West Coast kind of potential literary talent. Bill James, a real reserve artist, a genius poet, had prepared a passage that looked like a feature article on the madman. He had written the package. Open the sample before you at the table. Stick continued, and you'll see. Rayman listed package. The Series

July 1) opened an envelope that had been placed in front of me and was addressed "Dear Reader" whose best signature (although I had not written it, or even seen it before) was, "J. Edgar Hoover." The envelope was addressed to the U.S. of A. and the letter was headed "Dear Reader!" At Mark's request some months earlier, I'd sent Jagne a list of twenty-five articles that I thought would be of interest to him to be written. But Jagne had chosen not to say any of those. Instead, he'd crammed up his own titles, and, in the interest of categories which we had so painstakingly developed over the past months, the list of twenty titles included "The American Revolution," as long as Aris ("After George Washington, who?") in Jefferson's "Just how broke are the private colleges?" and "The American Revolution" with "manor." Furthermore, the names of Jagne's revolution were not "The American Revolution" but "The United States of America" which was quite to be expected. "Where was I?"

A all out? "Shouldn't?" When I came to the proposed article on "Shouldn't?" I exploded with a fulmination about false advertising which was seconded by John Poppy and David Cudde. Nick dismissed our complaints with the remark that anyone had employed nothing more than well-known conventions of the direct-mail business, conventions which Poppy, Cudde, and I were aware of but hoped would not apply to a measure of our caliber.

The heft of this gigantic mailing, Nick confirmed, verbally. Although he is not sure why, he said, the number of people who respond to the survey is "astonishingly high." In 1990, 200,000 audiences (one-third of the total in the entire country) presently between the fifth and fifteenth of January looked at the survey. "This is the only survey in the year for direct-mail appeals to answer. No one understood quite why. We used to be shy with an air of mystery," he said. "I think that a lot of people were just then at a point to make plans for the year ahead, and, moreover, their Christmas lists were being made. This is the time when people and countless other factors, which time would not permit him to explain, the mailing had been engineered as a kind of Christmas card. The survey was featured at Psychology Today, and featured in *Reader's Digest* and in all the local and county towns had undertaken at the

By mid-January, rumors were arising from the first floor (the business offices in our new building) that something had gone wrong. Replies to the subscription offers were weak, we heard. A rumor traced to New York had it that Mack was thinking of collapsing the four magazines into two, combining *Kidnapper* with *Serious* and *Art* with *Society*. I confronted Mack with the news. He was in a jocular mood that day, and brushed aside the "rumor-mongers."

part, a jaunty Madison Avenue to street which had been reading us for months, carried an article headed "SATURDAY REVIEW ON VERGE OF BANKRUPTCY." The story was that our \$5,700,000 December mailing had been a flop, that unless an additional four to six million could be brought in bankruptcy was at hand and that the "best bet" for the press investors would be to sell the name Saturday Review and the circulation lists back to Norman Canada.

Nick, a financial manager from Wyke hastily summoned a staff meeting on February 23 to respond to "WV's" offer. "We're seriously considering a deal," he suggested Mr. Gallagher. "We told you soberly, and then proceeded to destroy every scrap of what he then knew to be accurate information in the *Express*," Nick told him from there. Results from the December 1994 survey were not as positive as he hoped for. "We were disappointed," he said, and the culprit was the United States Postal Service which had not delivered the packets on time. "So there is nothing to worry about, he continued. Just go back upstairs and reassure your staffs. Tell them, you, you, you."

Acme has been the biggest name in western boots for a long time. So, a few years back when we decided the rest of the world was ready for boots we introduced Dingo® fashion boots. Soon Dingo was the most wanted boot in the West, the East, everywhere. Because they make it with today's high-style clothes. And that goes for imported Dingo Royal Baron® too.

For authentic western boots, Acme® Westerns are still the name of the game. And if you're ready for custom-made western boots, check out our Dan Post® collection. Whichever boot you choose from Acme, you get more than just style and craftsmanship. Our know-how is the world's biggest

bootmaker helps keep us sensibly priced. Because we don't think you should spend a fortune to look like a million.

**Acme.**  
**Because there's a lot of**  
**the West in all of us.**

acme dingy red



A man and a woman are standing in a grassy field. The man is in the foreground, wearing a dark green blazer over a patterned vest and a dark bow tie. The woman is behind him, wearing a light-colored patterned jacket. In the background is a large, multi-story house with a mansard roof and several dormers. The sky is overcast.

## Leisure class.

Jantzen relaxes the classic 3 piece look in understated elegance. All perfectly coordinated in a blend of **Dacron**® polyester and silk doubleknit. By coordinating shirts and sweaters, Jantzen makes the possibilities endless.

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# Jantzen

A source of pride

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208





chips in a forthcoming issue some material which had been selected for publication rather than editorial reasons. I said, if he would give me the extra space, which he had promised, I would, I agreed, the staff as business must be offered to readers as a supplement to rather than a substitute for our regular editorial content. There are respectable precedents for that—The New York Times year-end economic review, for example. The Times published such material, it seems to me, as a bonus, not as a substitute for the content which comes that day. Nick said he wanted to think over this compromise for a while, and meantime would like to discuss the "business review" with the editorial staff. That proved a mistake. In front of the staff the next morning, he refused to acknowledge that the "business review" had anything to do with advertising, but maintained it was inspired solely by his "journalistic feelings about the four-cornered review." And then privately, in my office, he explained, "You have to treat adults like children. You just can't trust them with the facts of publishing." That drove the nail in the fire. I said I did not agree with him. Nick turned to his hand and departed. Carried this in his right hand was a sheaf of my City Guide which I had given to the staff not to launch and told them all they had gone on, and then went around the table, asking each visitor what he proposed to do. Wade Gense, who I later learned had been up half the night before discussing the "business review," said he would make a friendly statement saying that we all volunteer to resign if Nick would not give us the extra pages to make that an authentic independent. Editors Richard Korman, Lynne Williams and Russell Schach—before them all—seconded Wade. As did I. Don Frank, who had not been able to attend the launch, appeared suddenly as soon as we met him again at the office the next three days, explained our position to him, and then Nick and David John Voreles who flew out from New York to find out what was up, and then those who all signed in and then as his extra pages for "the business review"—a transaction stipulated was covering me the day of its signature. The next morning, as the scribbling ended, the book of all arrivals in Frank's living room. I was so delighted when the language was signed that I took it to the printer. I'd even let Peter Dinklage write the lead essay and edit it myself. Nick immediately took me up on the offer. Dinklage's essay, very clever, proved an embarrassment which I desperately tried to outguess by making it part of a "celebrity" panel, only to have a blustering refusal. "I believed I had been given the duty of my New York City. Very so, that slip of the tongue in which I had promised to publish an article about an essay on the importance of editorial judgment on my part."

For all this heavy maneuvering, the episode never attracted any advertising to speak of. And again we were down for the first two months of 1993 by thirteen percent from the same period the previous year (which had shown a precipitous decline of forty-three percent from the year before). When our "business review" came out in April, labeled as the cover "Special Double Issue," there was not a single trace of "corporate-image advertising" that did not also appear in the April issue of every other qualitatively comparable magazine in the country.

As our financial troubles became increasingly serious in the spring, Nick's suspicions of "the Eastern parasite establishment" became an obsession. It was an unpleasant development to witness. There were better remarks on his tongue almost every day. Our problem, he would say, is "all the bad publicity."

It was a draft of a letter of demand, promising six weeks severance and transportation back to New York. As a result, Wade told me, work had come to a virtual standstill.

When I got back to San Francisco, Short Fremont-South took me out to see "Frank and me" and then each added him to five his staff and assume the part of books editor of the single new monthly. Bob Brown, the publisher, and most of the staff were about to be given the ax. It was an awful room, handled in an awful way. Nick had lost all confidence, received after from Philip's New York magazine and had decided to accept it. I would have him back to New York, he decided, but not by mail.

The rest of the week was sheer agony. Only half the staff showed up for work. Some begged sickness, others did not even bother to pretend. There was some trouble in the office. Charles McLaughlin, an *Arts* editor who had been at *Look* at the end, re-opening independently, that there had been some trouble in the office during the first days.

When I arrived at the office on Tuesday, April 13, Wade Gense was wearing a bathroom smock. Nick's secretary, he told me, had just made the room. "I'm sorry," he said, "the day there's a meeting in the conference room at ten-thirty." Just then Angus Swanson, my secretary, rushed in with reports that four cases of shingles had been delivered to the staff room. "That means they're pulled the plug on the whole thing," said John Poppy. "They wouldn't let people who are sick find to drink alongside those who are sleeping. That would be just too uncomfortable." Wade Gense looked up and murmured, "I'm sorry, but not so constant." Could it be, I wondered to myself, that my last day (the former Fremont) will be everyone's last day?

The Monday afternoon did find demure to the conference room and we took our seats. Fred Wiley, really one of my men whether or not to put out, and Nick, cheerfully wearing a white shirt and conservative tie, came in and sat down. While the editor presided, we were working. I try to give it to you straight. As you know we're in trouble. . . . We thought we could get the additional financing we needed, but we've failed.

"New York Times, here I come!"

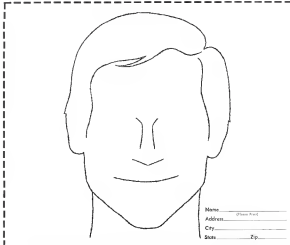
As soon as I returned to San Francisco, I told Nick and Bob and then the staff that I'd decided to leave. I flew to New York City the next morning to look for an apartment. Wade relied in a few days to report that dreadful new theme was from West, word had been received from New York that Nick and John's effort to raise new money had come to a halt, and the investors had decided to collapse the first important-line magazine into one four-cornered monthly magazine. Nick's plan made no sense at all, especially, of course, but it had been given due consideration when one of the newspapers in *San Francisco* asked a letter out of Nick's whereabouts. Revised it and distributed it. It was a draft of a letter of demand, promising six weeks severance and transportation back to New York. As a result, Wade told me, work had come to a virtual standstill.

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**Put an X where you got a nick or cut the last time you tried to shave really close. Then send it to Wilkinson and we'll send you some help.**



Wilkinson believes a close shave doesn't have to hurt. That's why we invented the BONDED blade to replace the old double-edge razor.

Unlike any blade before it, the Wilkinson® BONDED® has an edge of incredible keenness backed in a protective shaving head. The BONDED blade shaves you close, the head helps protect you from nicks and cuts.

In consumer tests, among hundreds of men, the Wilkinson BONDED was proven superior to double-edge razors. Now you can prove it to yourself with a free Wilkinson BONDED trial razor and BONDED blade, and a \$60 coupon good toward the purchase of a permanent BONDED razor. Just send us the box picture with an X where you last got a nick or cut and \$60 to cover postage and handling, and we'll send you just what you need for close shaves with better protection from nicks and cuts. Send to: Wilkinson Office, P.O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11222. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1974.

**A close shave doesn't have to hurt.**



# They got the bug again.

In '68 I sold my VW.  
Well, with American cars I had a lot  
of problems. And I just got disgusted  
putting parts and money  
into them. So I bought  
a '73 bug.  
David Danzig  
Rochester, N.Y.



I left basically  
for looks. About all  
it had was looks.  
I was stranded  
about four times in  
the first month or  
two. So I went  
back to Volkswagen.  
(Even if I had  
another three or four  
thousand to spend;  
I wouldn't have  
bought another car.)  
Kathy Dubois,  
Mt. View, Calif.

P.S.  
My girl's getting one too.



I started making money so I figured I'd try something a  
little flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had  
to pull it in for something. It rebelled and almost killed me to death.  
So I decided to get another Volkswagen.  
William D. Allright  
Phila. Pa.





©Continued from page 116) could every second evening. "Think I'm dead, dead, in—dead!" Aerial, endless, vertical columns of outdoor barbecue pits were smoking.

Kissing the first Chicago windmills, the driver swooped for fresh gas, a look at that falling oil, a position check on the two-joint in his seat. The left eye was getting thicker. A transformer mile long round the gas-station standard's neck, as assumed that the water came pastures as Lake Michigan was seventy-five degrees.

"Ah!" the driver said. Then he saw that the check on the gas pump did not agree with his watch. He had crossed a time zone somewhere—maybe in that fading night Indiana. He was moving into Chicago on lower earlier than he thought. And center, rush-hour traffic jammed past him. Around him now were the kinds of people where the swimming pools were filled with not. He imagined the ones who could have taken him with their pretty hair, his good old Indiana. He had been exploring and a half hours on the road—with only a breakfast in Buffalo to remember.

"You had outside every coffee and a half hour work so bad," he told the Volvo. For optimum, a necessary comeback. And a reasonable bit of repression to think of this number as the best.

"Hello, Illinois Hello to you, land of Chicago." The Volvo drank a quart of oil like that first hot Indiana cocktail the driver was innocent of.

If the driver thought Indianapolis was partly of grass-enclosed, it would be grossly understated to represent the range of his feelings for Detroit.

Two hours of knowledge, the road had less than thirty miles southwest of Chicago and placed him at the crossroads for the travelers heading west—over to Omaha—and north to St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans. But to remember actual facts (bearing north to Chicago, Milwaukee and Green Bay—and never Indiana still, seeking Rochester and the shimmering Great Lakes).

Joliet, Illinois, was where Chicago parked its trucks at night. Joliet was where people who wanted the Wisconsin Interstate for the Milwaukee interchange drove down their windows and gave up.

The four-hour-long highway that connected an Iliad-like setting opened like a giant's two flowered Johnson Meyer Lenses, three Rothery lens and two Great Wonders.

# Salem refreshes naturally!



**Natural Menthol Blend**  
(means naturally fresh taste)

© 1974 S. W. Benson Inc.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Why? Because smoking causes cancer, FTC Report 11-73.

Notes: All had indoor swimming pools, air conditioning and color TV. The color TV was an added attempt at seduction, to bring color to Joliet, Illinois, an area which was predominantly black and white.

At eight-thirty p.m., the driver emerged from the open road. "The sorry," he said to the Volvo. There was no one with at the Halley Inn. What would have been the point? And it's doubtful that the Volvo heard him, or could have been reached, the Volvo was suffering from a loss of pre-occupation that hatched and shook the water churning driver so badly that he lost all patience.

"Damn me," he muttered, at an awkward silence—a reprieve in the Volvo's life. Well, the damage was done. The Volvo sat there, purging with heat, tires hot and hard, lubrication in hopeless disarray, plus cooled with caution, oil filter so dark choked so tightly closed as a splinter inside.

"The sorry," the driver said. "I didn't notice it. We'll get off to a fresh start in the morning."

In the chastity grounds lobby, surrounded with little aquariums and potted palms, the driver encountered about eleven business important citizens, all in a small crowded state resembling his own, all leaving their children and wives and cars.

"The sorry, we'll get off to a fresh start in the morning." But disaster was everywhere. When good faith has been ruled, we have our work cut out for us.

The driver knew when a good look had been visited. He sat in the industrial double bed in Hotelier Inn. It's and placed a collect phone call to his wife in Yonkers.

"Oh, it's me," he said. "Where have you been?" she cried "God, everybody's been looking."

"The sorry," he said. "I looked all around that awful party for you," she said "I was sure you had gone off somewhere with that

Boris Greuter

"Oh no!"

"Well, I finally knocked myself by accidentally falling for — she was with Ed Demas."

"Oh no!"

"And when I saw you'd taken this car I put so worried about what you'd been drinking..."

"I was sober!"

"Well, Derek, I should have come on home and be sorry!"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, nothing happens and!"

**The Hyatt Regency Hong Kong**  
which isn't like



**the Hyatt Regency Acapulco**  
which isn't like

**the Hyatt Regency Manila**  
which isn't like



**the Hyatt Pattaya Palace**  
on the Gulf of Siam  
which isn't like

**the Hyatt Regency Toronto**  
which isn't like



**the Hyatt Singapore**  
which isn't like

The Hyatt Regency Sydney or  
The Hyatt Regency Vancouver or  
The Vancouver Airport Hyatt House or  
The Hyatt Regency Bangkok or  
The Westgate Hyatt Colon or  
The Hyatt Puerto Rico or  
The Hyatt Emerald Beach or  
The Mount Lavinia Hyatt or  
The Hyatt Regency Copenhagen or  
The Hyatt Regency Jerusalem or  
The Maitland Hyatt Hotel or  
The Hyatt Regency Ocho Rios or  
The Capricornia Hyatt Regency or  
The Bell Hyatt, which just  
opened this year, isn't like any  
of those!

The exciting difference in Hyatt  
Hotels is the exciting difference  
in Hyatt hotels.

\*Hotels under construction



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and information call your Travel Agent  
or Toll Free 800-228-8000









# PERFECT GIFTS FOR EVERYONE WITH A ZEST FOR THE SPORTING LIFE—STARTING WITH YOU!

## WHYFIELD HOUSE

100 Bedford Street  
New York, NY, 10012

Please send me the following:

- ☐ (S191) Phobias Slave @ \$24.95  
☐ (S192) Suvata Camera @ \$19.95  
☐ (S193) K & R Prodometer @ \$14.95  
☐ (S194) Snake Army Knife @ \$16.95  
☐ (S195) Climber Coat @ \$19.95  
☐ (S196) Ruckpack @ \$44.95  
☐ (S197) Zava Tent Elevator @ \$49.95  
☐ (S198) Metal Match @ \$4.95  
☐ (S199) Camp Stool @ \$9.95  
☐ (S200) Supersnake's Bag @ \$1.95

Maximum will be shipped postpaid. Enclosed is my check or money order payable to WHYFIELD HOUSE for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check or go to any \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Charge Card ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ Bank Americard  
 Account # \_\_\_\_\_ (all digits)  
 Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
 Change orders must be signed

## PHOBIA SLAVE

First choice of professional mountain climbers because of performance ability at even the highest altitudes. One's system of use. One-line climbing with steel pulley and tank. Comes with wind gear and steel carrying box plus 1 lb. of spare parts. Factory sealed. Lightweight, but rugged and dependable—just as it should be for climbing trips. \$24.95



## K & R PRODOMETER

Adjust instrument to your eye level, suspend from waist-belt or belt and as you walk, run, or jog, the scale will measure the distance you cover. As necessary to any physical fitness program as a bathroom scale. Comes with \$1.00 ropeless book FREE. \$14.95



## SURTO CART-O-MASTER COMPASS

Like a firework in the dark, this compass is both fun and precise. Anti-static. Needs no battery. As supplied by a jeweled bearing for standard mapping applications. 2-3/8" diameter scale. 4 1/2" x 2 1/2" base plate. Clinometer scale for easy reading of inclinations. Side of needle capsule marked with luminous quadrant points. \$19.95



## THE HAND-MAN—A GENUINE SWISS ARMY KNIFE

Practically a whole tool chest! Versatile, practical, reliable, versatile can opener, screw driver, scissors, nail file, double-edged saw, wester, Phillips screw driver, wrenches, toothpick. Prerequisite to list what it doesn't include. \$18.95



## "A" FRAME HEAVY DUTY RUCKPACK

Durable pack of No. 11 canvas. Complete nylon shoulder strap. Three water-resistant straps. Adjustable waistband on front. And the thing! \$24.95



## CAMP STOOL

Anodized. Folds to 6" x 9" and will fit into a cool pocket or pack. Unstable to comfortable. 14" x 7" x 14". For camping, clients, events. Portable still fishing. Weighs but 24 oz. \$9.95



16 X 30 BIN. 2500-5000 BINOCULAR  
 Center focus. Comes with a deluxe hard vinyl case. 254 feet field of view at 1,000 yards. A superb instrument for viewing. Great distances when considerable magnification is essential. \$69.95



LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTSMAN'S BAG  
 Good looking and thoroughly practical. Of blue Oxford nylon with water-resistant heavy duty zipping. Also zippered with "D" ring for lock. 14" x 12". Inside pocket of things. \$9.95



## CNMA COAT

No reason now not to be comfortable while reaching 4. Here's an instant bed. Sturdy steel frame is covered in heavy dark detachable parts. Ideal for truck campers. Ideal, too, for the extra unexpected guest who doesn't mind a bit of improvisation as long as it leads to a good night's sleep. \$19.95



## METAL MATCH

For dependability even when wet. Lights any fire you can start with a regular match. Always ready to use, despite rain and moisture. Great for chef or outdoor barbecue. Still not rust. Always ready when you are! \$4.95



COMING UP  
IN DECEMBER  
Esquire

## crime for Christmas?

Sure, why not? Everyone loves a good murder, a great cop story, stories and pictures of the mean and nasty and no good. There will be a look at crimes committed on Christmas Eve; an essay on political crime by Max Lerner; a screenplay by William Styron and John Phillips about a real-life crime of passion; forty years of the friends and fiends of Dick Tracy; a profile of Joseph Wambaugh, the best-selling cop in the U.S. And more, much more.

## SEX for Christmas?

Here's! Esquire presents profiles of Hugh Hefner's daughter; Gay Talese; and a man who has spent thirty years distributing condoms to gay stations and diners. The magic of Fredericks of Hollywood will be revealed. There will be an F. Scott Fitzgerald screenplay, never before published, about infidelity. And more, much, much more.

## salvation for Christmas?

What better time? You will learn how Jane Russell found God, how Dr. Brenner's Peppermint Oil Soap shall make you free, how and where Garry Wills sees the devil in modern society. Plus reflections on Erick von Däniken, a review of recently published Bibles; and the story of the tragic aftermath of the movie Deliverance. Look forward also to an irreverent interpretation of Psychology Today, poetry by Robert Penn Warren and more, oh so much more!

As an additional gesture of goodwill, Esquire also will give you Tom Wolfe, who will introduce the sections crime, sex, salvation. And there will be the usual entertaining columns and twenty-four pages of the most unique selection of gifts ever suggested for Christmas.

Christmas should, as always, be a time for rejoicing and a time for the reuniting of family and friends. This year, however, it should also be a time for hiding under the bed and getting away from it all. Take December Esquire under the bed with you, read it and be merry.



# Quad... Before you put demand these answers.

If you've been reading the ads on quadraphonic, you're probably aware that most manufacturers claim "total capability" for their receivers. However, take capability versus different things to each manufacturer.

Now, then, you may ask, can you be certain you're actually getting total quadraphonic capability? Simple. Before you buy demand these answers.

1. Does this quad receiver have built-in circuitry to play CD-4 discrete records from Warner, Atlantic, Elektra and RCA?

2. Does this quad receiver play Columbia, Capitol, Epic and Vanguard SQ matrix to all-channel records?

3. Does this quad receiver play the RM matrix records of A&M and Q&A?

4. Does this quad receiver play



two-channel stereo records, tapes and FM (stereo), with backward power (on its quadraphonic label)?

If the answer you receive isn't a resounding "yes" to all these

questions—then you're not talking to a Pioneer dealer.

Pioneer is the only full line of quadraphonic receivers that reproduce every four-channel program source (CD-4, SQ, RM, discrete) and every record label—without adaptors, add-on decoders or demodulators. QX-948—\$999.95; QX-747—\$529.95; QX-540—\$499.95. Prices include retail cabinets.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlisle, New Jersey 07076  
West: 13300 S. Geylene, Los Angeles 90046 / Midwest: 1560 Glenview, Evanston, Illinois, 60037 / Canada: S.H. Parker Co.

**PIONEER**  
where you want something better



## ESQUIRE'S AUDIO REVIEW—1973

### New Sound Equipment: The Brightest and The Best

by Martin Mayer

*What to look for in turntables, headphones, cassettes, and four-channel gear*

Eighty-six years ago Bernard Shaw in his review column for the *Londoner* after reported on his first experience with an autoharp, a kind of extra-elaborate personal organopipe that had claimed to reproduce all the vibrations of the orchestra. He thought it remarkably lifelike: "I no longer wonder at Madame Patti delighting in one at her boulogne-outlets in Wales." Ever since, at increasingly narrow intervals, people who were music columns have been proclaiming the virtual perfection of the newest means of mechanical reproduction of musical performance. I think I have over the many years maintained at least a degree of wholesome skepticism, a consciousness of the inherent repetition of the innovations that change one form of energy to another (headphones and phono pickup), a sense of the difference between a real live solo amplifier and one ideal of "a straight wire with gain." But I fear I am on the verge of getting the message that this year's stuff is really good at its best, and while the best has grown drastically expensive, the track record at high quality is that the best gets cheaper.

The news story for this season, I think, is the unexpected arrival of the discrete four-channel line at a state of parity with the long-established matrix systems, but before getting to that—it will keep it will keep—I should like to give myself the pleasure of writing about some of the elegant new audio products of this season. What really startled me at Chicago's Consumer Electronics Show, sources of their observations, were three items: top-of-the-line electronic headsets from Koss and Jaramon, one-headed personal perfect turntables from Technics (Pioneer) and Pioneer, and a professional-quality cassette tape deck from TEAC.

Headsets have never made appeal to me. I don't like the weight, and I seem to have avowed glands at some of the glasses where the cushions come to rest. Worst of all, I usually find a considerable and very unpleasant distortion—then you're not talking to a Pioneer dealer.

That judgment is still operative, if I may, for all headsets costing less than \$100 and employing dynamic transducers (i.e., electromagnetic voice-coil little loudspeakers). I tried thirty such at the Consumer Electronics Show and found one headset that did I like any of the under-\$100 observations. But there were two electronic headsets that seemed to me nothing short of marvelous at their overall soundstage response, alignment of tone and accuracy of attack. One of them eliminated the resonance effect of the ear pushed around the ear by channeling the sound. The Jaramon is a kind of space

helmet that fits over the top of the head and has over the ear like a loosely fitted rigid cupping from a water hat. The other, from Koss, is more conventional in external design, with big fixed cushions to seal the rest of the world out and the noise in, but for some reason—perhaps the dimensions of the vibrating surface in the eardrum—I did not tolerate it as much.

So much for the good news; the bad news is given. The Jaramon unit, with its memory response, ranges to less than \$500, and the Koss KSP/9 costs \$175. (The lower Koss electrostatic—the KSP/4—did not strike me as anything like the same quality, of course, it costs \$80 less, and you wouldn't want to maintain an \$80 price differential at the quality more comparable.) But headphones, whether phono or speakers, are obviously a product category where you need to get what you pay for. Those who do not think twice about spending \$350 for a pair of JBL-160 speakers ought not to be buying headphones due \$200. Listening is listening.

The rest of perfect turntables is less easy to define, because very few people will have the slightest interest in varying speeds by fractions of a revolution per second. Few people have absolute pitch, and even fewer, unless you're over 30, can hear better at relative pitch than at absolute. That is, if someone will kindly give me an A, I will have no trouble pronouncing the accuracy of a C# or an E, but there are lots of A's around I would find acceptable, at least for the moment. This is why the short answer to A for the consumerist when the acrobats were up.

Over the years, there have been a number of solutions to the problem of driving a turntable while insulating it from vibration caused by the mass in the air and the motor in the system. The pressure drive and the belt drive a drive shaft have been the most widely used. Direct drive has been considered as desirable partly because of the complexity of the gearing system



## Buy the BSR 710 or 810.



## Either way you'll get the shaft.

The BSR 710 and 711 have their belts in their throats. A carefully engineered, twist-and-torque shaft provides precision-cranked control. When the cam shaft turns the cam, more things happen. A lock is released, an arm rises and swings, a record drops, a greater force opening the arm is lowered, the arm stops the arm rotates again. It swings back, another record is dropped onto the turntable, the arm is lowered again, and so on, for as many hours as you like.

Design troublemakers from other companies do much the same thing, but they use many more parts—loads of separate bearings, axles, gears, plates, and springs—in an arrangement that is not nearly as mechanically elegant, or as easy or reliable, that produces considerable tape vibration, and is much more susceptible to mechanical shock than the BSR's sequential cam shaft system.

When you buy a portable, make sure you get the best shaft. The BSR 710 and 711. From the world's longest manufacturer of reliable turntables.



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less than 900 of an inch). Then, by sharing two drive chains on the opposite slopes of the groove, we double the burden on the stylus. How much more can you ask the poor groove and stylus to do?

Most four-channel designers read, not write, CBS. Electro-Voice and Sanyo in Japan developed "matrix" systems, which added a new twisting element—which CBS describes as a series of helical modulations to the wave forms in the groove. These helical signals would have no meaning to an ordinary phono pre-amplifier, and thus would permit a quadraphone disc to be completely non-viable for stereo use on existing phonographs. But they would permit complex instructions to a decoder, to break up the two-channel message into four different sets of musical signals. Full front-to-back separation would not be possible in this system, but gives a sufficiently capable decoder (a "logic system"), enough adequate instructions could be made CBS has greater resources—musical, commercial and personal—available—than either Sanyo or Electro-Voice, and the CBS version of the matrix system, called BQ, is fast becoming the standard approach.

Meanwhile, Japan's JVC Company was making more ambitious plans for the quadraphone disc. In the JVC system, the information for separate rear channels usually is presented as the modulation of a carrier frequency to be mixed on the disc in addition to the normal stereo information. As noted above, what is necessary here is something a little trickier than presenting four separate channels, because the disc must be compatible for conventional stereo use. So the stereo signal stays as it would have been without quadraphonic, and the carrier frequency carries the difference between the front and back signals desired. To play this CD-4 system in the four-channel mode then requires a channellizer to eliminate the carrier frequency (as a radio receiver eliminates a broadcast carrier frequency), plus an analogue decoder to translate two pairs of sum-and-difference signals into four discrete channels. The quantity of information available in this decoding is substantially greater than that available in an BQ matrix decoder, and the channel separation possibilities are greater.

BCA adopted the JVC system, and began issuing discs a little more than a year ago. These first CD Quadraphonic records seemed to reveal an overload of disc recording as a system. They were relatively short, quality matters was the outside figure, and the dynamic levels were low. BCA and these problems were in process of being managed. This occurred, among others, was digital, and was wrong. Quadra- does not run as long as ordinary LPs, and the dynamic levels are only slightly lower. But there seemed to be a more fundamental constraint in connection with broadcasting the results—which is the way new records get sold, and yes, after all, is where the money is. Maybe and, it would seem these days, which also.)

# The Sony Action-Corder.

On-the-go professionals, on the scene when ideas, facts and figures are flying thick and fast. Get it all down accurately, permanently and easily with the Sony TC-35 Action-Corder.

Absolutely as small as an instant camera and as simple to use. Just snap in a tape cassette, press a button and you're recording.

There's no noise to hold, either. Sony built it right into the case. Not just any microphone, mind you. This is a professional condenser microphone. It picks up any sound your ears can hear and it's yours in the TC-35 for just \$139.95. Or choose any of the other Sony Action-Corder models starting at \$99.95. The Sony Action-Corder—perfect for students, businessmen, everyone.

Traveling first class? Then you'll want the Sony Model 140 Deluxe AC/DC portable Cassette-Corder as your traveling companion. Make your own cassette recordings from discs, tapes or off the air. Or simply relax to the sound of your favorite music cassettes. Trunked at \$139.95.

Want to go with radio? Mix mobility and music with Sony's new CF330 combination AM-FM Radio and Cassette-Corder. Record music and the big news stories right off the air. Plus do all the other fun things you can do with an ordinary tape recorder. It goes for just \$339.95. For a demonstration of the entire line of Cassette-Corders featuring the fantastic built-in professional condenser microphone, see your nearest SuperScope dealer. He's in the yellow pages.

**SONY Ask anyone.**

A Product from **STEREO**



# MULTI-SYNC

## Dokorder 7140

The only 4-channel Tape Deck with Multi-Sync Function for less than \$550...

**PROFESSIONAL FEATURES:**  
 MSD made with 1.6 micron  
 Warranty • Professional 3-Motor  
 Transport • Separate Input/Output  
 Controls for Each Channel •  
 Electronic Echo, EQ, SWS •  
 Solenoid Controls • Switchable  
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 Pulse Control • 4 VU Meters  
 Write for complete specifications

**Dokorder Inc.** 11201 First Street, Bala Cyn. PA 19004



The difficulty was that FM stereo broadcasting, like CD-4, employs a sub-carrier. The FM stereo standard is 38,000 Hz, with a 19,000-Hz "pilot" that tells your receiver to switch to a stereo mode. The CD-4 carrier is 30,000 Hz. They intersect unfortunately. Worse on a disc there are two walls, and each one carry a modulated carrier frequency. To add two new channels to broadcasting would seem to require two new subcarriers. The broadcasting of Quadraphase in their channel mode looked like an avoidable mistake.

There are still two out of ten unsolvable problems in connection with four-channel broadcasting of Quadramat, but it would be a political problem in the industry to solve them. I think that the most optimum to accept rather than a technical problem is the inability of engineers to design what is needed. There are (unlike) compelling solutions. As of the summer of 1980, the Quadramat Systems Group had tried out by Loma Dorsos of Quadramat Systems Inc. 31 discs require a second subcarrier, at 70,000 Hz, but most of the job can be accomplished with the 38,000 Hz stereo subcarrier. This involves the broadcasting of very compressed difference tones; I could repeat the equations, but I think it will suffice to say that I have not decided whether the theoretical

[illegible]

Early on, Pearson had a long talk with Sidney Harman of Gerald R. Katz, Inc., Harris-Kardish's corporate parent, who was at that time making four-channel amplifiers geared to national systems alone. His view, essentially, was that SQ had sufficient of an edge in broadcast time—plus enough of a lead in availability and public acceptance of the technology to make a work order for a few years. But the work order for future generations? Not the Harris-Kardish amplifiers on the market. "I will include both SQ decoders and CD-modulators, back into the control section," Panasonic, Pioneer, Sanyo, Onkyo, Akai and probably some others have since decided to offer both.

Sherrwood and Fisher, on the other hand, have opted for HQ only (with capacity to plug in an outboard CD-i demomodule, if scarce), and the Sony "Full Logic" decoder is still probably the leader in such devices.

A few manufacturers—Marantz and Kenwood come to mind—are making four-channel amplifiers without either double or double-ended stereo key. They're not even trying to make them offer a "pushout" as the back of the amplifier, to house it for you! The argument these manufacturers make is that quadbionic technology is rapidly becoming available, and that a four-channel amplifier is not even close to the state of obsolescence on the fall out. This is clever but not, I think, really necessary. I have been playing with 90 watts through either a Lafayette 4000 or a Pioneer 4000, and I have been away with half-hour decoders, and CD-4s through a Pioneer demodulator—all units that were on the market last spring. I can foresee substantial improvements in these components in the next 12 to 18 months. I don't see

Four-channel disc recording, whether or discrete (but especially discrete) or phase a special burden on the recording engineer. The more channels the better, theory, any good product will track signals in the groove and report back accurately to the playback system. In fact, the higher number of channels, stereo and groove is desirable for both systems, and it is unquestionably a good idea to use a four-channel system. CD-4. The system originally designed for the system is the Japanese Hi-Fi and I think it's a triumph in the recording industry. It's a system that proves the sound of all records isn't little, not just four-channel records. The Shinkai's secret is the use of a four-channel system to record the master disc. This is far from the only possible approach to the problem. However, and this fact is not a problem, but a fact, the Shinkai's system is a very good one. It's a system that's been used on other discs for other

Keeping the stylus safely in the groove also requires more complete alignment of the pickup and the turning disc. If the disc drive becomes a major phenomenon, it will probably boost the sales of the Nakamichi "Jovecra" in the form of a beam that rides the pickup across the record in a straight line always perpendicular to the turning of the groove. Meanwhile most of the same values can be pulled from the Sanyo Servo 100, which automatically (mechanically) adjusts the angle of the head that holds the pickup.

This season is particularly fruitful in new speaker designs, some of them very striking. Perhaps the most remarkable is the Hed, a midrange and high-frequency speaker that operates by squeezing together and releasing the folds of an acousticon-plastic stiff polyethylene diaphragm. The device is now used only in an RSE speaker system which also, unfortunately, includes a rather ordinary single-tenon-horn woofer in a ducted-port enclosure, far less

that has nothing like the clarity and depth of the rest of the system. ERS is planning a full-range Red in the near future. It will be interesting to hear

[illegible][illegible]

Point of fact amplifies "why" the war-torn areas of the industrial countries, plus the rest of the world's demand for supercomputers has led in recent years to the development of extremely high-powered amplifiers. The leading names are Compaq, Intel, Sun Microsystems, and IBM, and now, among others, have now entered the race. At the consumer show, Kenwood, I think with tongue in cheek demonstrated a 2000-watt amplifier. Appropriately fused all over the plate to prevent damage to speakers or the amplifier itself, these giant output systems undoubtedly make a contribution to the control of musical reproduction, but it's not the kind of relationship to the music of the century we're talking about.

But that's mostly because everybody is so much more unbusiness than he used to be in this business, everyone is giving snubble quality for money. On balance, the quality at each point level is remarkable - Bernard Shaw and Adele Felt would be amazed, and as a transfer in the time capsule who started playing with high fidelity twenty-eight years ago, I confess myself hugely impressed. ■



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We're of  
Each one of  
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Many of us are thinner  
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And, every day  
Larger than n  
As we s  
color TV sets

**We think**

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Color TVs shown: 19", 21", 23", 25" diag. model. See the complete line of MCA TVs, stereo systems, portable and clock radios, and an electronic oven at your nearest MCA dealer. Or write: MCA, 7345 North Ridgeway, Lincolnwood, Illinois 60466 for our booklet "The MCA Store."

## The (Professional) People's Choice

Right now who should know  
will you share equipment they've chosen

### Schuyler Chapin Global Manager, Minneapolis Opera

Two large KLH speakers  
Rohr-O-Kai turntable  
Shure cartridge pickup  
Boss amplifiers  
Revere tape deck (an loan from the Met)

"I've never heard my KLH speakers, and I like my equipment centers. The only problem is that Rohr-O-Kai has been bought out, and parts for the older models are hard to find."

### Tom Dorel Music Director, Atlantic Records

Living room:  
Complete Pioneer quadraphone system  
Complete JVC quadraphone system  
Pioneer cassette recorder

Home recording studio:  
MC1 16-position mixing console (studio-built)  
Sony 800 series professional tape recorder  
McIntosh power amplifiers

### Ken JBL speakers Rohr ESP-3 headphones

"I am becoming afraid of the increasing complexity of quadraphone playback systems for the consumer. The staff is getting so operationally overloaded that much of what goes into it is confusion. Identify, good stereo equipment should be like a washing machine: push a button, and it does what it's supposed to do. But there is so much uncertainty among manufacturers as to what the public really wants that they feel obliged to lay on all the expensive toys, switches, and gadgets they can design."

### Boris Harns Independent record producer, president, Mr. Bones Productions

Altec 69H speakers  
TEAC tape recorder  
Ampex 4-track, 2-track and mono recorders  
TEAC 7800 tape machine for 1/4" and 1/2" tape  
TEAC 100 cassette recorder  
4 McIntosh monitor power amplifiers

### McIntosh preamplifier Dual 12B turntable Wadco V.U. meters

"The equipment in my home is as close to professional equipment as I can get. Since I obviously can't duplicate the acoustic environment of the studio at home, I try to duplicate the equipment. I've always thought that what a record sounds like is largely a function of what it's played on."

"I like my McIntosh stuff because it's flexible and very durable. It's not really necessary to update it, since it represents the most advanced state of the art at the time it's made."

### Michael Henker Program Director, KMET-FM Los Angeles

Two KLH speakers  
Two McIntosh speakers  
General turntables  
Sony and JBL tuners  
TEAC tape deck  
Sony playback cassette  
TEAC headphones

"I've had four General turntables, and

# The better the turntable the fewer the moving parts. Ours have only one.

The one is the Technics direct drive DC motor. A DC motor to escape wow, flutter and hum. A DC motor that is brushless and spins at 33% or 45 rpm so it doesn't have the vibration and noise problems of its faster competitors.



And it has an analog feedback speed control so it never suffers from frequency or voltage fluctuations.

The drive system is just as important as the motor. And direct drive doesn't depend on an idler wheel or belt. They had to go because they show their age and lose their shape. Instead we put the platter right on the motor shaft.

The improvement is obvious.



We make three direct drive turntables. The SL-1100A, shown below, comes with a professional-type tone arm, viscous-damped cueing, illuminated stroboscope, variable pitch controls and a dust cover.

The SL-1200 includes most of the same features at a more modest price. And the SP-10 is for those who insist on choosing their own tone arm.

Either way, the concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

# Technics

by Panasonic



**KENWOOD** components  
...what stereo  
sound is all about

K1-6005 ... AM, FM Stereo Tuner • DSD • MPX Filter • Multipoint Detector • P10 Mixing

KA-8004 ... Stereo Amplifier • 320 Watts (147) • 60 Watts (RMS) per channel • 8 ohms 20-20k Hz • Direct Coupling • Dual Protection Circuit

KF-7200 ... AM, FM-Stereo Receiver 200 Watts (147) • 55 Watts (RMS) per channel • 8 ohms, 20-20k Hz • Direct Coupling • DSD • Mid-Range Tone Control • Mixo Mixing

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Because deep, rich sound  
gets trapped inside a speaker,  
we gave it a way to get out.



The whole idea of a stereo system is that the sound that goes in should come out again—as faithfully reproduced as possible. But with a

lot of systems, including many with sealed speakers, that just doesn't happen. Some of the deep bass gets trapped inside the speaker cabinets. So you never hear it.

With Zenith's new line of Allegro stereo systems,\* you can hear those deep, rich sounds. They're channeled out of the speaker through a unique opening in front called a "tuned-port." Added to our specially-designed woofer and horn-type

beeper, this innovative design means remarkable efficiency. A 60-watt Allegro system equals the sound performance of a 120-watt system with comparable size air-suspension speakers. By the same standard in terms of size and efficiency, the Allegro system has the deepest, richest sounding speakers on the market today.

Better sound isn't the whole story, of course. Allegro offers innovative features too, 4-channel adaptability—just by adding a few extras. Many models to choose from. And lots more.

But the best part about Allegro is how it sounds. Once you hear it, you'll know what we're talking about.

## Introducing Zenith Allegro... the tuned sound system.



The Micro-Tech, Model 20000, Allegro 2000

The surprising sound of Zenith

**ZENITH** Allegro  
The quality goes in before the name goes on.<sup>SM</sup>

\*without pricing



3-way acoustic  
suspension speakers  
17" tweeter  
1000 Hz exponential  
horn-loads  
Capacity 75 watts rms  
Sensitivity 91 db  
Crossover 1500 Hz

Seven 800W magnet  
17" woofer (P/P 100 Hz)  
4-channel decoder  
Hi-Fi filter  
Sensitivity 91 db  
Power 1000  
Bass control  
Type active speaker  
switches

Amplifier/charger  
Backchannel  
4-speaker  
Mag control with  
channel switch  
Damped wiring  
Acoustic  
Automatic tuning



**Individually, impressive.**

**Together, better.**



Don't be fooled by any component's specifications. You can't hear them. No matter how imposing.

What you can hear is their effect. Especially if your stereo system's components aren't acoustically and electronically compatible. You could end up with rattling, not high fidelity, with speakers that blurt or bellow instead of speak.

Unless you're an audio expert, you may have trouble "tweaking" even the finest components into systems that can play back the great sounds of your music sources without adding any sounds of their own.

So we've had our audio engineers prematch components for you. Into systems that give you the most music for

your money. The 1800 system shown blends out best for \$1499.95.\*

Other Magnavox high performance systems start at \$1299.95.\* And, while it's impossible to know their speakers are all there, it's better knowing their components have been prematched by experts.

Not by chance.

**Magnavox. You heard right.**

\*Suggested retail prices on day-made units. Optional with dealer system status.

Seven 800W Magnet Series 1800 - The Magnavox Company Stereo Components Dept. 100 Magnavox Plaza, P.O. Box 100, 46001

I was convinced every time I bought one that Garrard was the way to go, and sure, they're the ones to find those Garrard people and I'm going to beat the — out of them. Also, headphones don't hold up no matter what you pay for them.

"The next thing I buy will be a pair of great speakers, because I find I'm going deaf."

#### Enoch Light President, Project 3 Records

Two large Beak speakers  
Two Lagoon-Alex speakers  
Midrange Quadraphonic cassette player  
Thorens turntable  
Marantz Model 540 preamplifier  
Sanyo SD-3000 reel-to-reel tape player  
JVC Auto demagnetizer  
Rega Q4-1 speaker

(This system is compatible with all forms of quadraphonic sound and available.)

"I think the Marantz amplifier is very good, and the big Lagoon speakers are outstanding. The Thorens is a good, heavyweight turntable. It's a pretty good piece of professional equipment, but it is available to the consumer."

#### Michael Nails, M.D. President, Musical Heritage Society Inc.

Leather speakers  
Sony tape deck and receiver  
Thorens turntable  
Autophon controller

"Have you heard of Loether? It's an English company, and the speakers are excellent."

#### Julia Pfeiffer Executive Producer, RCA Classical Records

Two RCA LC-1A speakers  
Thorens TD-224 turntable  
Koh-1 K-10 tone arm  
Shure RB-15 cartridge  
Melchior C-35 preamplifier  
McIntosh 220 power amplifier

"I like my Melchior equipment. I've had it for eleven years, and I've never had it serviced. But, I don't believe I've ever had to replace a tube. I will say, though, I just got a phono and ten minutes ago telling me it had all been stolen today."

#### Seymour Sussman President, Vanguard Records

Two KLH-5 speakers  
Two SAH-12 speakers  
Thorens TD-126 turntable and tone arm  
Shure RB-15 cartridge  
CRAIG four-channel stereo tape deck

Advent cassette deck  
Beckley Model 202 tape recorder  
Sanyo 600-X quadraphonic receiver  
JVC Stereo, and Columbia SQ-3000 quadraphonic decoders

"I feel the same way about all of my equipment. Everything is the best that I can get."

# THE Esquire

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Phoenix  
Vestco Music City

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### CONNECTICUT

Hartford  
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3100 Wilbur Avenue

### FLORIDA

Orlando  
David Dean Smith  
540 Pine Street

### DELAWARE

Dover  
Audio World  
1000 North Avenue

### NEW YORK

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Honey Sound  
1000 Broadway

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### FLORIDA

Orlando  
David Dean Smith  
540 Pine Street

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**the name is Sansui**  
**the technical superiority is Sansui**



The all new channel GRX-0550 receiver gives you everything in a four channel receiver. Four VU meters allow you to monitor all channels simultaneously. The auto matrix circuit provides the greatest four channel separation currently available. The GRX-0550 can decode Stereo 3, dual Q3 Regular Matrix, and all other matrices such as SQ with unassisted fidelity, as well as accept the output from discrete sources such as four channel tape and CD-4 recordings. The sensitivity rated 30 watts per channel means you only need an often superior with all four channels operating means that you can power your system well into the future. The future is now Stereo Separation.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Glendale, New York 11737 • Pasadena, California 91107  
SANGA ELECTRIC CO. LTD., Tokyo, Japan  
Sangon, Inc., Fortville, S. A., Schwyz, Schweiz



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a worldwide leader in  
time design—as unusual, sophisticated time  
telling as a detective has ever had of  
surrealist digital displays—with a surprising  
resulting sounds, including a 12-ton  
silence, available at every art house. Reason  
in orange bar at \$36.95 or orange script bar  
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**100% TASTE**  
 The ultimate steak house.  
 All the nation's finest features of the Renaissance—plus a high quality AAA/AAA restaurant, all served with a special "steakhouse control" for an extra night's service of steak and a high-low light. Intensely cooked for day or night use. In a luxurious wood-paneled Renaissance steakhouse for \$15.00, or a complete steak house for \$17.00.

Click Concepts - Box 1000, Del Mar, California 92026

## Flume seeding

[illegible]

Charges my ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Bank Americard  
☐ Carte Blanche ☐ MasterCard \$\_\_\_\_\_

Cost: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (See Note)

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PLATE 10

## ADDENDUM

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\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please confirm collection of evidence, details, notes

□ Please, don't stop reading at this point. There is more to come.

\_\_\_\_\_

- Frederick Ruhlstedt, *My Dear* (CTI 6078)  
 6. Robert Louis, *Walt Whitman* (Atlantic 1924)  
 7. Charlie Mackay, *See My Children Grow Home* (Columbia KC-31099)  
 8. The Four Seasons, *My Father's Day* (Capitol DT-1177)  
 9. Sonora Starr, *Constitution* (Columbia 608923)  
 10. Jack McVie, *From My Place On Earth* (Mercury 6089)  
 11. Louis Armstrong, *Louis Armstrong, Vol. 1, 1940-July 6, 1971* (RCA VPM-6044)  
 12. Kenny Burrell, *Guitar Forum* (Verve 6-60412)  
 13. John Lennon, *John, Miles Ahead* (Columbia CS-8075)  
 14. Vic Damone, *The Damones* (Vanguard VRS-6209)  
 15. Duke Ellington and Count Basie, *First Steps: The Count Basie The Duke Ellington* (Mercury 6089)  
 16. Burt Glinn, *New Playings* (Mercury 6089)  
 17. Gerald Green, *A Night at the Movies* (MGM EE-555)  
 18. The Grateful Dead, *Today and Tomorrow* (Capitol 6-6041)  
 19. Sonora Starr, *Constitution* (Columbia 608923)  
 20. Jimmy Buffet, *The Fox and the Time Used To Be* (RCA LSP-8566)  
 21. The Four Seasons, *My Father's Day* (Capitol DT-1177)

## Mark:

- 1 The Beach Boys, *Surferman* (Reprise 6382)
- 2 Paul Simon, *Paul Simon* (Columbia ASC-36750)
- 3 The Beatles, *The First of Several* (Electra 13656)
- 4 Pink Floyd, *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* (Tower ASC-5093)
- 5 The Beatles and The Quarry Men, *Let's Be Beat* (Cap 193)
- 6 David Bowie, *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars* (RCA LSP-4740)
- 7 The Beatles, *Let It Be* (Capitol FALC 4904)
- 8 The Beatles, *The Beatles* ("The White Album") (Apple SW 3341)
- 9 The Beatles, *Yesterday's Our (Yesterday's Best)* (Capitol)
- 10 Steve Wonder, *Touching People* (Toms 7219)
- 11 The Beatles, *Let It Be... A Wizard, A True Star* (Capitol 300033)
- 12 The Bee Gees, *Odissey* (Atco 2-702)
- 13 Harry Nilsson, *Nilsson-Schmanson* (RCA LSP-4114)
- 14 The Grateful Dead, *Grateful Dead* (RCA LSP-4114)
- 15 The Grateful Dead, *The Grateful Dead* (RCA LSP-4114)
- 16 The Who, *Who's Next* (Decca 72945)
- 17 The Spencer, Spenser (Allstate 72945)
- 18 Led Zeppelin, *Let Zeppelin II* (Atlantic SDG26)
- 19 The Grateful Dead, *Grateful Dead* (A&M 200082)
- 20 The Grateful Dead, *More Grateful Dead* (A&M 200082)
- 21 The Grateful Dead, *The Grateful Dead* (A&M 200082)
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- 100 The Grateful Dead, *The Grateful Dead* (A&M 200082)

**A tuner and an amplifier should be mated somewhat more carefully than a husband and wife.**

Marry a tuner with an amplifier and you have not only a receiver but a union that is truly indissoluble.

For to join a Miniatune tuner with a lesser amplifier or a sensational amplifier with a tuner that is merely great is to invite unhappiness. But match head-equals, and they can make beautiful music together – as they must to live in happy harmony with you.

That's why the Sony STR-7065 receiver is a perfect match: Its tuner has the sensitivity to reach out for signals from even the most distant fringe locations, yet has discrimination enough (700B-HF selectivity to 11-capture ratio) to pluck one signal clearly from a crowded band. And the 7065's direct coupled amplifier brings to this union the

Such a happy union should sparkle visibly as well as musically. And the 7085 does, with lights that tell which of its many functions are in use and dual tuning meters.

The Sony 7055 at \$499.50\* is our top of the line receiver. For those who feel a union can survive with fewer features (no indicator lights, signal strength meter or macro control), we offer the Sony STR-7055. It has 35 + 35W RMS 20Hz to 20kHz at 8 ohms with 0.2% THD. At \$399.50\* it is an equally well-mated receiver. Sony Corporation of America, 9 West 57th St. New York, N.Y. 10019.



SONY



\*Suggested list price includes handling charge only.





# ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF ESQUIRE'S FIRST ANNUAL CORPORATE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY ADVERTISING AWARDS

Esquire takes great pleasure in publishing below the winners of the magazine's First Annual Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards. In so doing, we salute the vast array of thoughtful companies who have demonstrated a high degree of social consciousness in addressing themselves to the pressing problems that confront society—ecology, the environment, pollution, creditworthiness, consumerism, etc.

It is good to see the business community, as often criticized for having created many of our social problems or showing a lack of sensitivity to them, recognize the truth that being responsive to the needs of society better serves our nation, our economy, and business itself.

This is clearly evident in the entries, which were judged by the Department of Journalism of The University of

Michigan. Our panel—William E. Porter, Chairman, Department of Journalism; Peter Clarke, Professor of Journalism; John D. Stevens, Associate Professor of Journalism; Clarence F. Korten, Professor of Journalism; and Alfred H. Blasi, Associate Director of Television Broadcasting Service, University of Michigan—found a degree of corporate involvement in society unsurpassed.

Rigorous certainly was not a requisite for an award, although the number of large companies represented here indicates their size and resources are helpful in putting programs into effect—and in advertising them. But the smaller companies show that imagination and sincerity are also major assets.

To all the winners, our heartiest congratulations. We hope you will be joined by many other corporations next year.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. for a powerful "I am a drug addict" TV commercial. The typical middle class parents who don't see the signs of drug addiction is a message seen.



Chemical Bank for its believable "Interlocuter" TV commercial. It is a financial support and environmental of minority entrepreneurs seeking to help themselves.



IBM for a series of TV commercials demonstrating how the imaginative application of computer technology can help solve many social, economic, and personal problems.



Xerox Corp. for its "PRAISE THE TV" commercial which promotes the positive perspective by illustrating the impact of America's black population, mobility and without exaggeration.



Decca and Kraft, American Motors for its "Judge which one of these compulsons has the best new car guard." It is a persuasive presentation.



American Motors Corp. for its simple, forthright, and understandable explanation of its optional two-year warranty on new American Motors cars. A persuasive presentation.



AT&T for its outstanding advertisement describing the benefits, how it works, and its application to the Bell System's new technical terms that leave the reader better informed.



Atlantic Richfield Co. for a series of magazine ads on many of today's critical problems—energy, population, ecology. And showing the real and how far we are from it.



Dow Chemical Co. for its provocative advertisement showing how DOW products work against such problems as TV, nuclear, phosphates, a free killer, and environmental waste.



Pictura Life for its single point ad, "Picture Life," which describes how photography helped with drug children begin to talk and learn.



Ford Motor Co. for its print and TV campaign, "Thinking about buying a new car?" which includes a free book, "The Buyer's Guide to a New Car," a complete guide for anyone considering buying a new car.



General Motors Corp. for its "Better Driver Campaign," a series of radio commercials dramatizing the human error, from drinking to speeding, which lead to accidents.



Hawaiian Electric Co. for its forthright ad, "Can't Hawaiian Electric find some way to make electricity polluting the air?" It is a provocative statement.



Hawaiian Electric Co. for its forthright ad, "Can't Hawaiian Electric find some way to make electricity polluting the air?" It is a provocative statement.



Metal Oil Corp. for a series of ads, illustrated with scenes of pollution, showing the practical, doable ways of reducing pollution without polluting during the energy crisis.



National (Shawnee) Bank of Boston for its print advertisement program for deposit loans, membership is not of four Boston cultural institutions.



Denver-Century announces a special mission to design buildings that conserve energy.



Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corp. for its Energy Conservation Award and recognizing energy to design buildings and mechanical systems that conserve energy.



Seagram Brothers Co. for a simple, efficient magazine ad showing that "the more you drive, the more you drive." A persuasive attack on drinking and driving.



Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. (through WJZ) for its television ad showing how Group W stations alerted their communities to special problems and then acted to help solve them.



**Your Very Own Solar System**

As the sun rises, it warms you from within. You can also get the benefits of the sun's rays and the warmth of night, just from a lamp and a lampshade. The Sun System is a lamp that gives you the sun's rays and the warmth of night, just from a lamp and a lampshade. The Sun System is a lamp that gives you the sun's rays and the warmth of night, just from a lamp and a lampshade.

**Spartan Sunlamps**

Spartan Sunlamps, P. Mitchell, Ky. 41517, Phone (502) 531-0822

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for income (or the presence of the very minimum of strength and wisdom that a President should have). Each side may be setting up a contest which it hopes to lose. The President asserts a Constitutional doctrine, and then draws great attention to that aspect, which may in the end prove nothing. What would seem to be a legal blunder in Madison's doctrine is obviously part of a plan. Meanwhile, the Committee may be making out to the end of a land, sea and leader both at hand. The Republicans would want Nixon to resign, the Democrats may want the same, to keep a battered Nixon as the White House, hoping that the current administration will be the spark of '74.

Or does the Committee know something we don't know? Do they have undisclosed information that the tapes had proof of conspiracy in Watergate, or of separate crimes and misdemeanors, or a matter that would be more serious for the way he has chosen to bring political issues—will they reveal that when Richard Nixon is not on public view he takes the kind of language that will destroy his voters?

The demeanor of the witnesses tells us little. The tapes may or may not tell us something more (if they are allowed to speak at all). But the substance of the testimony—what can be transcribed and put on paper and considered as length in court—tells us a great deal. And even more is told by what the hearings have not yet received, and by what will not be received at all because it lies outside the stated mission. The Senate resolution that created the Select Committee gives it power only to deal with "the Presidential election of 1972, or any related campaign or election." The Watergate is an incident in the distortion of the 1972 electoral process. There are other forms of the forest shadows that we begin to know about—the ITT fuel shafts, the grain embolism, the attempt to fix the Ellsberg ridge (This, too, around the waterfront of New York City, is what is known as a "waterjet," not to be confused with the gas-jetifier "waterjet," a lesser error, once corrected at the courts is much more disturbing to society than are crimes of violence.) And—strange break with democratic process—there is the thoughtfully totalitarian deception of the people about the bombing of Cambodia.

We the people are not modern justices, forced to focus on an isolated set of facts in an antique courtroom. We are like the ancient jurists. We are like the scientists, only, according to our Constitution, we have the final power of decision. There resides in us both the authority of the ancient Greeks and the obligation of its jurists. We are entitled to reform ourselves from our errors, and we are entitled to bring our reformations to bear on our political decisions. The opportunities of trial courts have been carried over into Watergate as opportunities only. The hearings are only a part of a Grand Inquest that we are all conducting. ■

## The Spanish sun. It shines on the last overwhelming spectacle

The excitement of a bullfight in Spain puts you in the ring immediately. You're waving to the crowds, facing the approaching crowd, and always plotting. And there's nothing between you and a force more intense than you've had in a bright red cape. Victory never had more meaning.

The Spanish sun. It shines on you, restorer for a day. Come home with us to the magic of Spain and fly IBERIA, THE INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES OF SPAIN.

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The Spanish sun.  
Let it shine on you.







These days, I need all the friends I can get.

FRANK GOMBOCS, QUEENS, N.Y.

This is a tough business I'm in. You really have to hustle to make a buck. And right now I need the bucks. I'm due for a new wrecker. A new car. And my wife's screaming for an avocado refrigerator.

That's why, when you drive into my station, I'm going to come out smiling.

I'm going to wash your front window. Your back window. And your side-view mirror. Then I'll check under your hood.

And if you have a Sunoco Credit Card, you'll get special deals from Sunoco on tires, batteries and just about everything I sell here.



Now to be honest, I'm not really crazy about having to work this hard, but I need that new wrecker, the new car, and like my wife says, what's an avocado kitchen without an avocado refrigerator.

Try me, I can be very friendly.

**I CAN BE VERY FRIENDLY.**

Three years ago most of the letters from out-of-town readers to this column were asking questions: "I am coming to New York next month; they'd begin, 'and I'd like the names of a few restaurants where I could enjoy the excitement.' Once in a while they'd mention the price range. Rarely did they put restrictions on the type of cuisine, they were asking together a dinner-theatre package and timing was the clearest. Then the theatres decided on a unity-theatre and with the hour's distance the walking-distance factor dropped off. This year the requests were mostly in three categories: a restaurant with a small dance floor, 'an intimate sort of place, not one of the big rooms'; a place in lower Manhattan which stays open for dining 'until at least two o'clock'; a good, small restaurant 'with music.' More than half the writers are married, join five diners. Almost without exception they asked for something—in addition to good food and dancing and music and certain areas of town.

De Medici, at 2 East Eighth-street Street, just off Fifth Avenue, is an up-market restaurant, owned by a young and personable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Nodder. It opens at five each afternoon for cocktails, and at six the dance North Italian dancers, with dancing after seven-thirty on New York's true floor in the corner of New York's true floor. The two interchanges each hour with De Medici, who wanders the room, singing the always fascinating songs. All are welcome, no reservations, and have a wide repertoire.

De Medici is a new restaurant, part of what was once a Vanderbilt mansion.

The bar is in an alcove, with a separate entrance from the outside; the cocktail lounge opens off. The dining room is most impressive and elaborate, the kind of place that attracts for a moment, until that feeling is dimmed by the pleasantness of conversation and the obvious good true dining who have provided you are having.

The dining room is in the Adams style, with great chandeliers, red and gold and green accents, a varnished oak floor which hangs festoons of wide green ribbons.

There is a very good 12-course menu, and a dinner menu that is quite large and reasonably priced at \$4.75, with three courses at an additional premium. Scrumptious Roast at plus \$4, lobster plus \$10. The steak dinner is a favorite. The dinner includes a choice of half a dozen appetizers, soup, salad and entrées, dessert and coffee. The vast entrées include: salmon, a Roman specialty, an excellent one back to one side. Mutton (thinned veal shoulder), and scallops. Kaniuni or prawns, or however you wish it. There are also (rope) legs and brook chicken and lamb chops, lamb chops (sautéed topped with ham and cheese) and three choices of pasta. The Italian Alfredo is one of the chef's specialties, sometimes sold as a vegetable in house, very few people in whose class more and very good, and sometimes 'little treated men.' stuffed chicken or pasta with a sauce of cheese and cream and butter.

Giulia Scavella is the general manager of Bistrot de Medici. Carlo is the maître d'. Dinner is served until twelve Monday through Friday, or later later on Saturday. Reservations: 477-1478.

The Griffin, at 315 East Forty-sixth Street, just two years old, has opened a reputation that usually takes a lot longer to build. The owners, Bert Melnick and Carl Moore, pose a man without previous experience in restaurants, were perceived enough to bring in as chef another young man, Jean-Louis Servant, from the famed Lasserre restaurant in Paris. Bert Melnick works out the food menu, acts as sommelier, and keeps a practical eye on the business. Carl Moore, an interior decorator who is responsible for the attractiveness of the dining room, acts as his own maître d' and from time to time prepares some of the specialties.

Two fall, The Griffin will open on Sunday with a few of Mr. Moore's specialties and he will double as chef-hoat. The dining room is tiny, the bar up front is simple, a couple of white are pink, there is an attractive 'littleneck' design on the others, fresh flowers and paintings (recently they were the work of Jerome O'Connell) go well with the understated air of the place and the good table service. Lunch and dinner are a lot more (only the evening dinner is not). Lunch is from twelve to two-thirty and dinner begins at 6. There is a daily specialty.

Dinner is from six to ten-thirty, a half hour longer on Saturday. The menu is quite extensive for such a small restaurant. The salami menu at \$5 leads the home dinner list, it's a real treat and comes with a fresh salad. The superb Lorraine at \$1.75 has a fishy, buttery crust. The chicken is creamy and the hash and cheese are most satiated. Japanese Caper (35.75) are buttered and served with a tasty tomato sauce. The menu changes daily and are prepared with imagination; no constant signs here. In fact everything at The Griffin is fresh and almost everything is prepared individually, which couldn't be done in a larger restaurant, or one in which the whole staff didn't take pride in the ultimate production. There are a dozen entrées, from chicken Garmon (crushed boneless chicken breasts on a bed of spinach in a rich Bordelaise sauce), the lowest priced at \$5.25, to real deep-sea fish with fresh trout at \$7.95, a fisherman with Regener's cheese at \$9.95, and steak au poivre at the same price. The striped bass is poached in a white wine cream, the ravioli dishing comes with apricot and a lovely sauce.

One of Jean-Louis Servant's dinner specialties is Angel Puff, but it is not always on the menu. The Griffin's cheese-cake and the price per one. Mr. Moore's recipes and on color-tables are they are delicious.

Richard Wilkins is the pianist, and he plays what the customers want, softly, delicately, from old serviceable. Prices at all restaurants will undoubtedly go up, so if it makes a difference, please call beforehand. Reservations are needed: 371-4522.

# Hello, World.

**Goddag**  
(Denmark \$6.75)

**Wei Wei**  
(Hong Kong \$8.00)

**Hello**  
(Australia \$9.00)

**Benjoir**  
(France \$6.75)

**Goeden Dag**  
(The Netherlands \$6.75)

**Pronto**  
(Italy \$6.75)

**Benjoir**  
(Belgium \$6.75)

**Hello**  
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**Moshi Moshi**  
(Japan \$9.00)

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At other times, rates to some of these countries are even lower—check the international operator for night and Sunday rates, rates to other countries, and rates from Hawaii and Alaska.

So, if you have something for the world to hear, make it your business, or pleasure, to spread the word by phone. It's the next best thing to being there.



Disc Palomares at Ristorante de Medici

# Invest in these museum-mounted treasuries of rare U.S. coins! Five-year "buy back" warranty!

Exciting way to "save" money! Handsome wall display! Perfect gift!

Please act quickly! Quantities available are strictly limited.

Invest now in America's Treasury! Have your address opportunity to own four magnificent and impressively valuable collections of historic U.S. coins, painstakingly assembled by the Kennedy Mint. Each collection is carefully inspected and treated to exhibit-finished wood.

with specially commissioned art and full descriptions. Admire-and-remember display you'll be proud to have on your office, den or living room wall. Ideal as gift for oil collectors and all ages. Use coupon below to order.

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**Lincoln Memorial Coins** (Set #204)

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- Set #204 ☐ Lincoln Memorial Coins—\$19.95 plus \$2.45 shipping and handling

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